Our Gang

MAY-JUNE COMICS

10¢

No. 11

A DELL MAGAZINE

DELL

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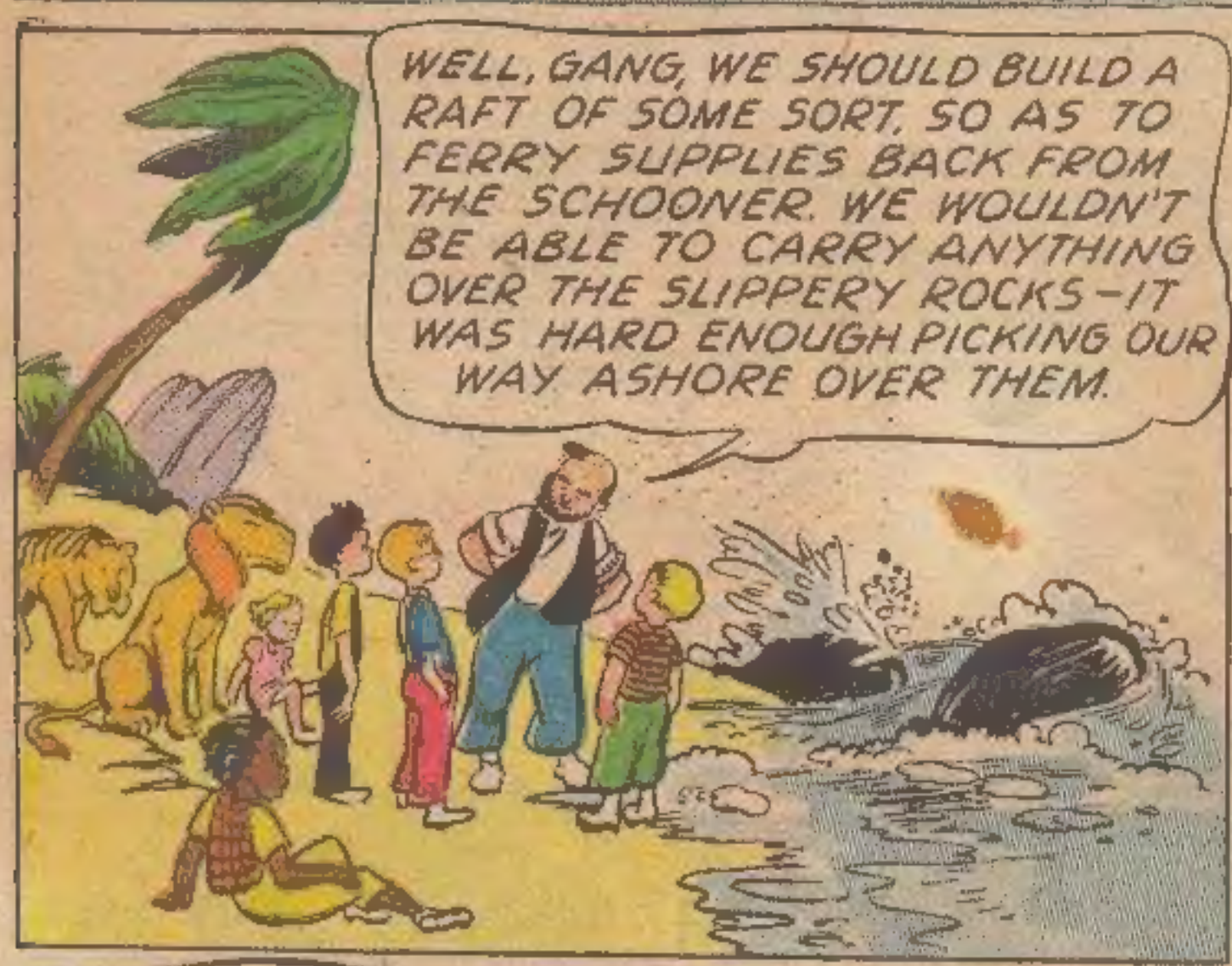
Our Gang

SHIPWRECKED ON AN APPARENTLY UNINHABITED ISLAND, THE KIDS AND CAPTAIN DAN DISCOVER A BAND OF TAME CIRCUS ANIMALS CAST AWAY IN A PREVIOUS SHIPWRECK.



COME ON, MATES! JANET KNOWS A WOMAN'S PLACE IS IN THE HOME — WAIT'LL WE BRING BACK A MESS OF POTS AND PANS — THEN SHE'LL WORK!

EASY DOES IT, LAD! WATCH OUT YE DON'T SMASH YOUR FINGERS.
HANDLIN' THIS HEAVY DRIFTWOOD IS A LITTLE OUT OF MY LINE, CAP'N DAN — I'VE GOT A VERY REFINED NATURE. MAYBE I SHOULD REST A LITTLE.

GO TO IT, BOYS — BIND THOSE LOGS TOGETHER WITH THE GREEN VINES.
AH DIN'T READ ROBIN-SON CRUSOE FO' NOTHIN'!

THAT'S VERY CURIOUS, I MUST SAY — I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU USED DRIED VINES IN PLACE OF ROPES.
YOU USE GREEN VINES... DRIED VINES BREAK AND WON'T BEND AS EASILY!
HOW EXTREMELY INTERESTING!

MICKEY'S SO INTERESTED IN GIVING A LECTURE HE DOESN'T NOTICE THAT HE'S DOING ALL OF HAPPY'S WORK.
THERE — I GUESS THIS LONG POLE WILL PUSH US THROUGH THE SHALLOW SURF.
SHOVE AWAY, HEARTIES! MICKEY AN' HAPPY COME WITH ME TO THE SHIP... FROGGIE AN' BUCKWHEAT STAY HERE — LOOK AFTER JANET AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND SOME FRESH WATER.

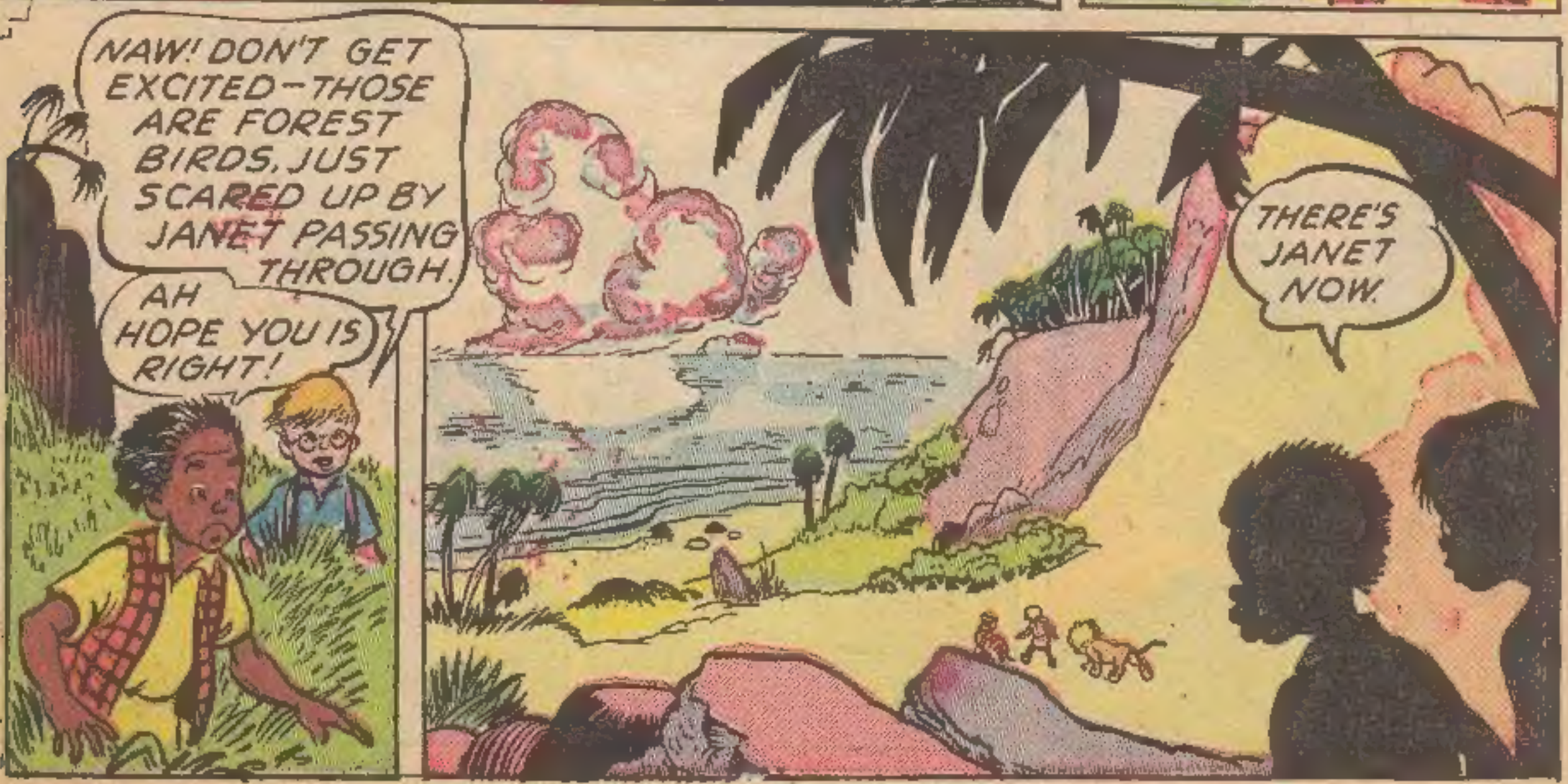
BUT STAY CLOSE TO THIS SPOT, BOYS – DON'T GET LOST!

DON'T GET LOST YOURSELVES– GOOD LUCK.

LET'S FOLLY UP OL' JANET... MAYBE SHE FOUND WATER JES' BY WATCHIN' THEM ANIMALS–DEY WOULD KNOW WHERE FRESH WATER WAS!
THAT'S RIGHT, BUCKWHEAT!

LOOK AT THEM BIRDS, FROGGIE!
YEAH! SHOWS WE'RE ON TH' RIGHT TRAIL.

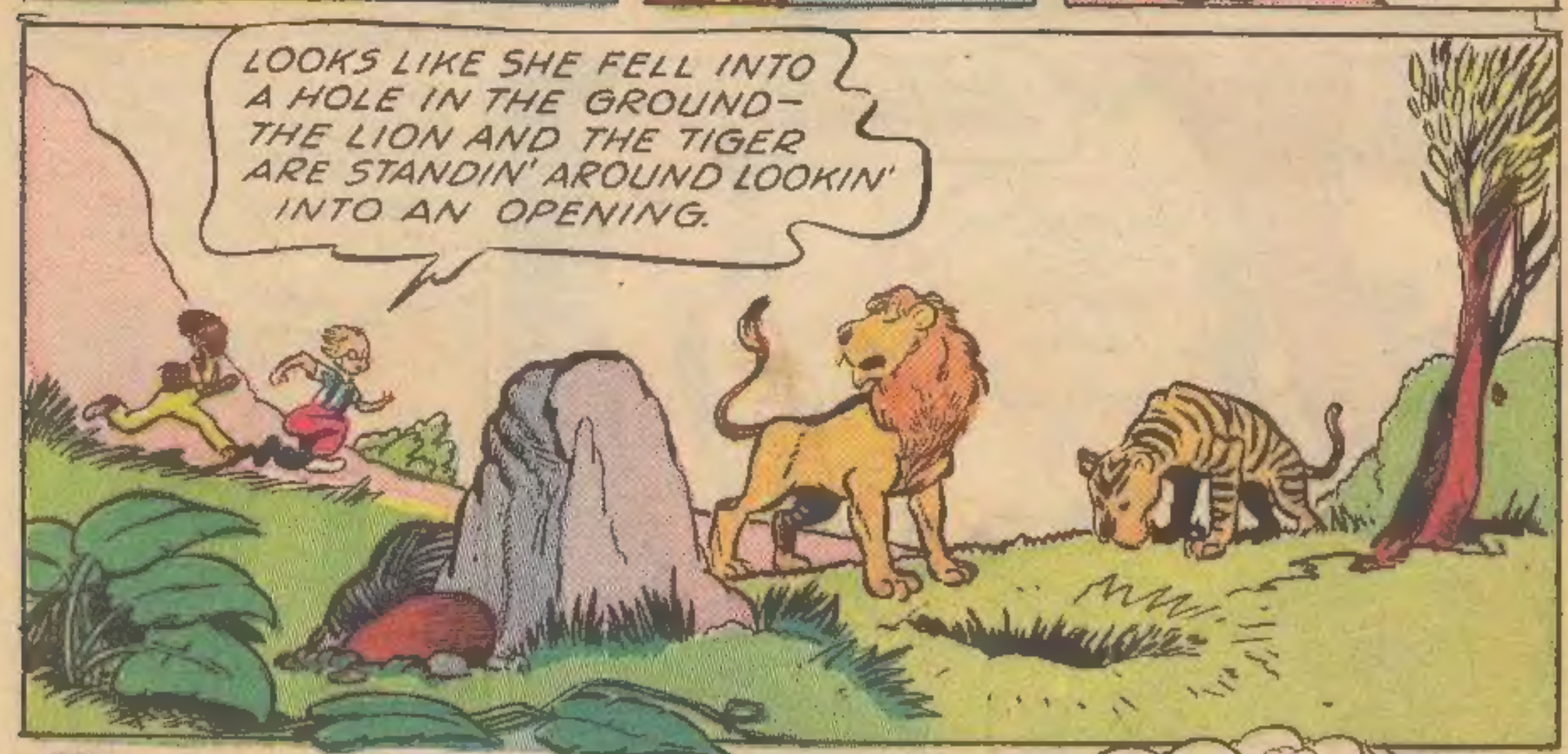
MAN ALIVE! YOU DON'T SUPPOSE THEM IS VULTURES!? COULD IT BE THAT JANET IS DONE DEAD?


NAW! DON'T GET EXCITED–THOSE ARE FOREST BIRDS, JUST SCARED UP BY JANET PASSING THROUGH.
AH HOPE YOU IS RIGHT!
THERE'S JANET NOW.

LOOK, FROGGIE, SHE FELL—IN FACK SHE DONE DISAPPEARED!

HEY, JANET! HALLOOOO JANET!

COME ON, BUCKWHEAT! SHE DIDN'T ANSWER! SOMETHING'S WRONG


LOOKS LIKE SHE FELL INTO A HOLE IN THE GROUND— THE LION AND THE TIGER ARE STANDIN' AROUND LOOKIN' INTO AN OPENING.

THANK GOODNESS— JANET!

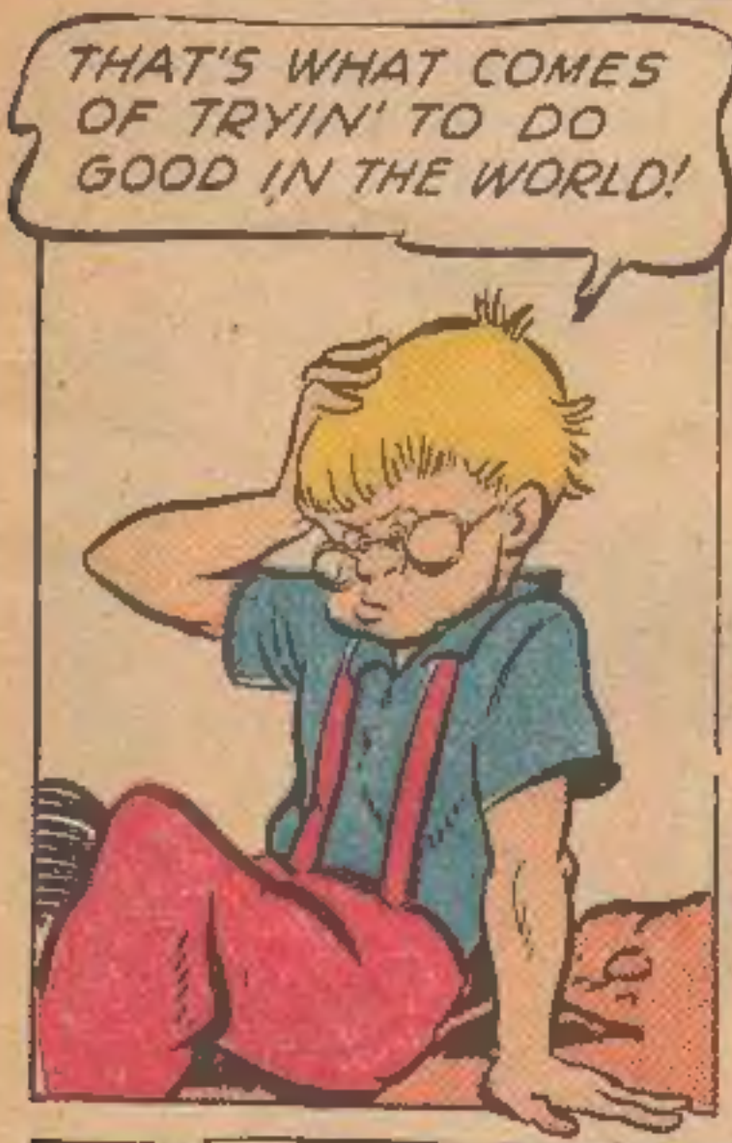
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, JANET—CAN'T YO' SAY SOMETHIN'?

GET ME OUT OF HERE!

HERE—SHINNY UP THIS BRANCH! HOW'D YOU COME TO FALL IN A HOLE, ANYHOW?
I DIDN'T FALL—THE GROUND CAVED IN!

CAVED IN? HAW—HOW COULD IT DO THAT?

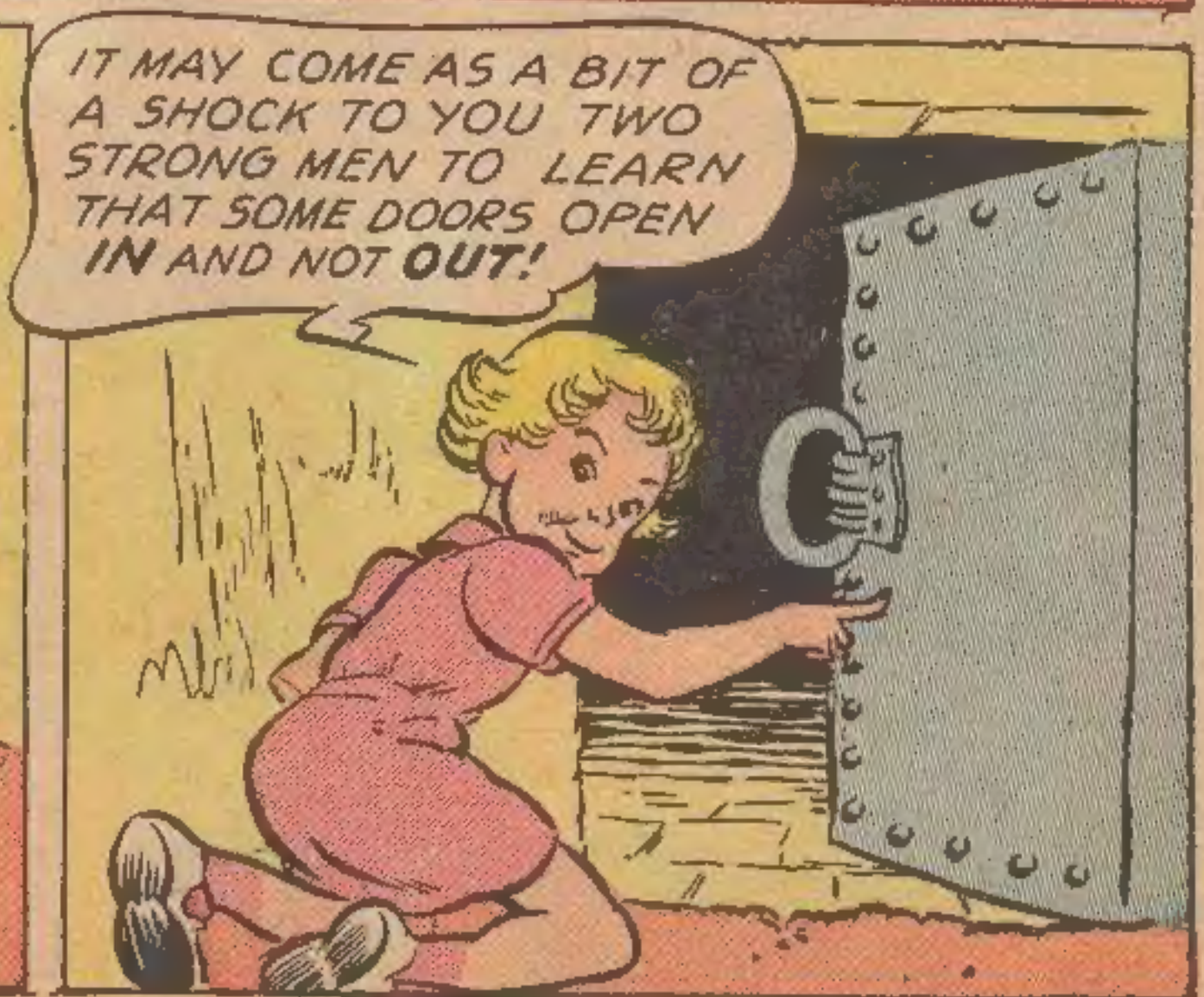
THUMP!
JUST LIKE THAT!

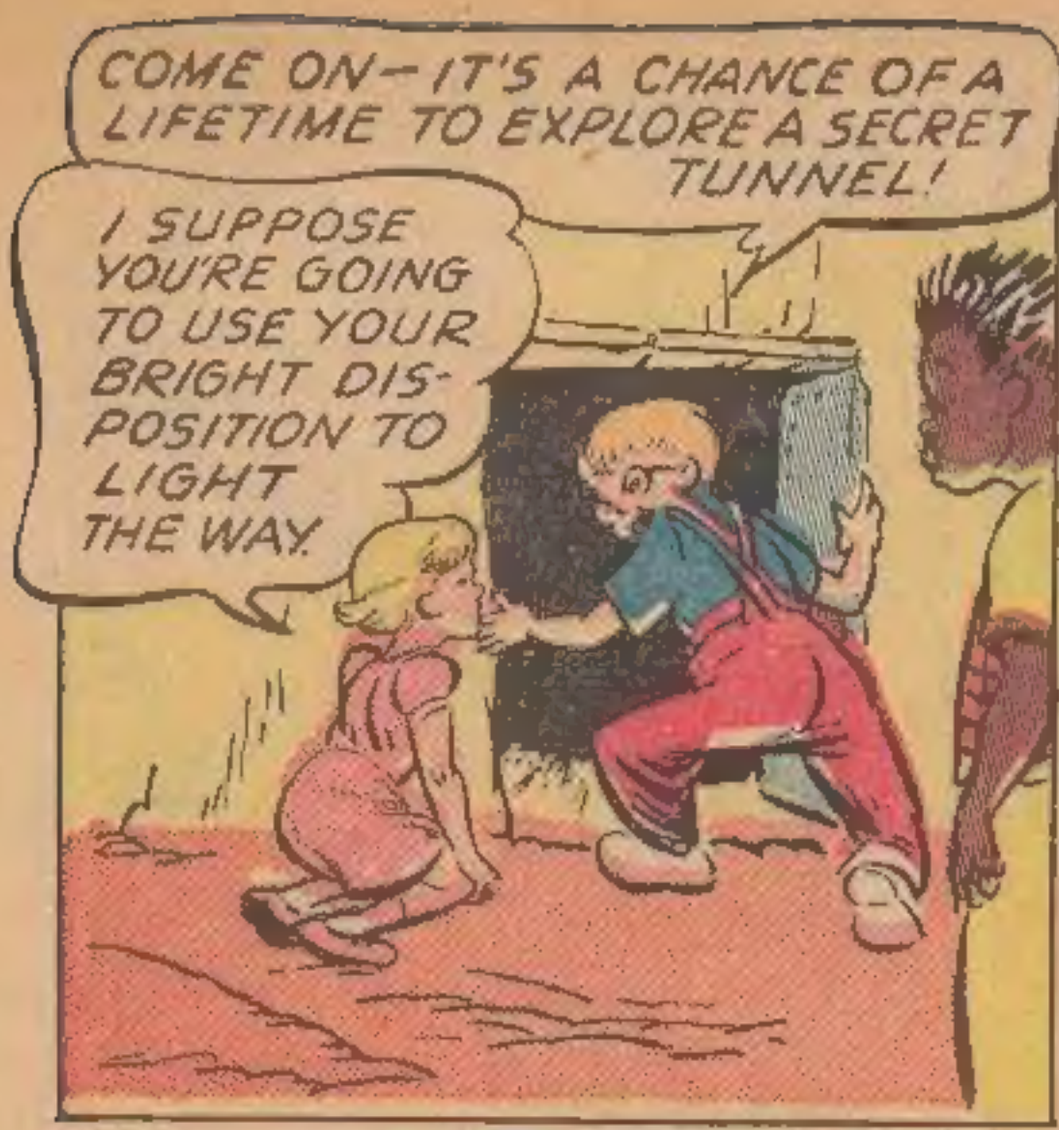

THAT'S WHAT COMES OF TRYIN' TO DO GOOD IN THE WORLD!

LOOK HERE, KIDS—AH HIT ON SOMETHIN' HARD!—LOOKS LIKE AN OLD IRON DOOR OR SUMPIN'!

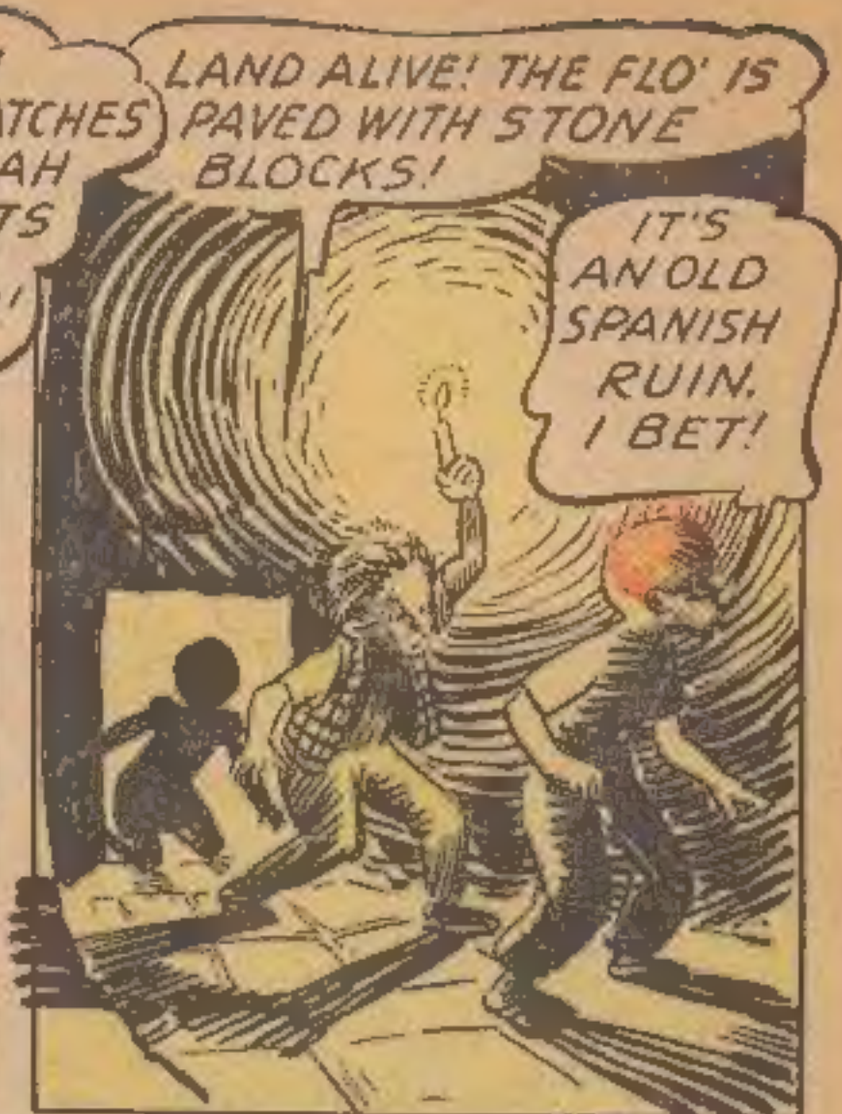
PULL! MAN ALIVE, DEY MIGHT BE A MILLION DOLLAHS IN THERE!
IT'S NO USE, BUCK-WHEAT—WE CAN'T BUDGE IT!

LET ME SEE THAT THING A MINUTE.
GO AHEAD, MRS. SAMSON
YEAH, YOU'RE WELCOME, JANET. HAVE YOU BEEN EATIN' VITAMIN PILLS?


IT MAY COME AS A BIT OF A SHOCK TO YOU TWO STRONG MEN TO LEARN THAT SOME DOORS OPEN IN AND NOT OUT!


COME ON—IT'S A CHANCE OF A LIFETIME TO EXPLORE A SECRET TUNNEL!
I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GOING TO USE YOUR BRIGHT DISPOSITION TO LIGHT THE WAY.

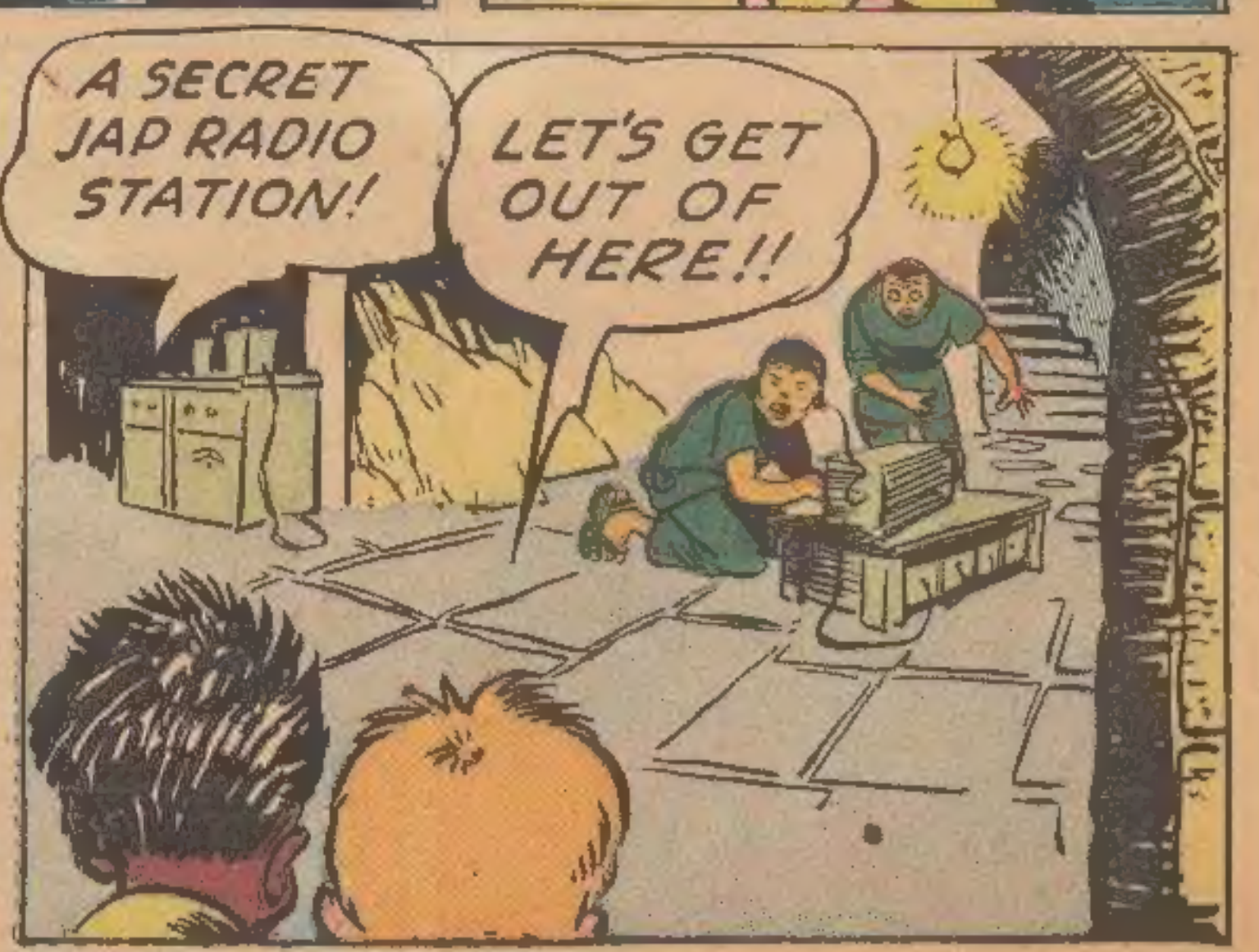
GOOD FOR ME! AH BEEN CARRYIN' MATCHES AN' CANDLES IN MAH POCKETS FO' DAYS!


LAND ALIVE! THE FLO' IS PAVED WITH STONE BLOCKS!
IT'S AN OLD SPANISH RUIN, I BET!

IF IT WAS THE SPANIARDS IN OLDEN TIMES, THEY SURE DID A LOT OF WORK... THEY MUST HAVE USED A NATURAL CAVE AND FIXED IT UP AS A SECRET PASSAGE TO SOMETHING!

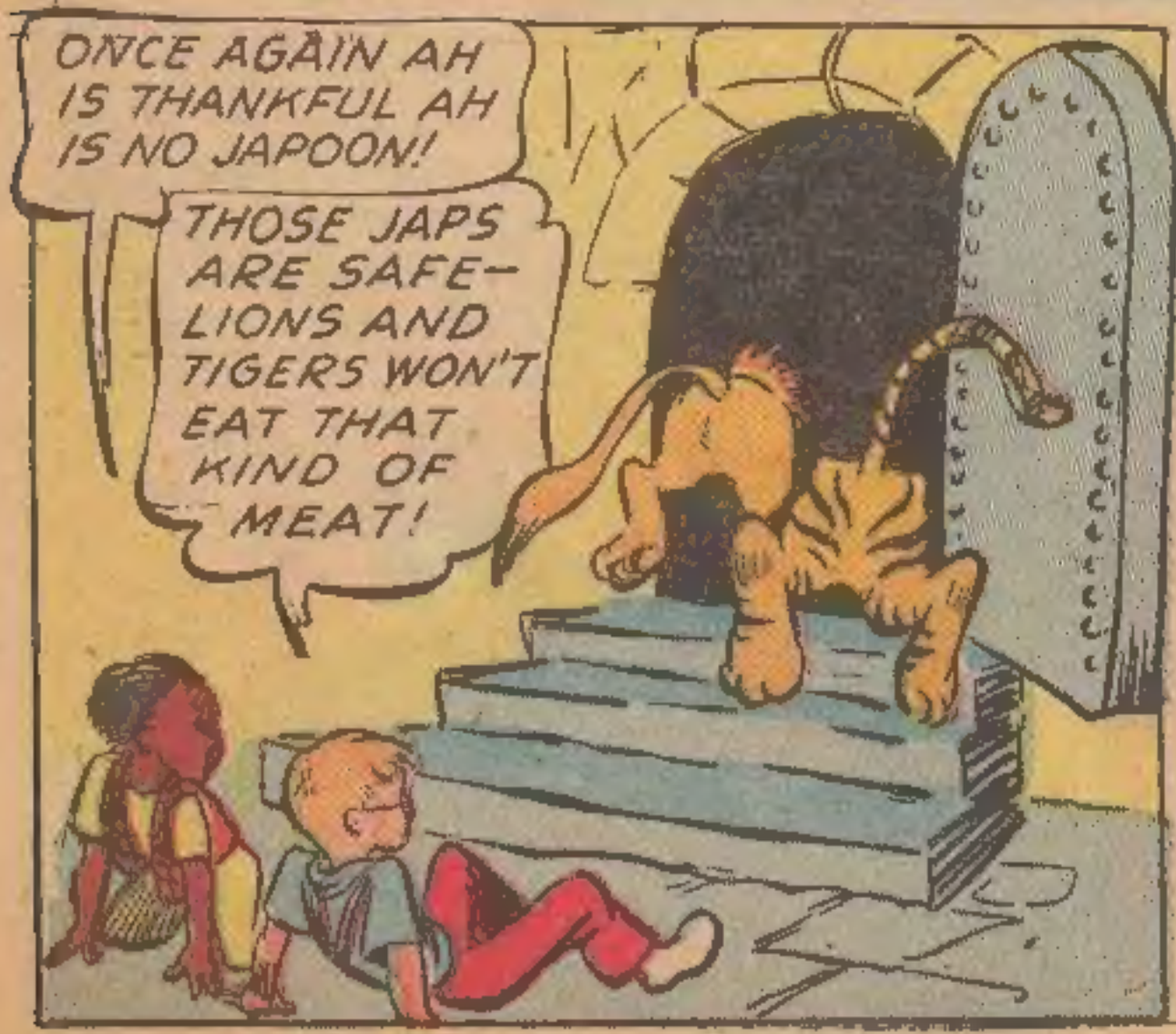
HURRY UP, JANET—WE FOUND A DOOR!
AW, SHE'S ALWAYS DALLYIN' AROUND—WAITIN' FOR THOSE CATS.

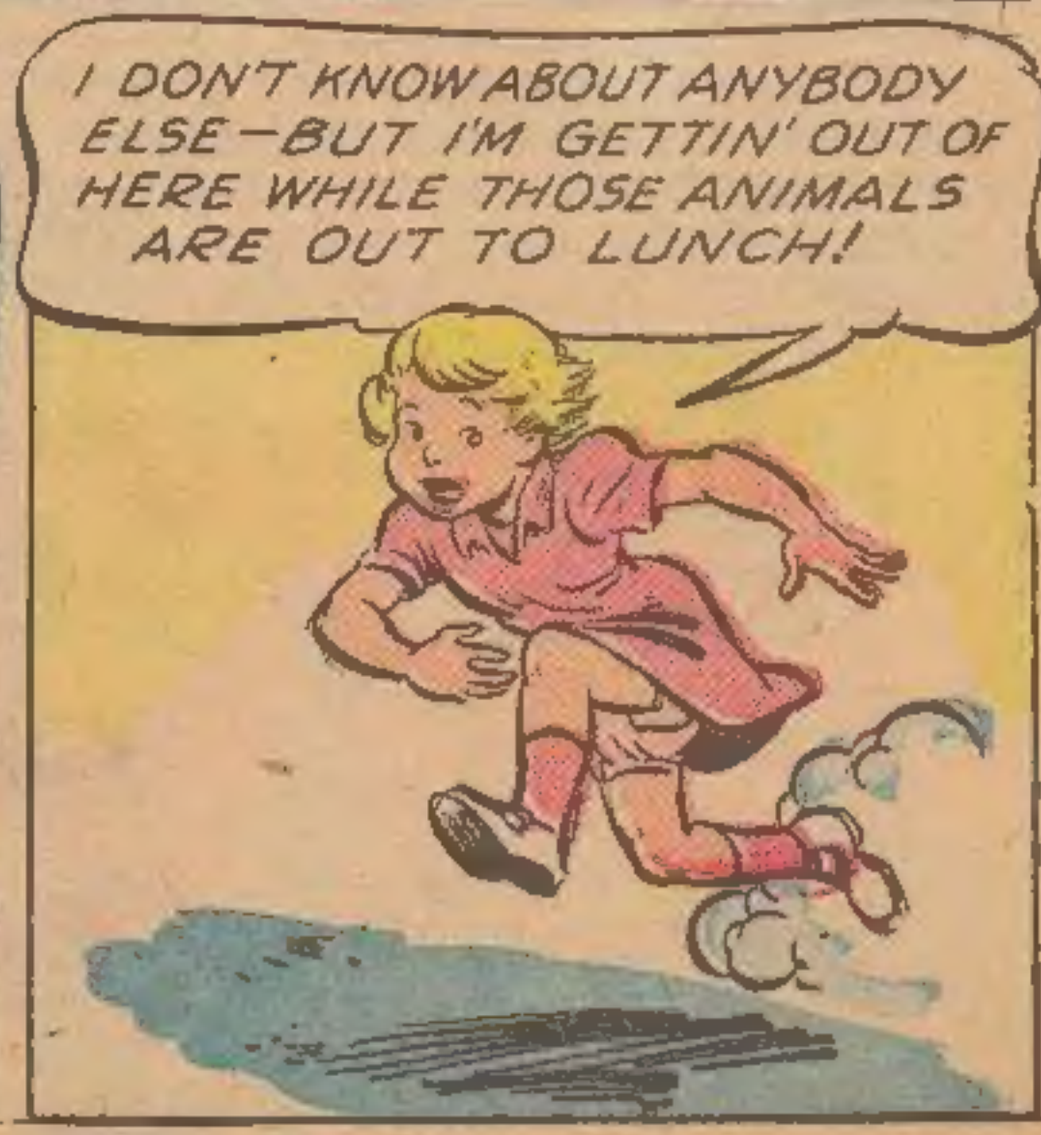
ANYWAY, THIS DOOR SWINGS OUT... UH—SAY—THERES A LIGHT IN HERE—
WOW!

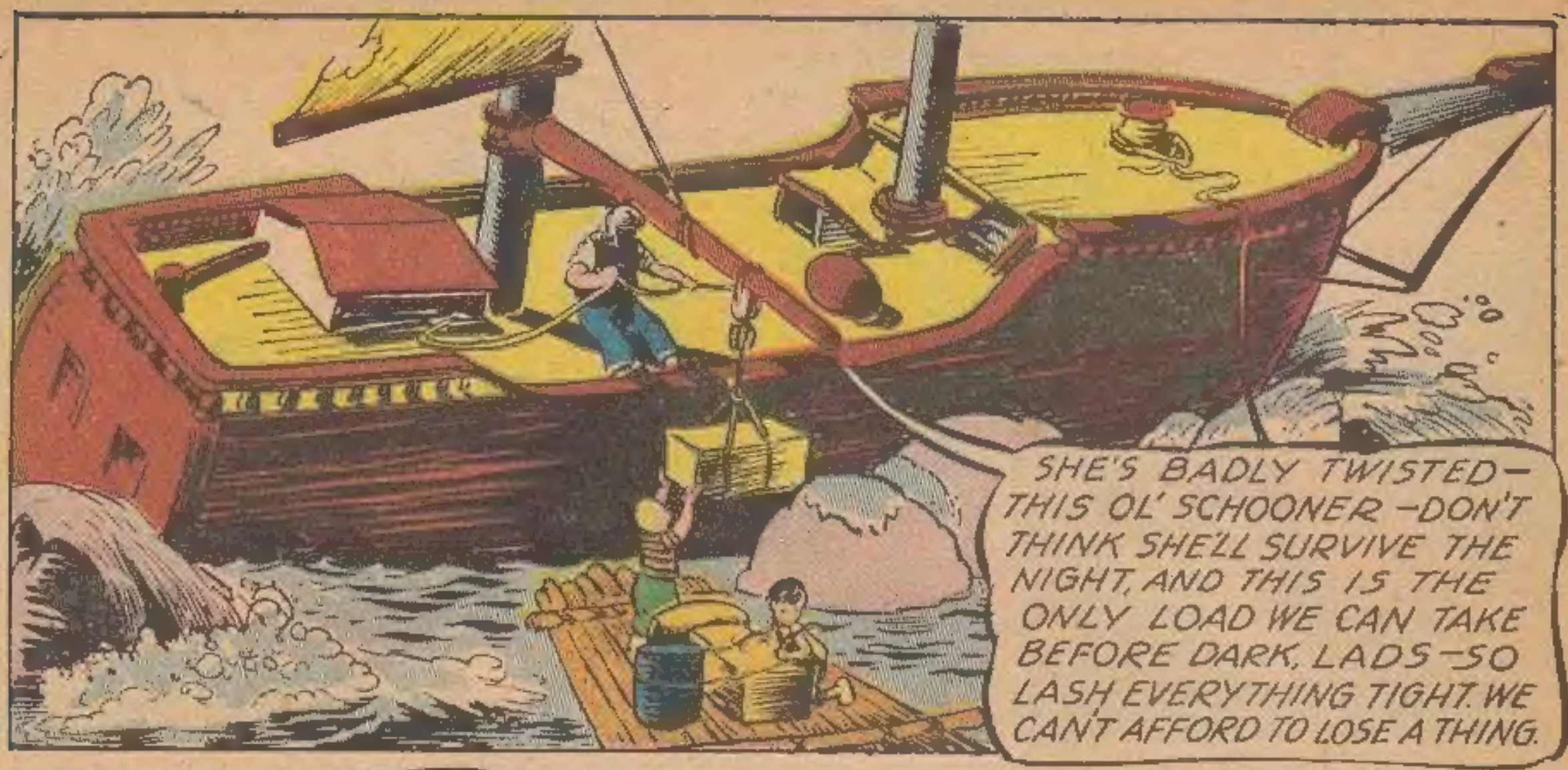

A SECRET JAP RADIO STATION!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!!

SWING SHET DE DOOR—HEAH DEY COME—OH, MAN!
CAN'T MOVE IT!

SIC 'EM, LEO, SIC 'EM!
COME HERE AN' I'LL GIVE YOU A TASTE OF LOS ANGELES SHOE LEATHER!
YEOW


ONCE AGAIN AH IS THANKFUL AH IS NO JAPOON!
THOSE JAPS ARE SAFE—LIONS AND TIGERS WON'T EAT THAT KIND OF MEAT!


I DON'T KNOW ABOUT ANYBODY ELSE—BUT I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE WHILE THOSE ANIMALS ARE OUT TO LUNCH!


SHE'S BADLY TWISTED— THIS OL' SCHOONER —DON'T THINK SHE'LL SURVIVE THE NIGHT, AND THIS IS THE ONLY LOAD WE CAN TAKE BEFORE DARK, LADS—SO LASH EVERYTHING TIGHT. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE A THING.

IT'S JUST LIKE SHOOTIN' THE RAPIDS, LADS— SHOVE US OFF THE ROCKS WE RUN AGAINST BEFORE THE BREAKERS TURN US OVER.

SAY, CAPTAIN! THERE ON THE BEACH—ISN'T THAT JANET? WAVING FRANTICALLY!

BY GEORGE, YOU'RE RIGHT, HAPPY—

SOME JAPS KNOCKED DOWN FROGGIE AND BUCKWHEAT AND THEN THE ANIMALS CHASED THEM AND CAUGHT THEM AND ATE THEM!

GREAT LEAPING LONGBOATS! THE ANIMALS ATE FROGGIE AN' BUCKWHEAT!

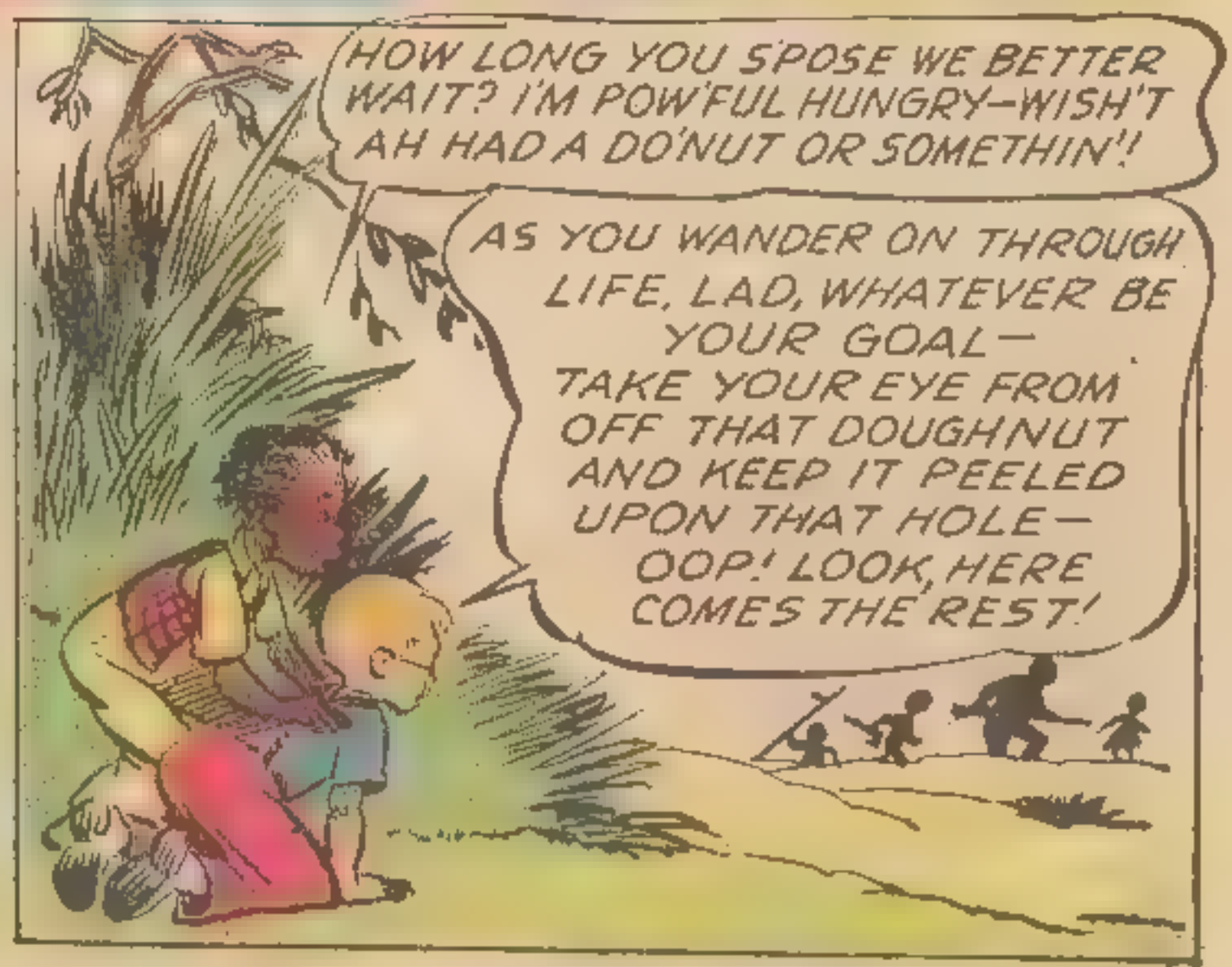
WE'LL BLOW THOSE SO-CALLED TAME ANIMALS OFF THE ISLAND!
FROGGIE AN' BUCKWHEAT WERE OUR BEST FRIENDS!
WHY COULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN ME? I'M FATTER!

ALL RIGHT, JANET— LEAD THE WAY... WHICH DIRECTION DID THEY TAKE?

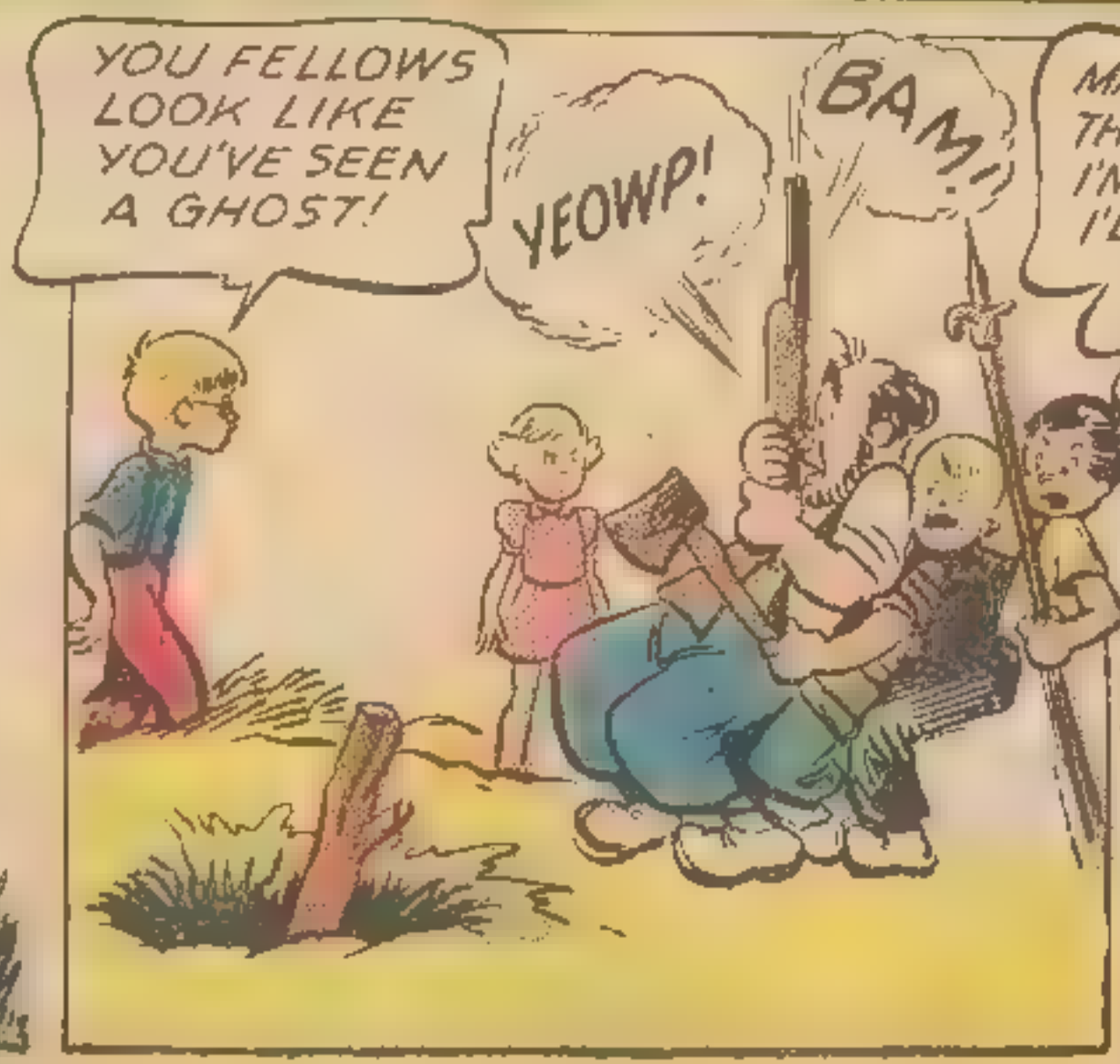
THEY RAN THROUGH THE TUNNEL HOLLERING "BANZAI" AND KNOCKING OVER THEIR RADIO EQUIPMENT!

THEY DID?
MUST BE BETTER TRAINED THAN WE FIGURED!

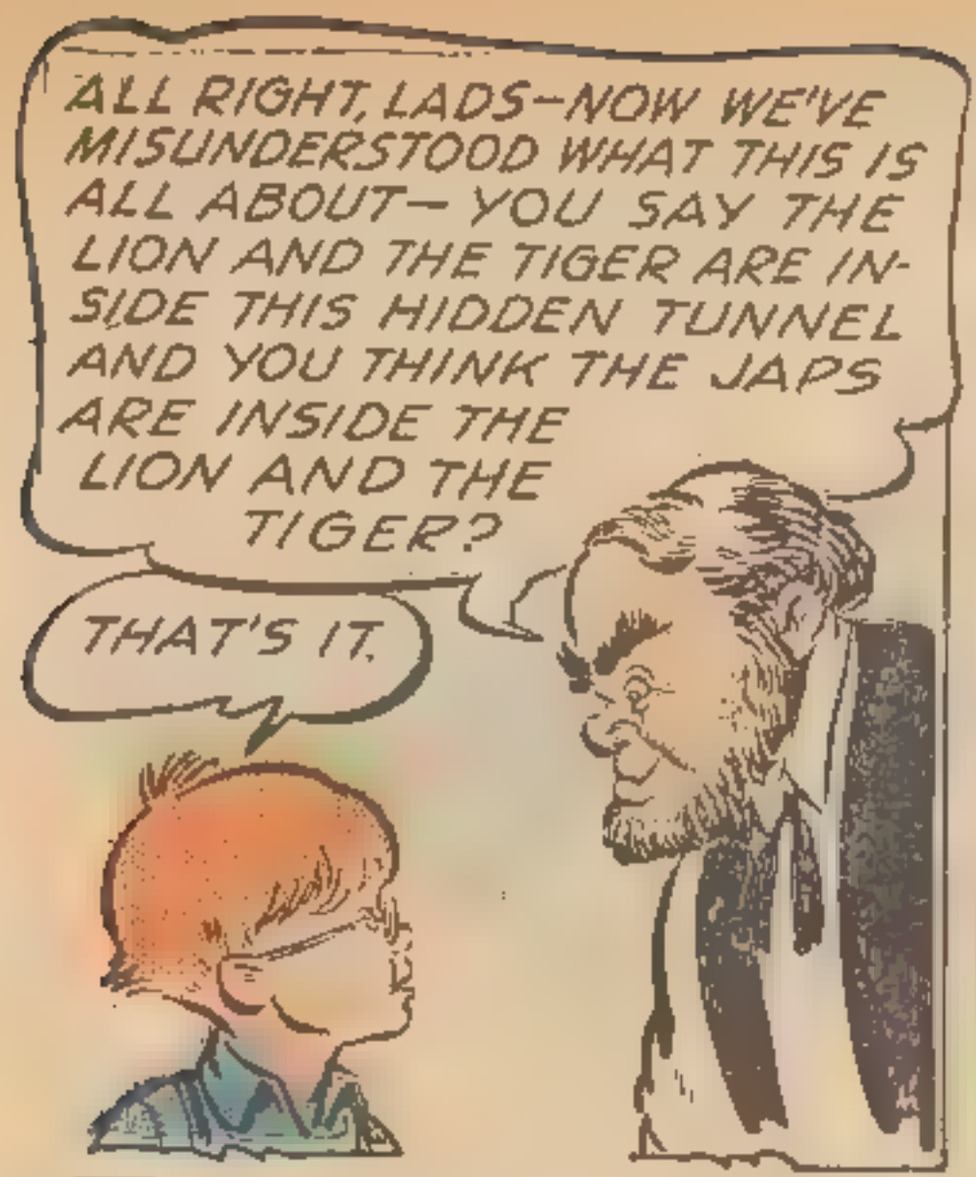
HURRY UP, BUCKWHEAT! WHILE JANET'S GONE FOR HELP, WE'LL HIDE IN THE BUSHES, IN CASE THE JAPS TRICK THE CATS AND SNEAK OUT.

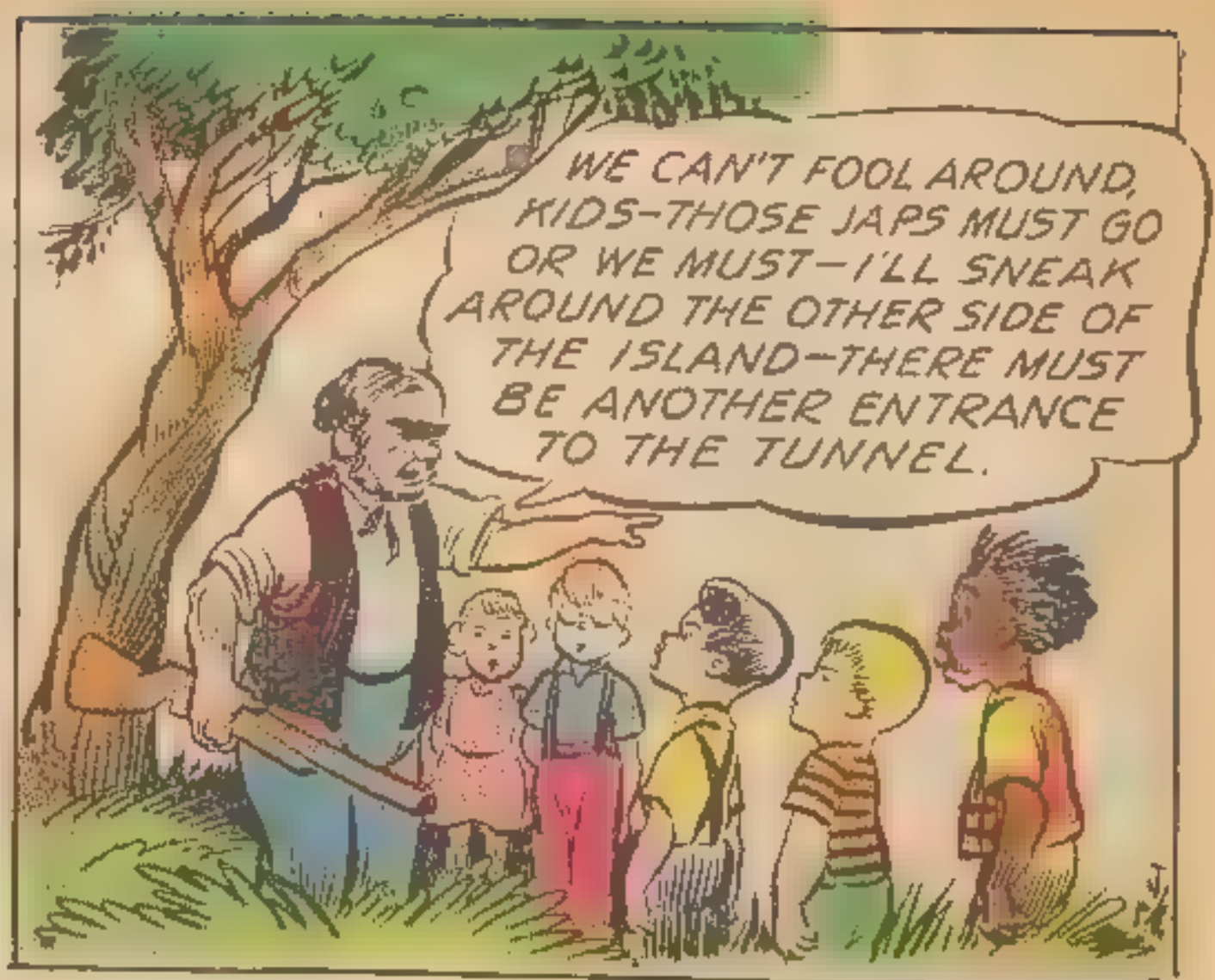

HOW LONG YOU S'POSE WE BETTER WAIT? I'M POW'FUL HUNGRY—WISH'T AH HAD A DO'NUT OR SOMETHIN'!
AS YOU WANDER ON THROUGH LIFE, LAD, WHATEVER BE YOUR GOAL— TAKE YOUR EYE FROM OFF THAT DOUGHNUT AND KEEP IT PEELED UPON THAT HOLE— OOP! LOOK, HERE COMES THE REST!

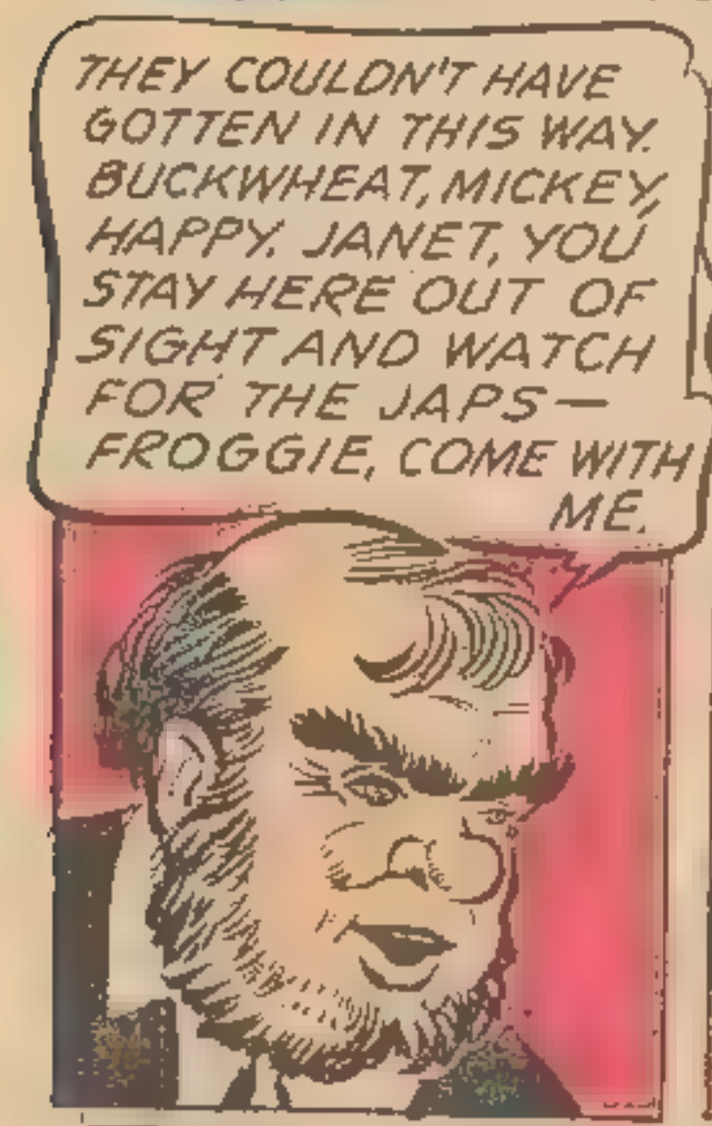
HY, GANG!


YOU FELLOWS LOOK LIKE YOU'VE SEEN A GHOST!
YEOWP!
BAM!

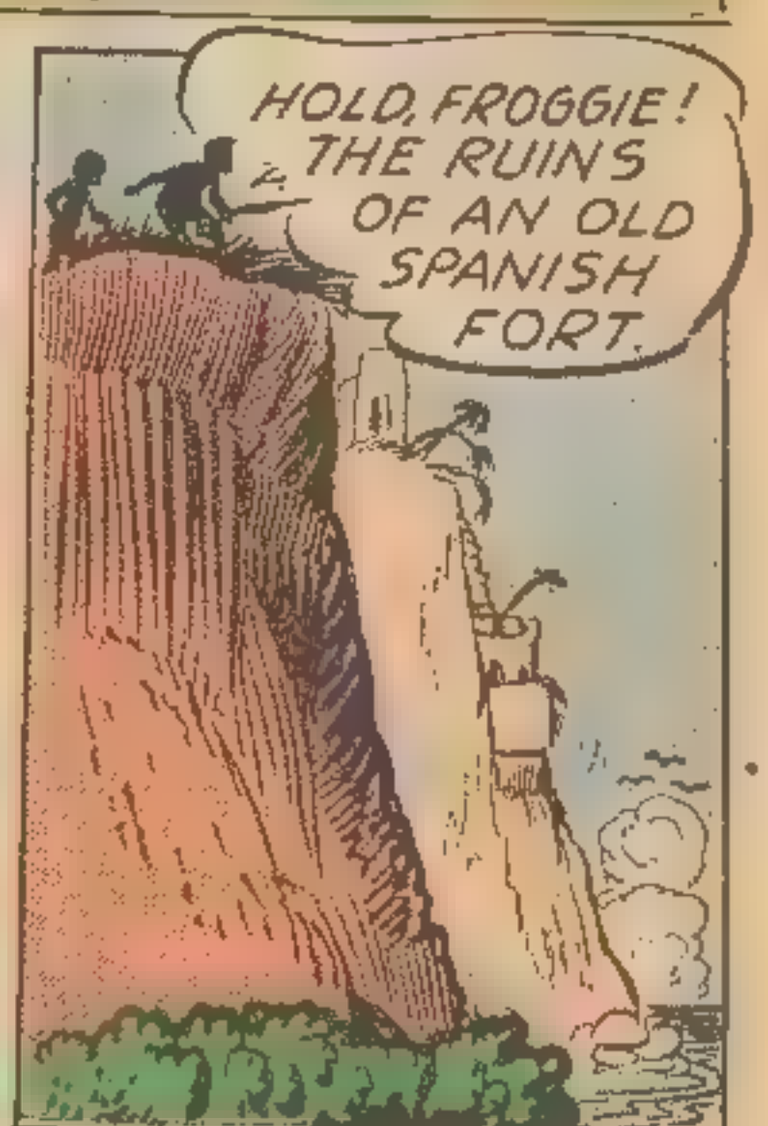
MARK MY WORDS! THE NEXT TIME I'M SHIPWRECKED I'LL BE WITH A BUNCH OF CRIPPLED OLD MAIDS!

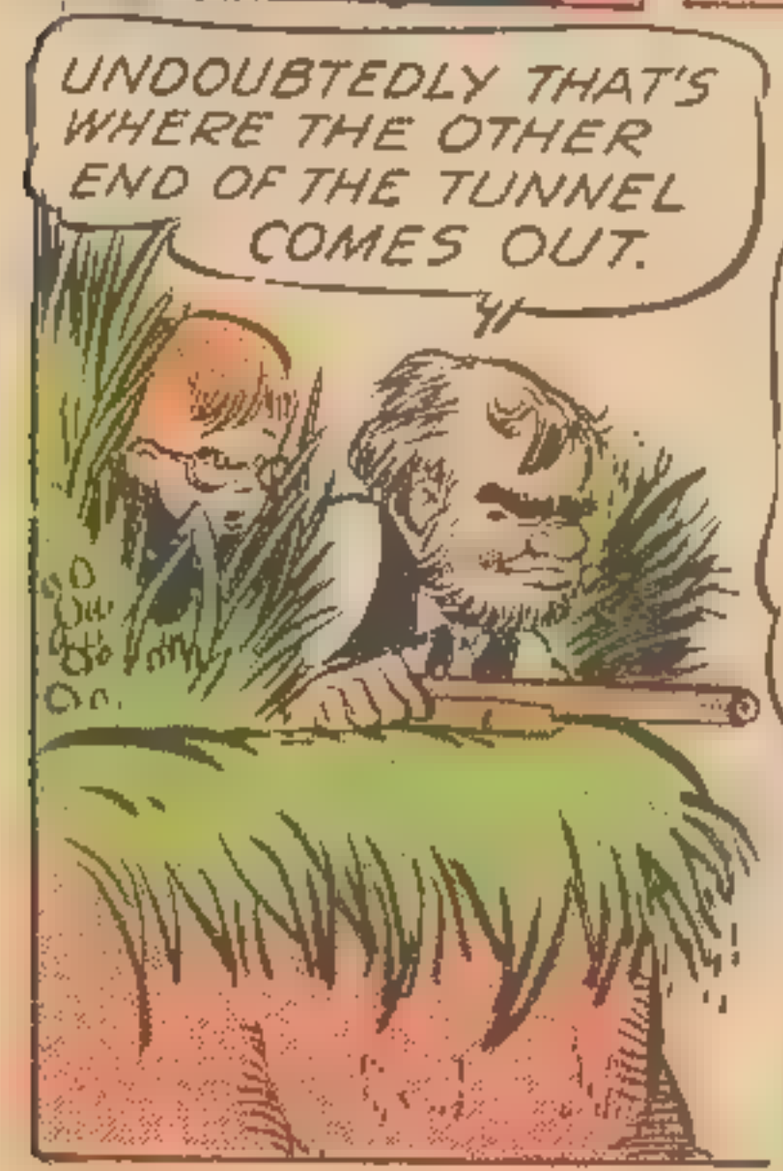

ALL RIGHT, LADS—NOW WE'VE MISUNDERSTOOD WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT— YOU SAY THE LION AND THE TIGER ARE INSIDE THIS HIDDEN TUNNEL AND YOU THINK THE JAPS ARE INSIDE THE LION AND THE TIGER?
THAT'S IT.

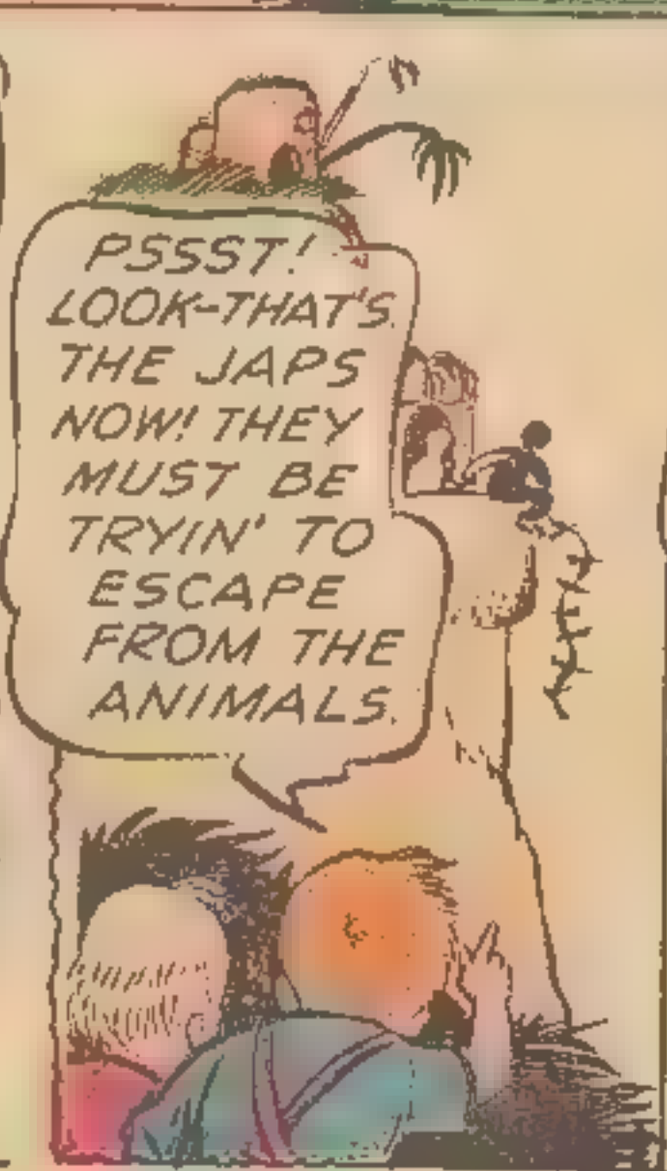

WE CAN'T FOOL AROUND, KIDS—THOSE JAPS MUST GO OR WE MUST—I'LL SNEAK AROUND THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND—THERE MUST BE ANOTHER ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL.

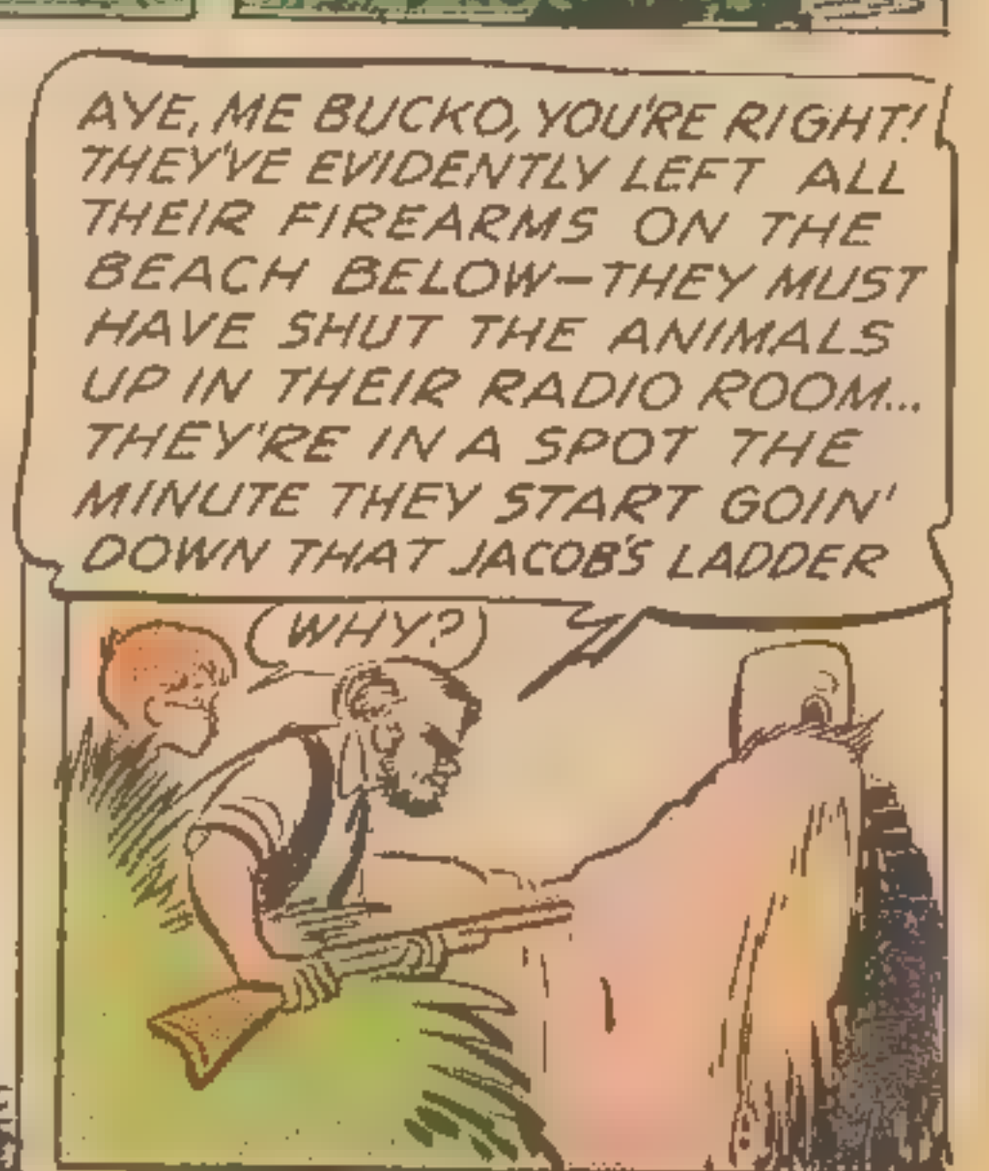

THEY COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN IN THIS WAY. BUCKWHEAT, MICKEY, HAPPY, JANET, YOU STAY HERE OUT OF SIGHT AND WATCH FOR THE JAPS— FROGGIE, COME WITH ME.

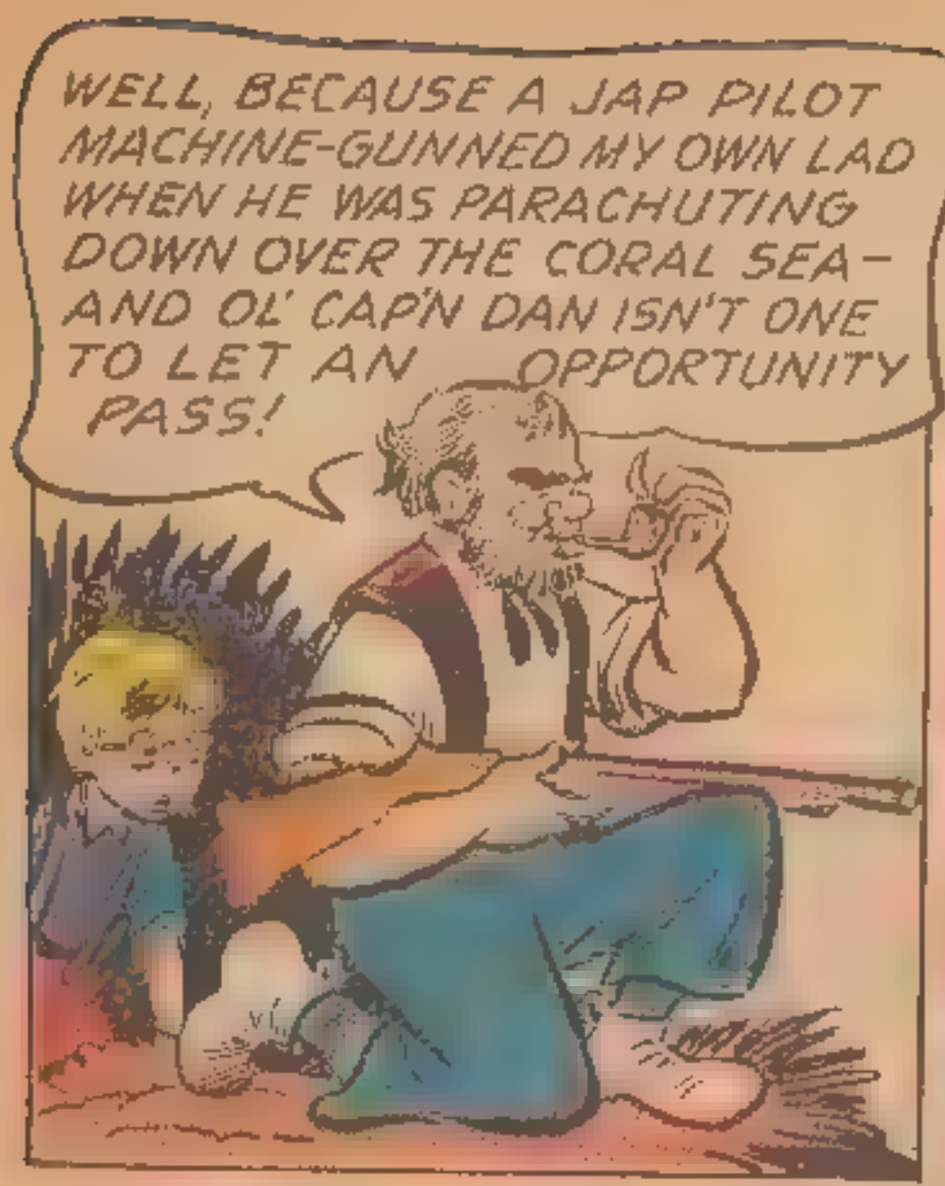
IT'S FUNNY THE JAPS NEVER SAW THOSE ANIMALS BEFORE.
THAT IS QUEER!


HOLD, FROGGIE! THE RUINS OF AN OLD SPANISH FORT.

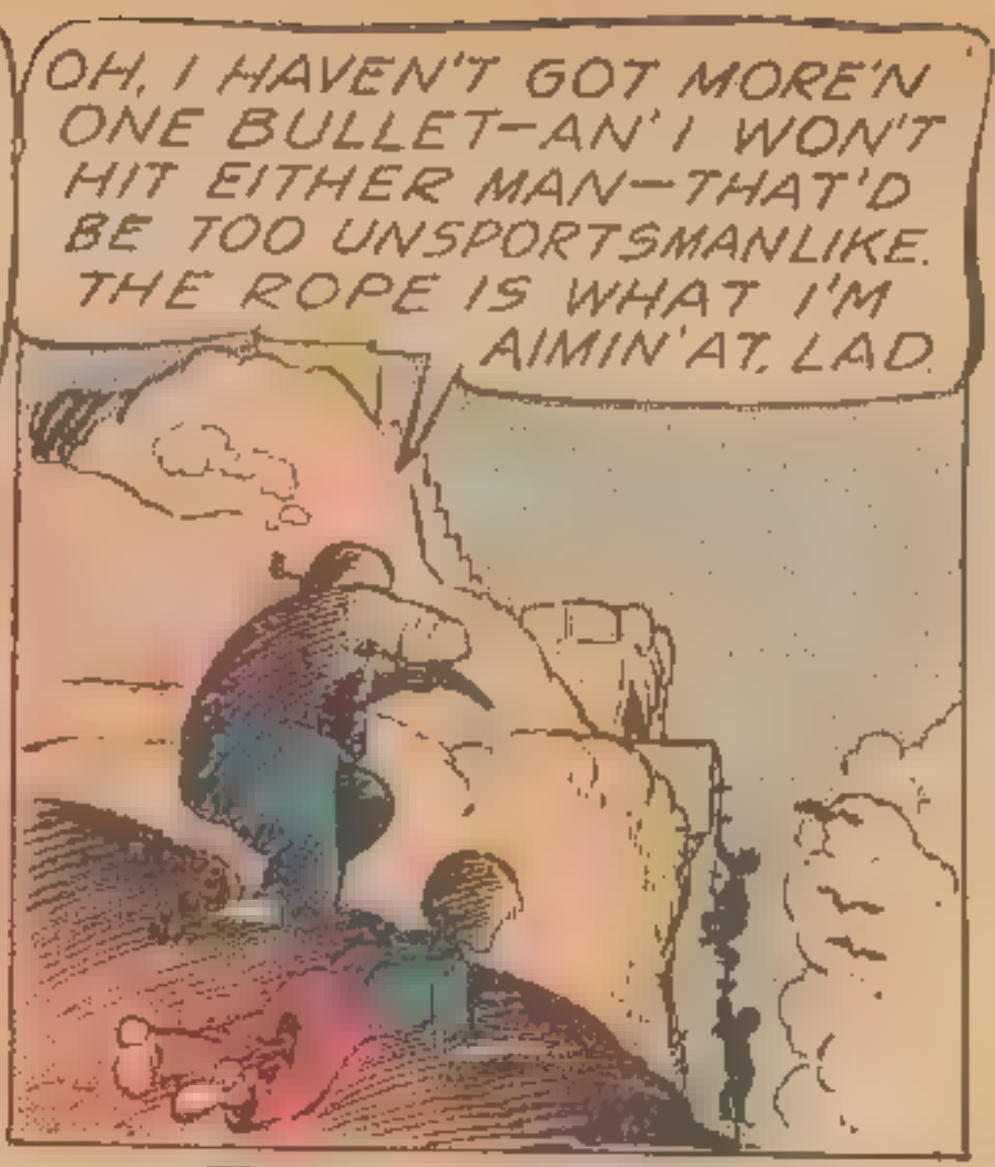

UNDOUBTEDLY THAT'S WHERE THE OTHER END OF THE TUNNEL COMES OUT.

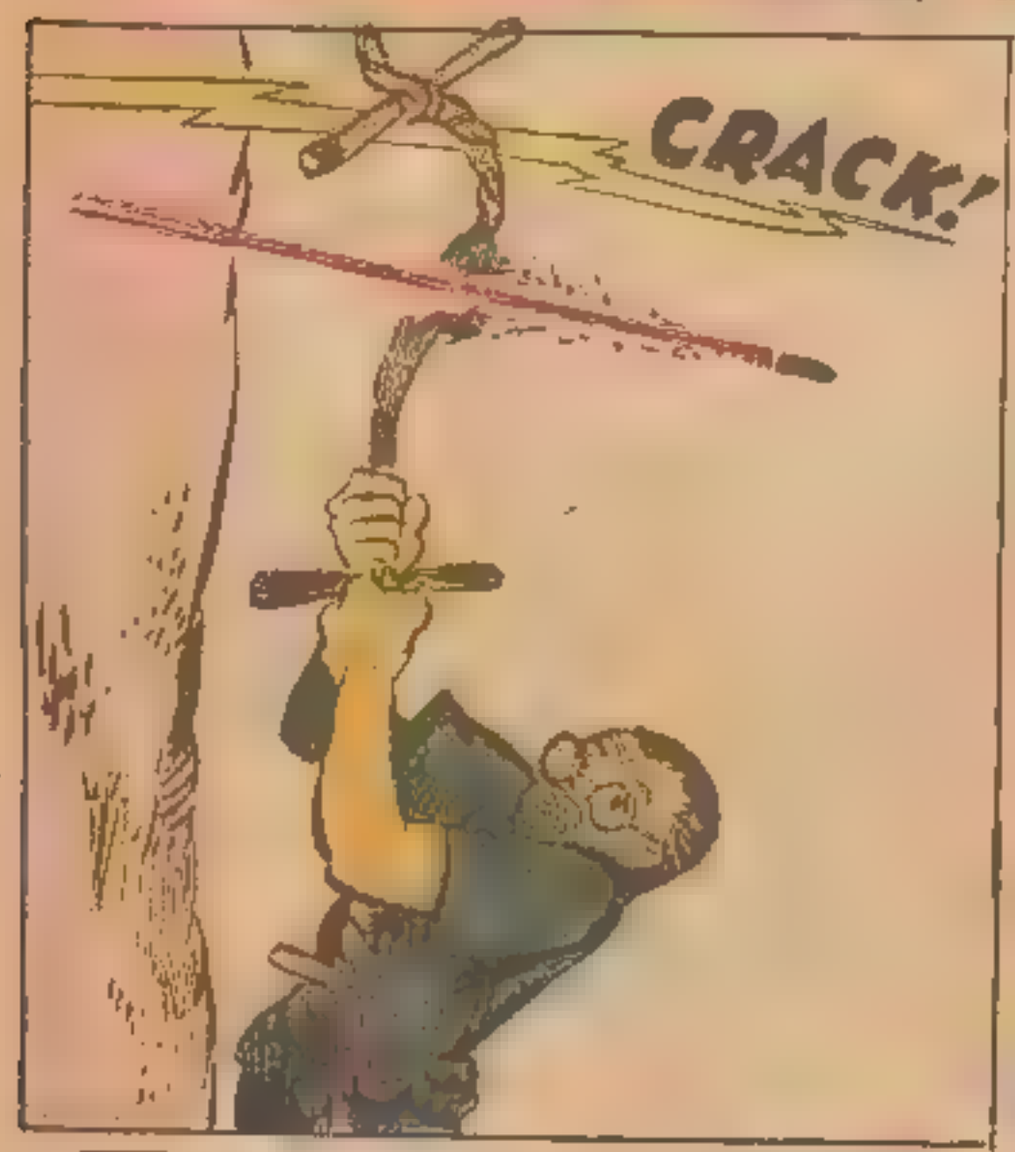

PSSST! LOOK—THAT'S THE JAPS NOW! THEY MUST BE TRYIN' TO ESCAPE FROM THE ANIMALS.

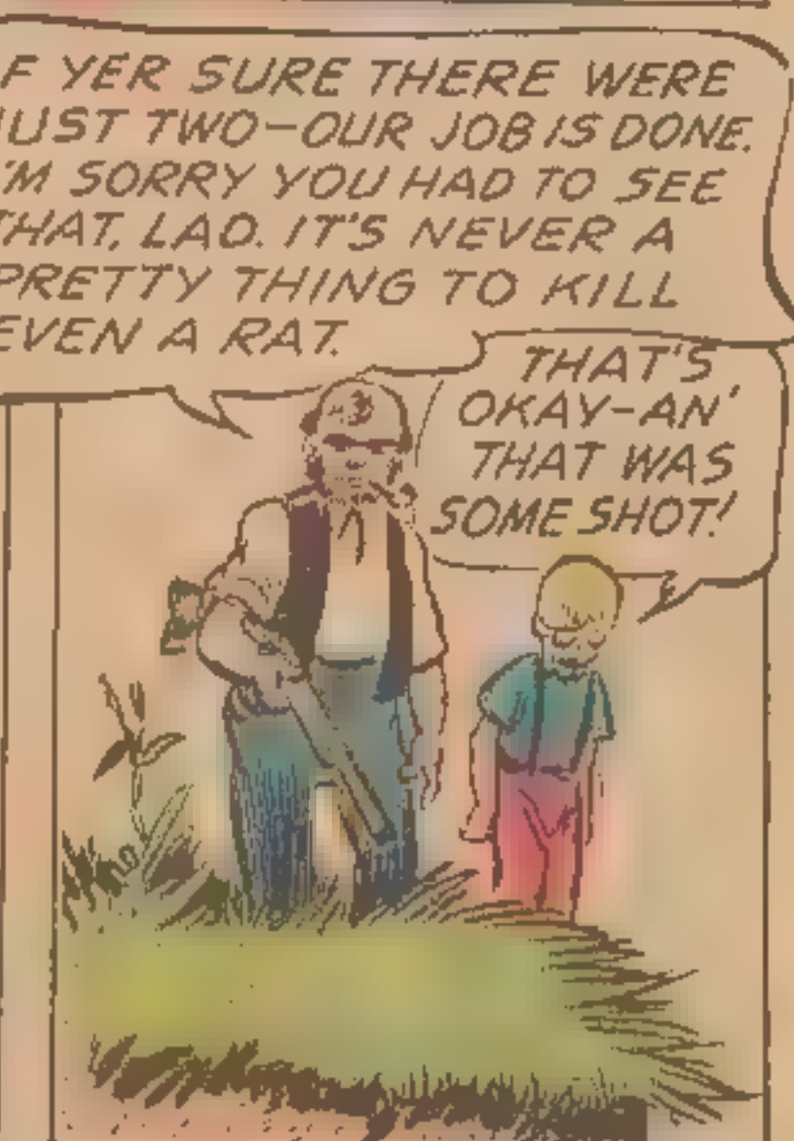

AYE, ME BUCKO, YOU'RE RIGHT! THEY'VE EVIDENTLY LEFT ALL THEIR FIREARMS ON THE BEACH BELOW—THEY MUST HAVE SHUT THE ANIMALS UP IN THEIR RADIO ROOM... THEY'RE IN A SPOT THE MINUTE THEY START GOIN' DOWN THAT JACOB'S LADDER
WHY?

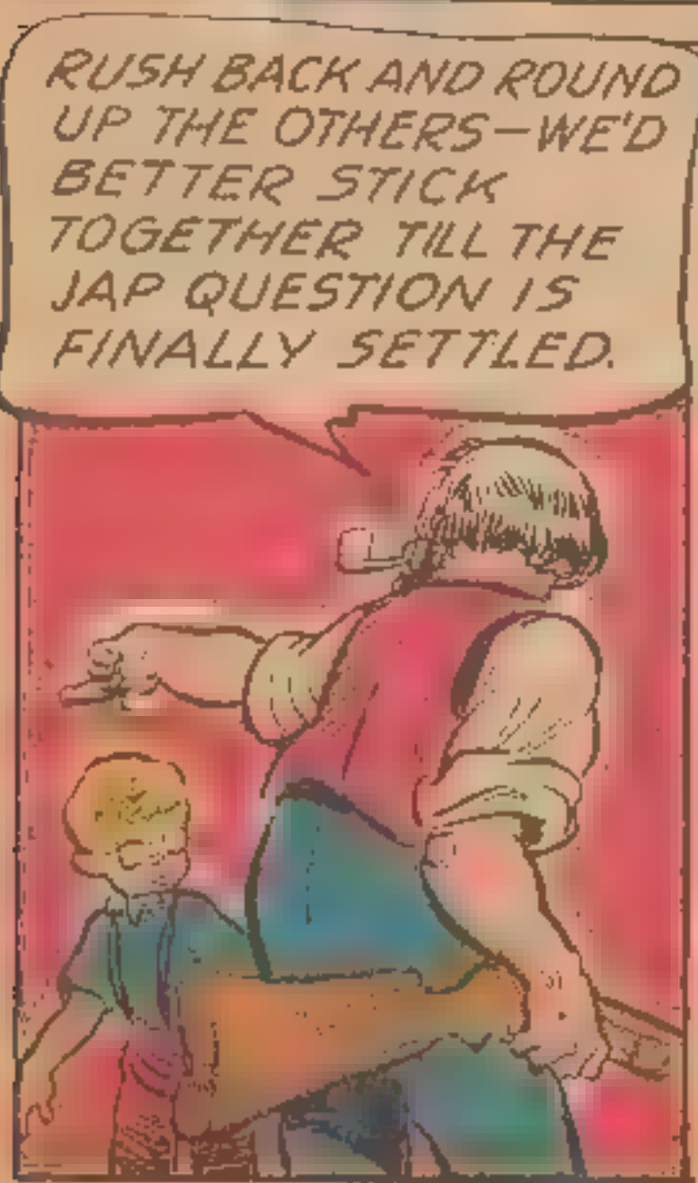

WELL, BECAUSE A JAP PILOT MACHINE-GUNNED MY OWN LAD WHEN HE WAS PARACHUTING DOWN OVER THE CORAL SEA— AND OL' CAP'N DAN ISN'T ONE TO LET AN OPPORTUNITY PASS!

BUT S'POSE YOU MISS 'EM? IT'S HARD TO HIT BOTH OF 'EM AT THIS DISTANCE.

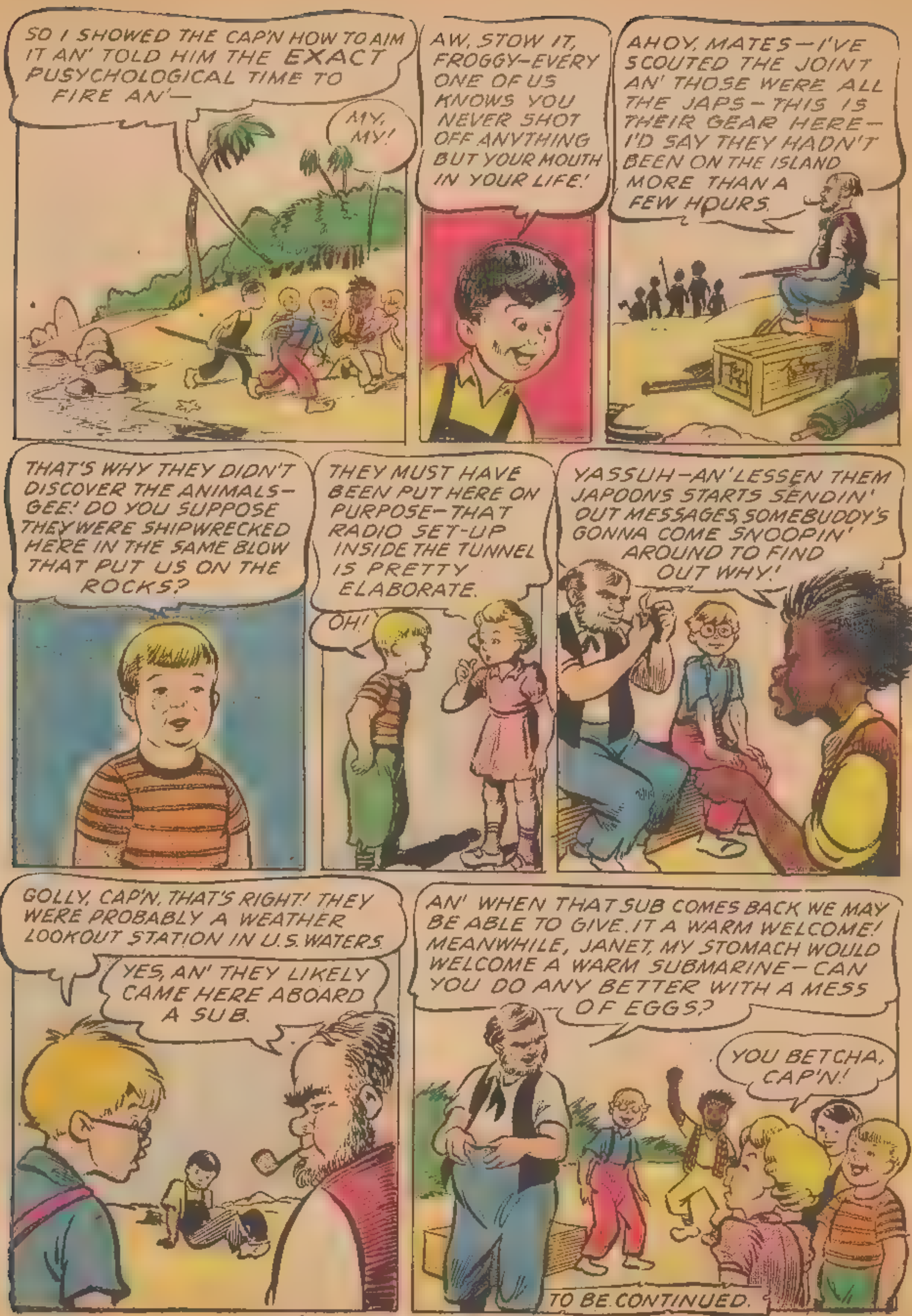

OH, I HAVEN'T GOT MORE'N ONE BULLET—AN' I WON'T HIT EITHER MAN—THAT'D BE TOO UNSPORTSMANLIKE. THE ROPE IS WHAT I'M AIMIN' AT, LAD.


CRACK!

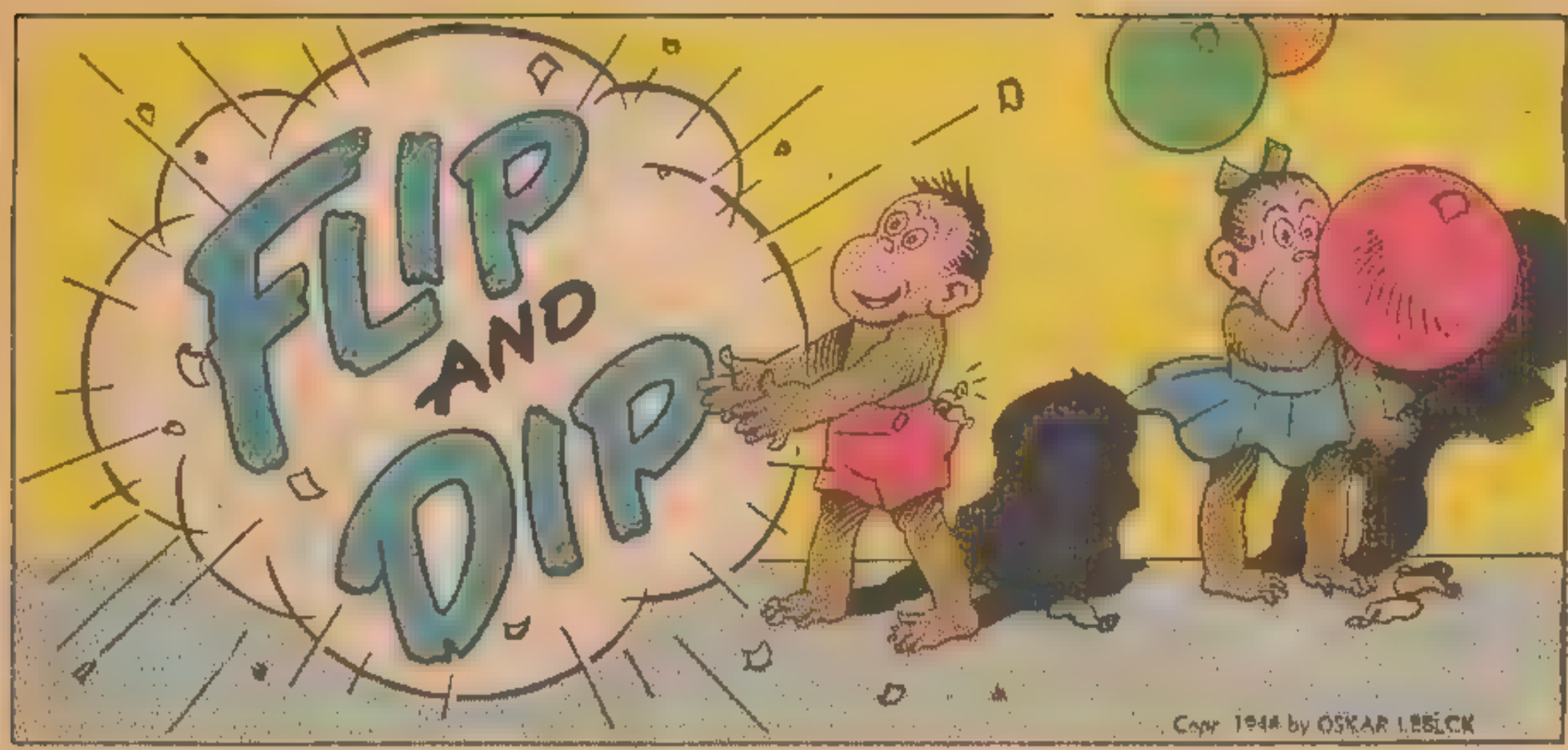

IF YER SURE THERE WERE JUST TWO—OUR JOB IS DONE. I'M SORRY YOU HAD TO SEE THAT, LAD. IT'S NEVER A PRETTY THING TO KILL EVEN A RAT.
THAT'S OKAY—AN' THAT WAS SOME SHOT!

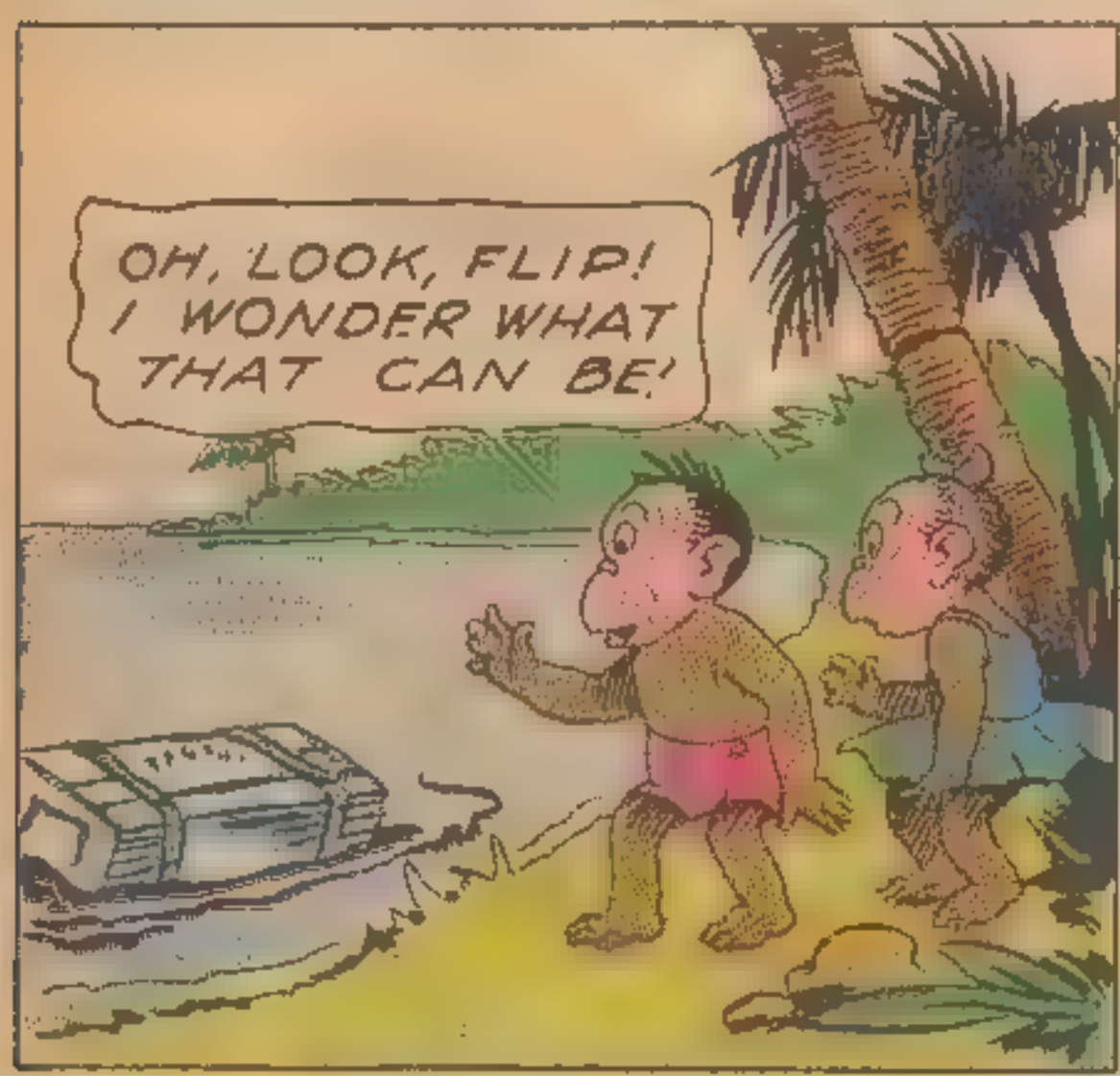

RUSH BACK AND ROUND UP THE OTHERS—WE'D BETTER STICK TOGETHER TILL THE JAP QUESTION IS FINALLY SETTLED.

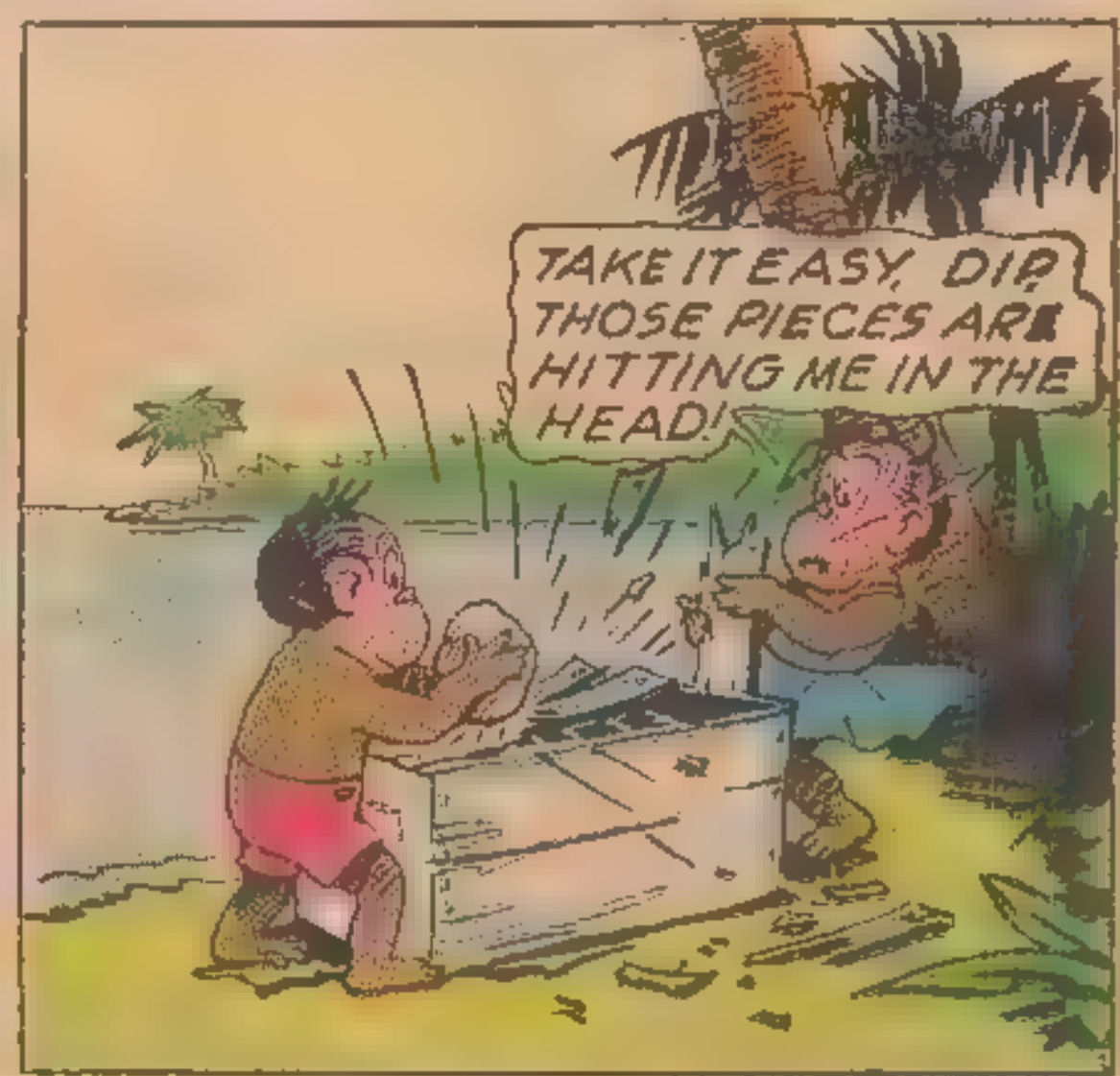
SLOW UP, FROGGIE, AN' LET US SEE IF YOU'RE FRIENDLY—'CAUSE IF YOU'RE NOT WE'LL PEELOO-VORATE YOU!
I'M FRIENDLY AS ANYTHING—EVERY-BODY JUST LOVES ME, HONEST!

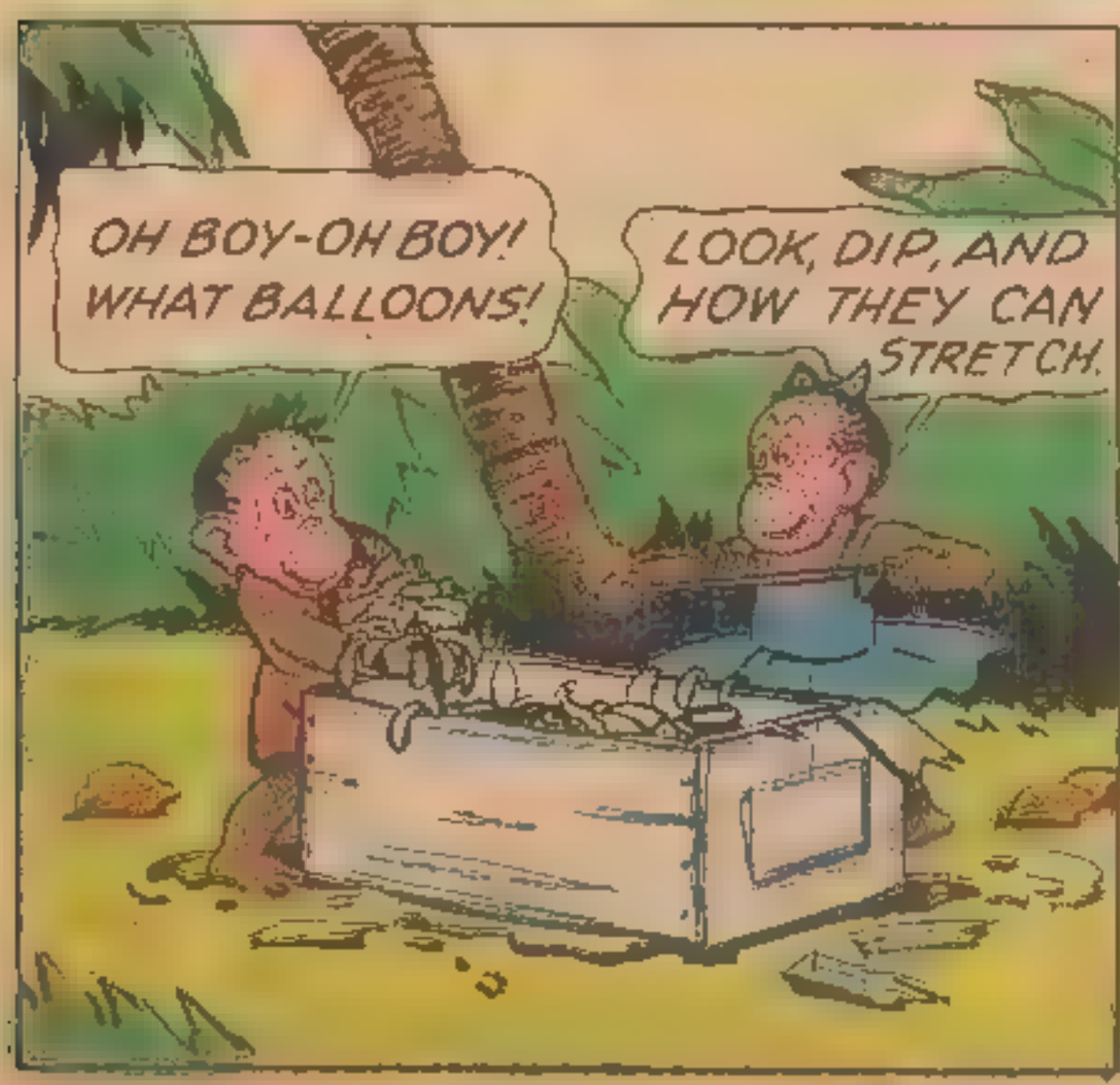


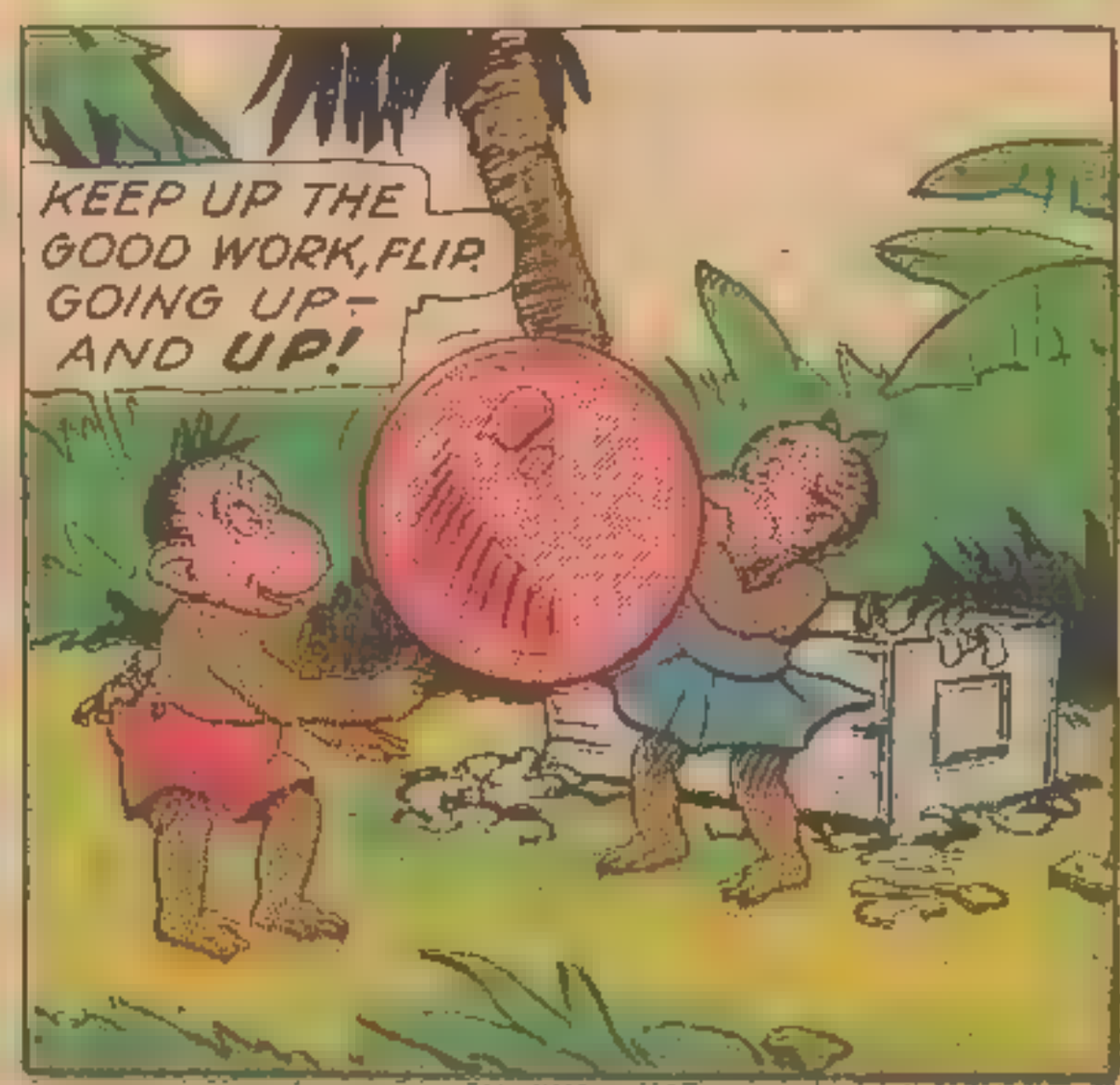
OUR GANG appearing in M-G-M pictures

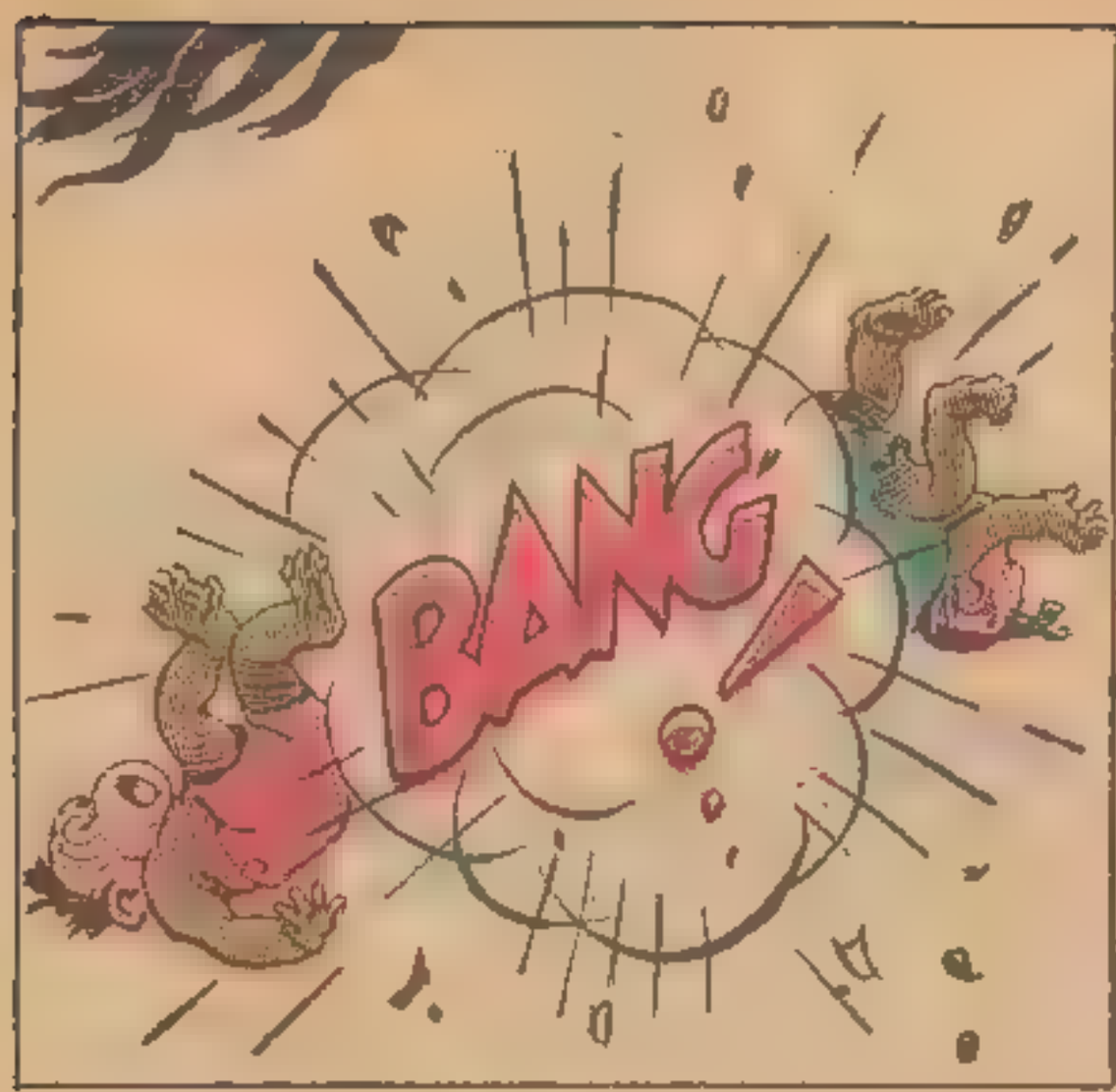

FLIP AND DIP
Copr 1944 by OSKAR LEBECK

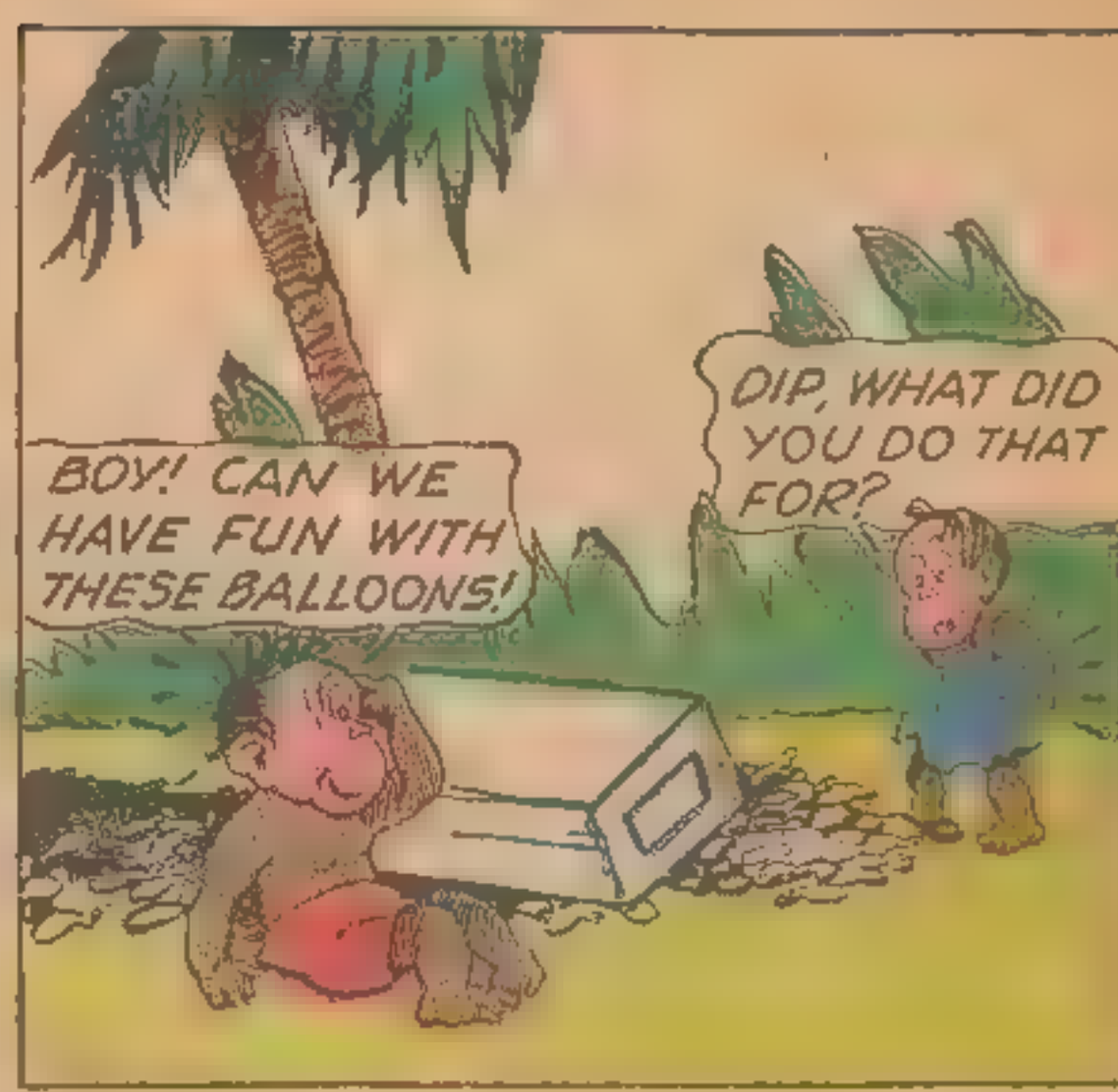

OH, LOOK, FLIP! I WONDER WHAT THAT CAN BE!

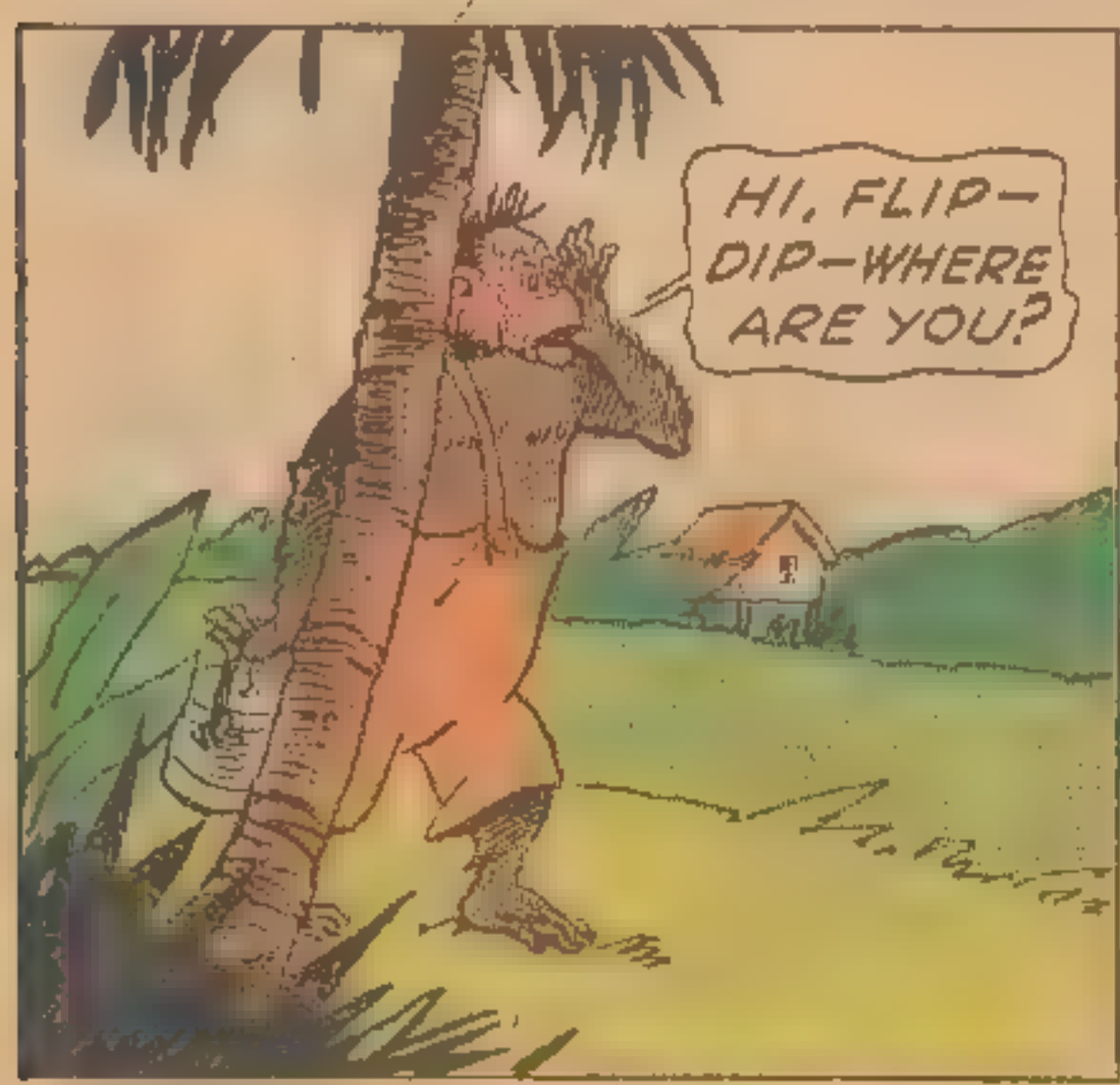

TAKE IT EASY, DIP. THOSE PIECES ARE HITTING ME IN THE HEAD!


OH BOY-OH BOY! WHAT BALLOONS!
LOOK, DIP, AND HOW THEY CAN STRETCH.


KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK, FLIP. GOING UP— AND UP!


BANG!


BOY! CAN WE HAVE FUN WITH THESE BALLOONS!
DIP, WHAT DID YOU DO THAT FOR?

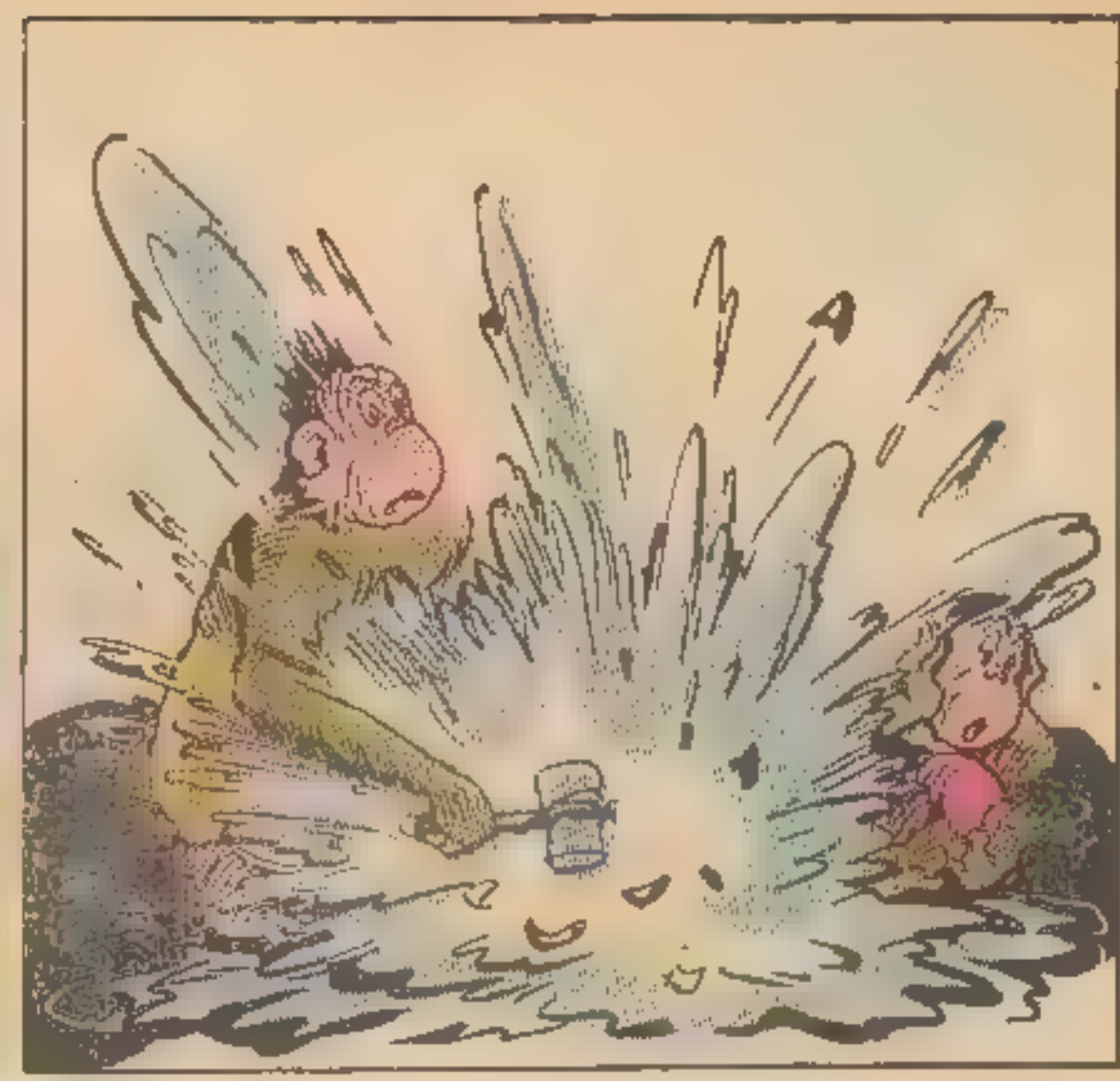

HI, FLIP—DIP—WHERE ARE YOU?

COME ON NOW, CHILDREN, FIND ME SOME FALLEN COCOANUTS AND BRING THEM TO ME.

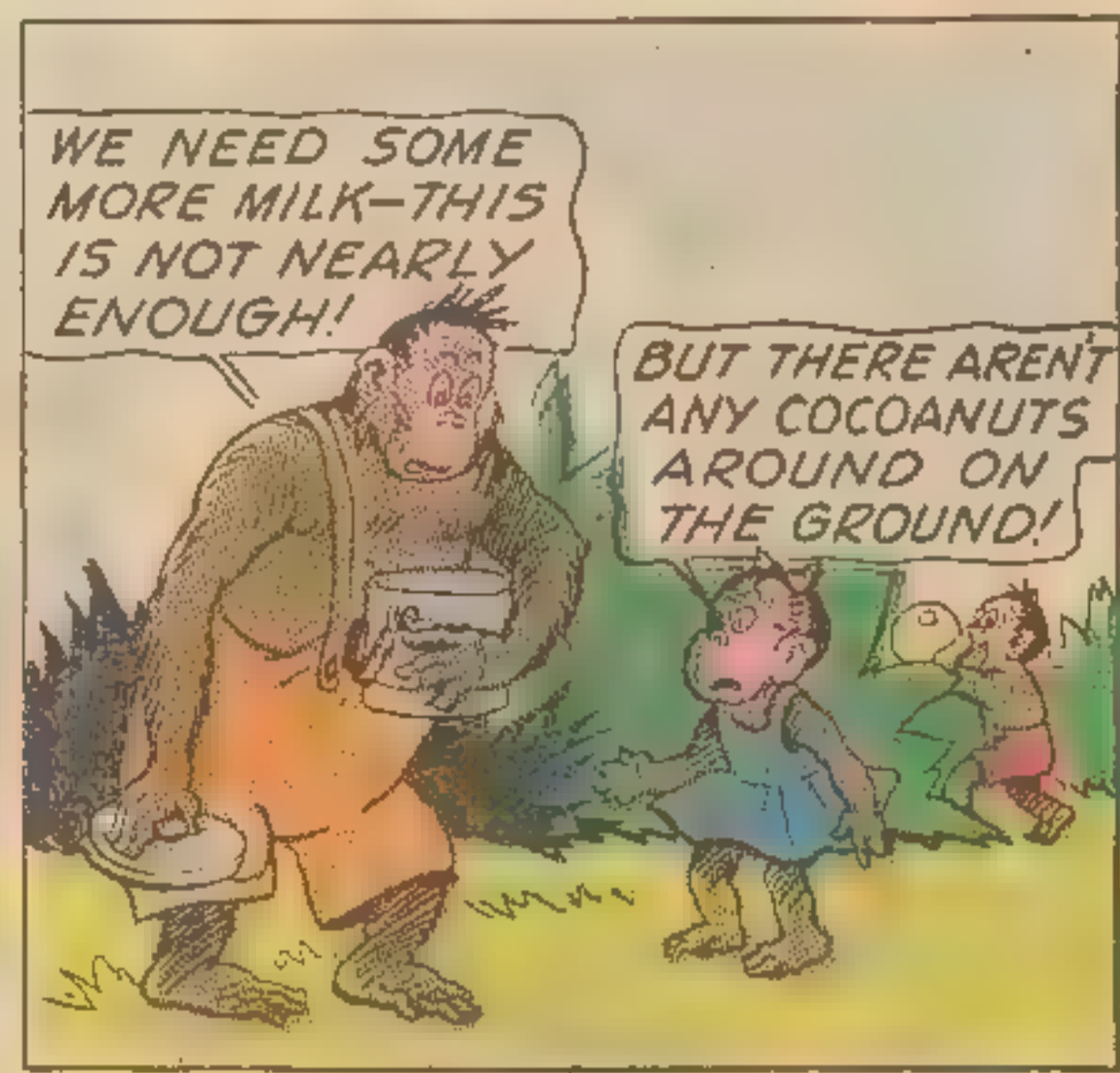
COME NOW, DIP, HOLD IT STILL!
SAY, POP, YOU CAME NEAR HITTING MY HEAD THE LAST TIME!

A LITTLE MORE AND THEN A BIG SURPRISE FOR POP!

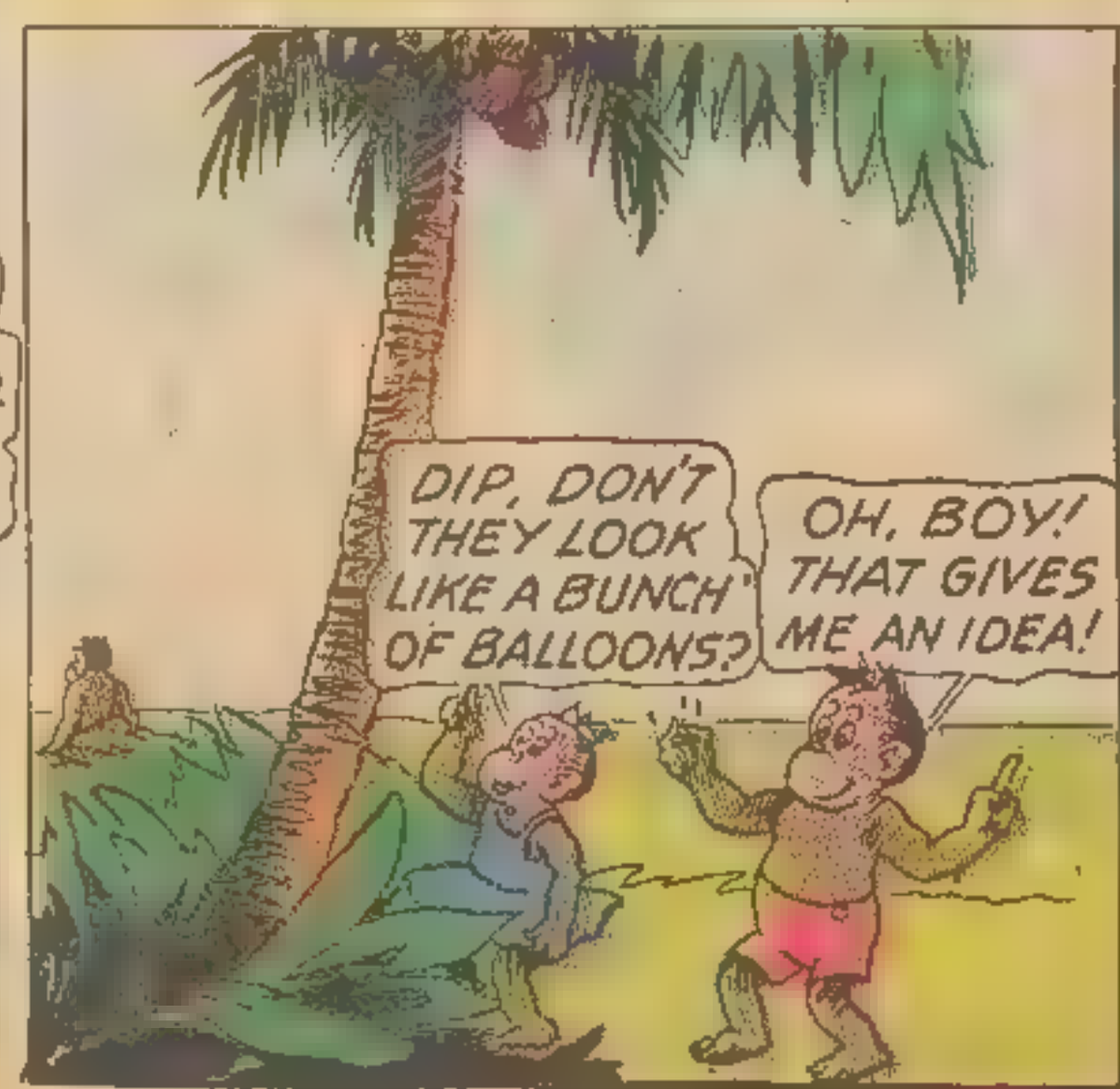
GEE, POP, HERE'S AN EXTRA BIG ONE! IT OUGHT TO HAVE LOTS OF MILK!

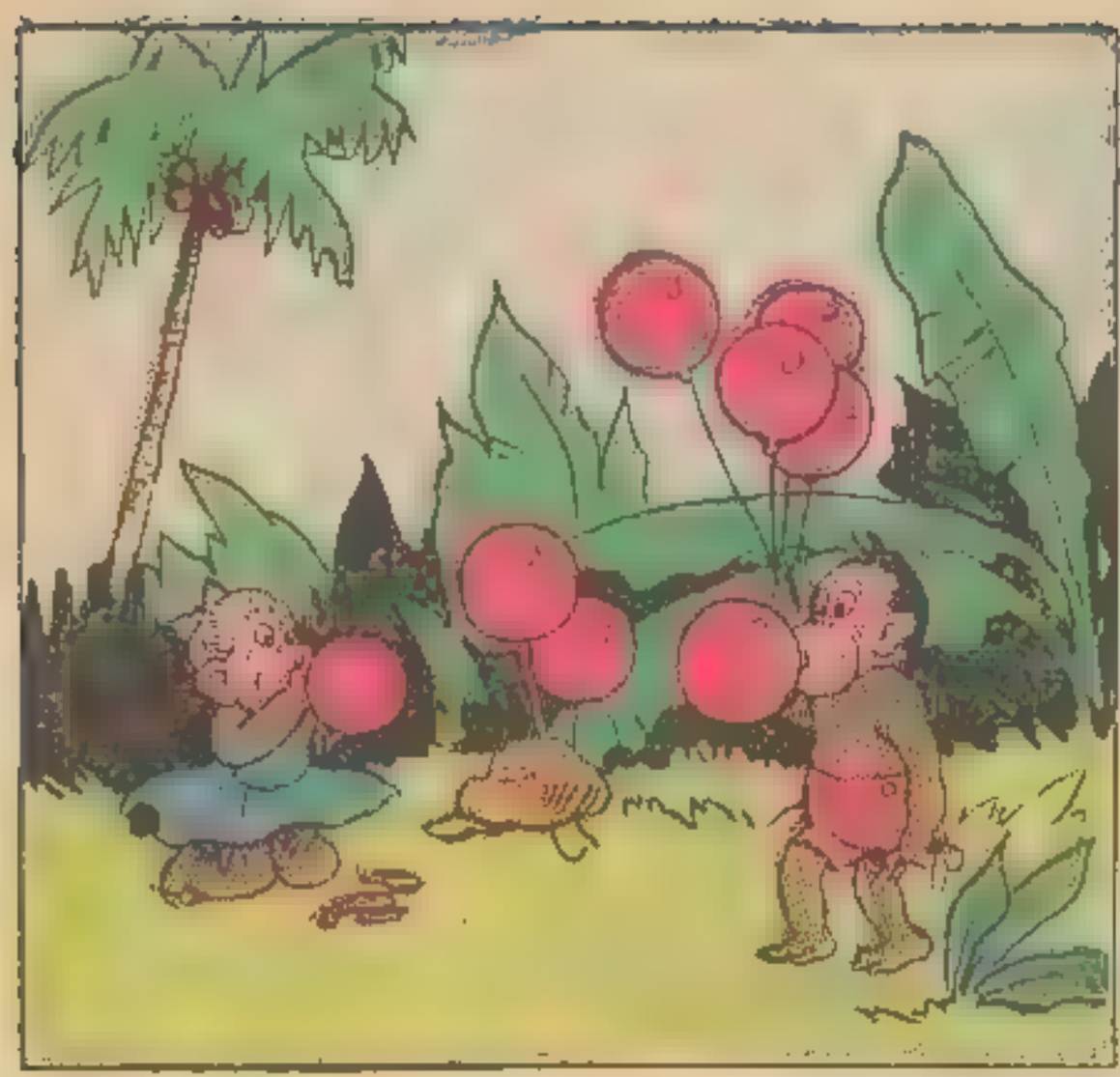


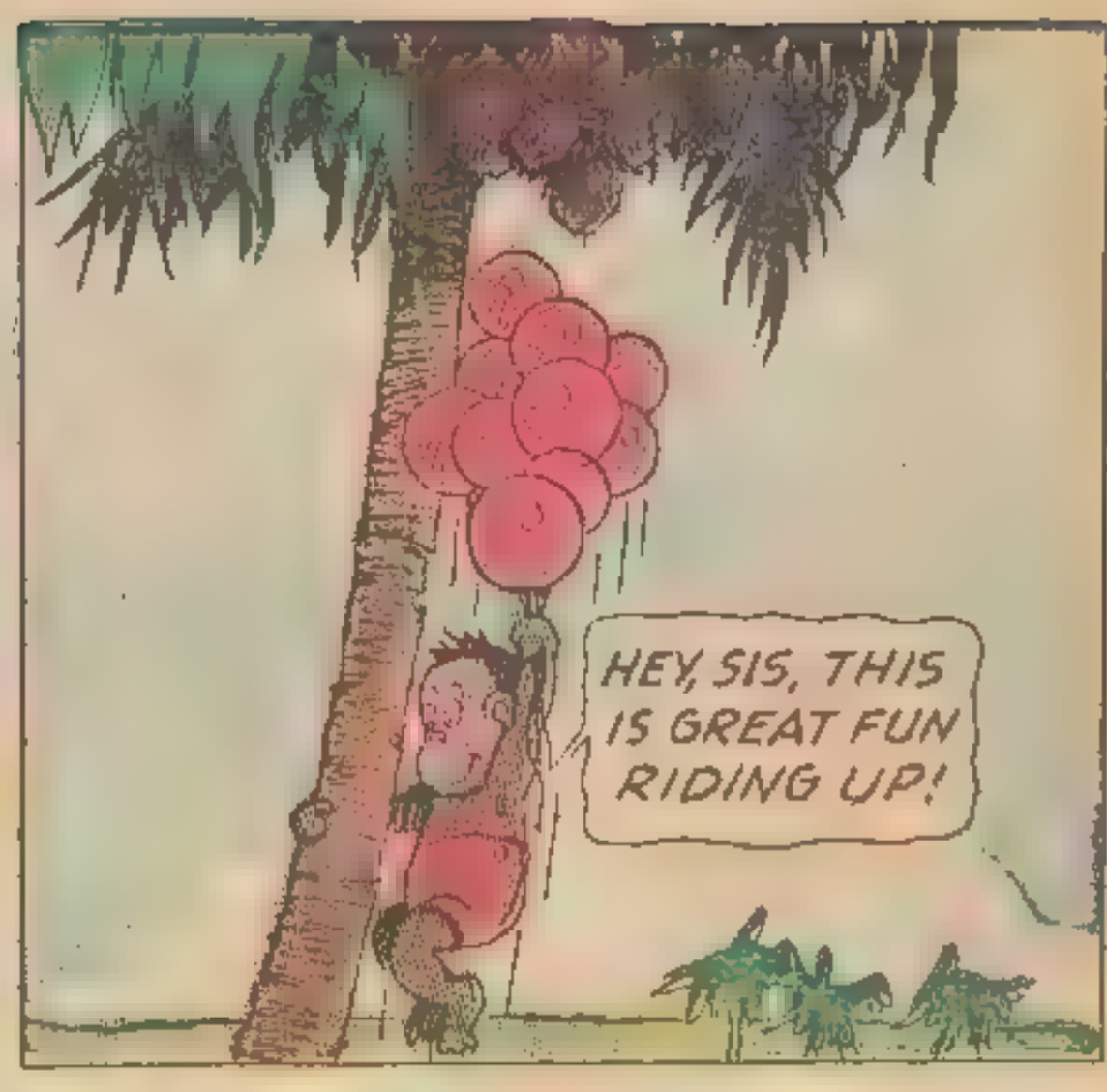
GEE, POP, THAT ONE MUST HAVE HAD AN AWFULLY THIN SKIN!

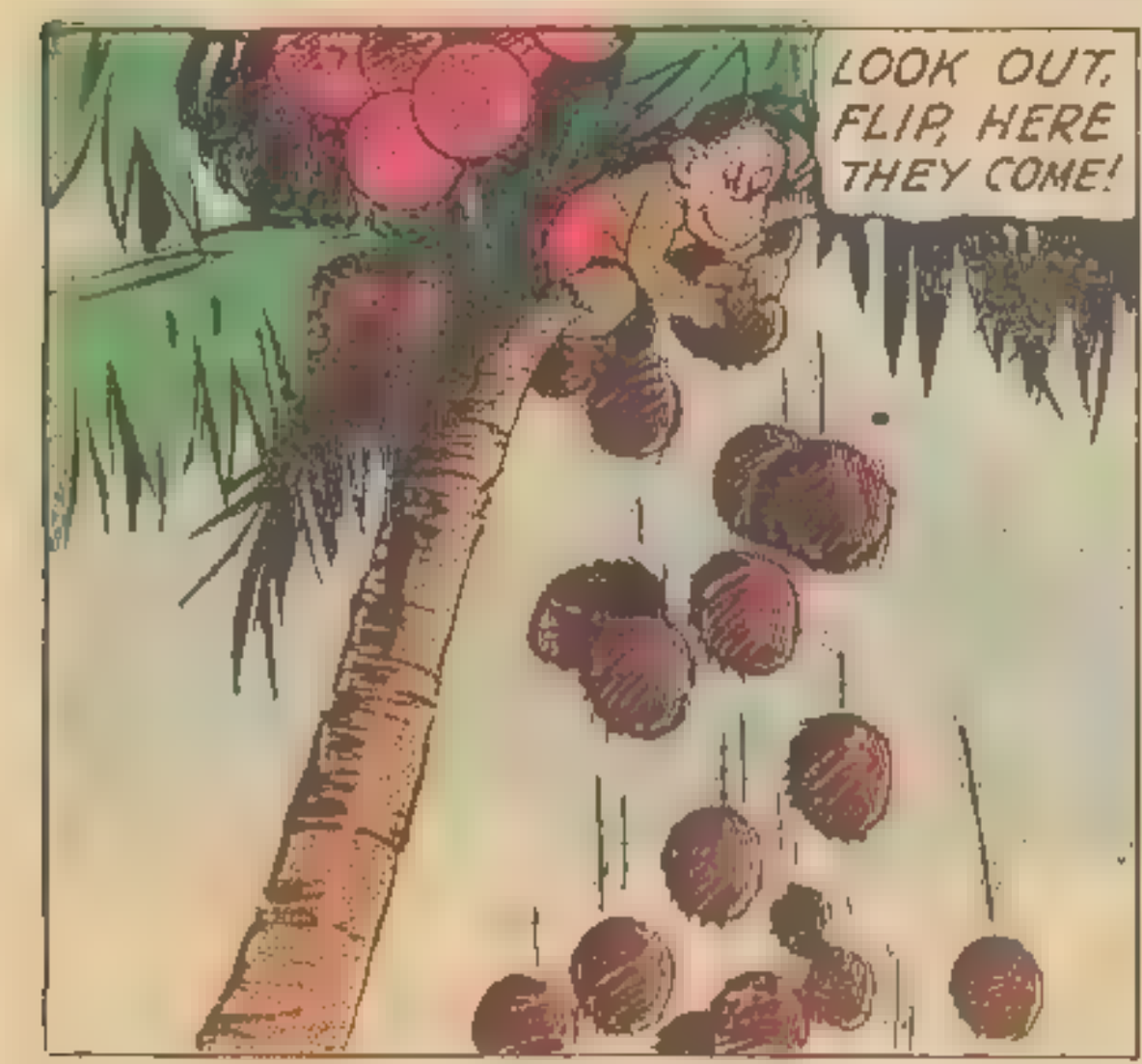

WE NEED SOME MORE MILK—THIS IS NOT NEARLY ENOUGH!
BUT THERE AREN'T ANY COCOANUTS AROUND ON THE GROUND!

YOU LOOK AROUND— MAYBE YOU CAN FIND SOME ON THE GROUND. I'LL GO AND GET A LONG POLE TO KNOCK SOME DOWN.
BOY, THEY LOOK GOOD!


DIP, DON'T THEY LOOK LIKE A BUNCH OF BALLOONS?
OH, BOY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!

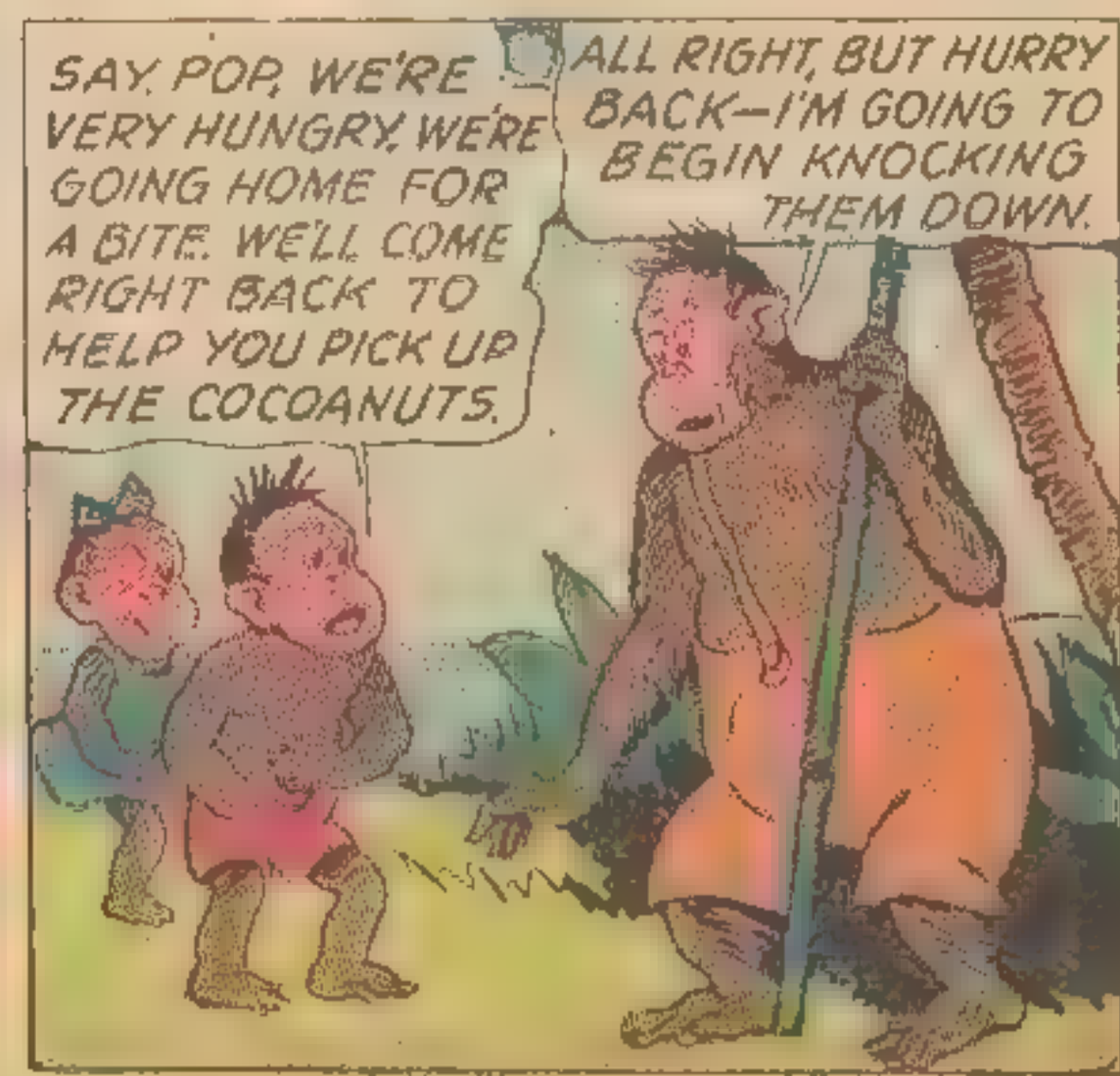



HEY, SIS, THIS IS GREAT FUN RIDING UP!

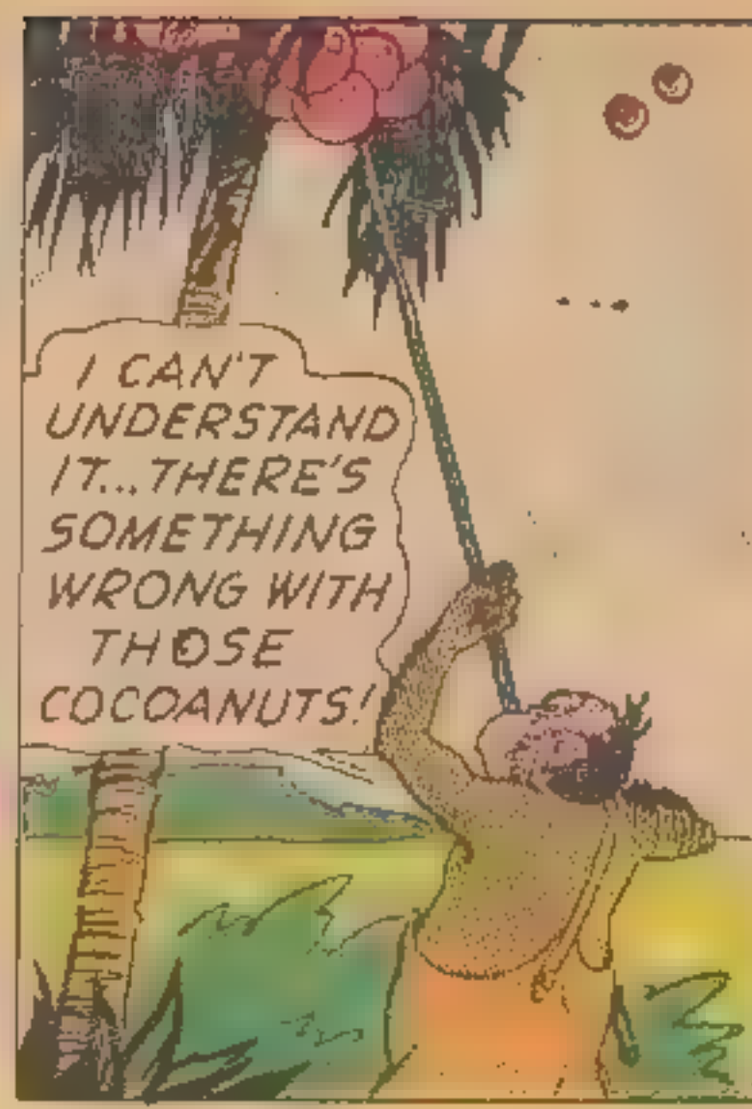

LOOK OUT, FLIP, HERE THEY COME!

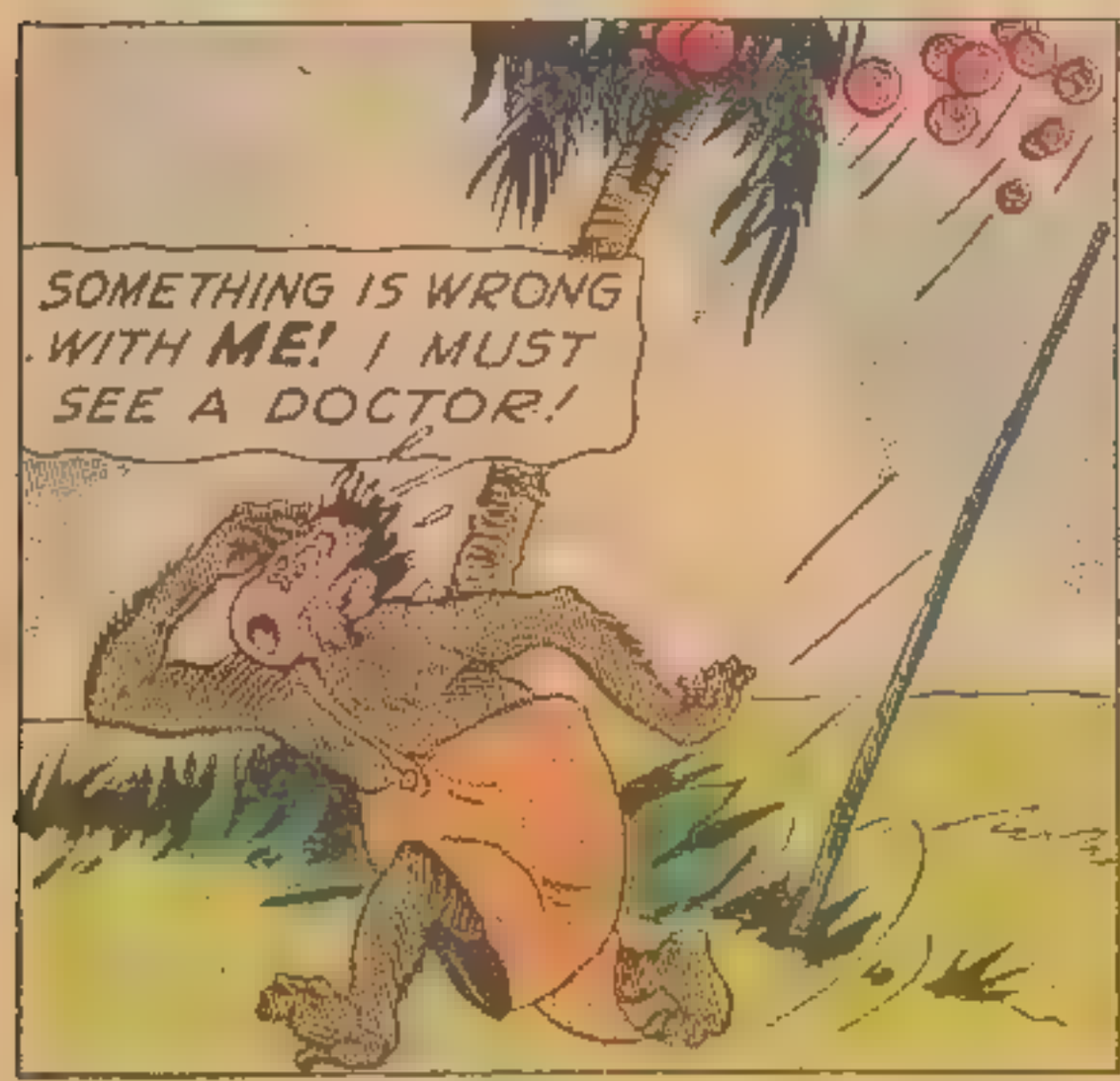
HIDE THOSE COCOANUTS WHILE I HANG UP THESE BALLOONS.

HOW CAN I HURRY WITH THIS HEAVY LOAD?
HURRY UP, FLIP, HERE COMES POP WITH A LONG POLE!


SAY, POP, WE'RE VERY HUNGRY. WE'RE GOING HOME FOR A BITE. WE'LL COME RIGHT BACK TO HELP YOU PICK UP THE COCOANUTS.
ALL RIGHT, BUT HURRY BACK—I'M GOING TO BEGIN KNOCKING THEM DOWN.

IT'LL DO 'EM GOOD TO GET A BITE. THEY'LL NEED SOME STRENGTH TO PICK THESE UP.

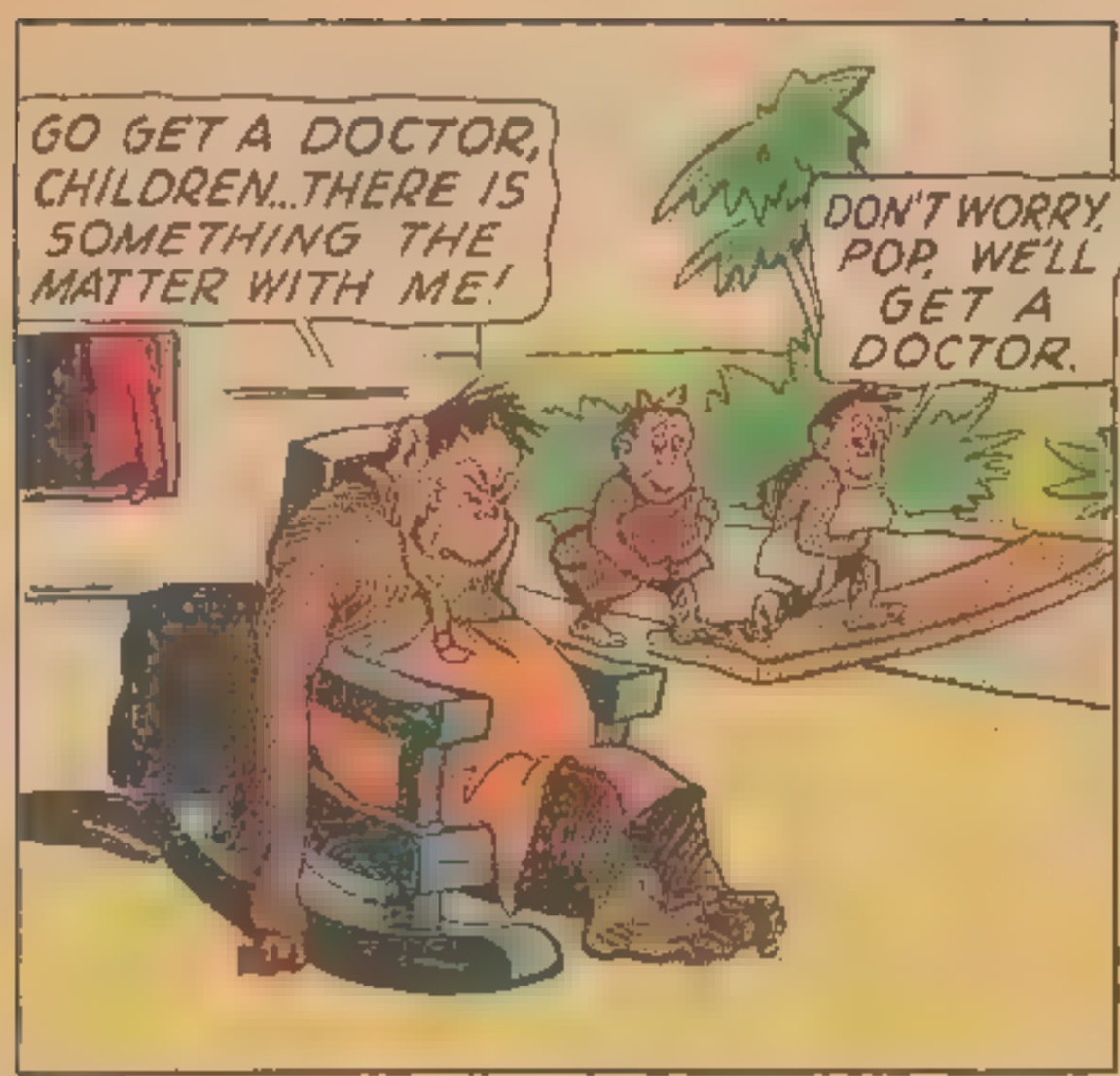

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT...THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THOSE COCOANUTS!

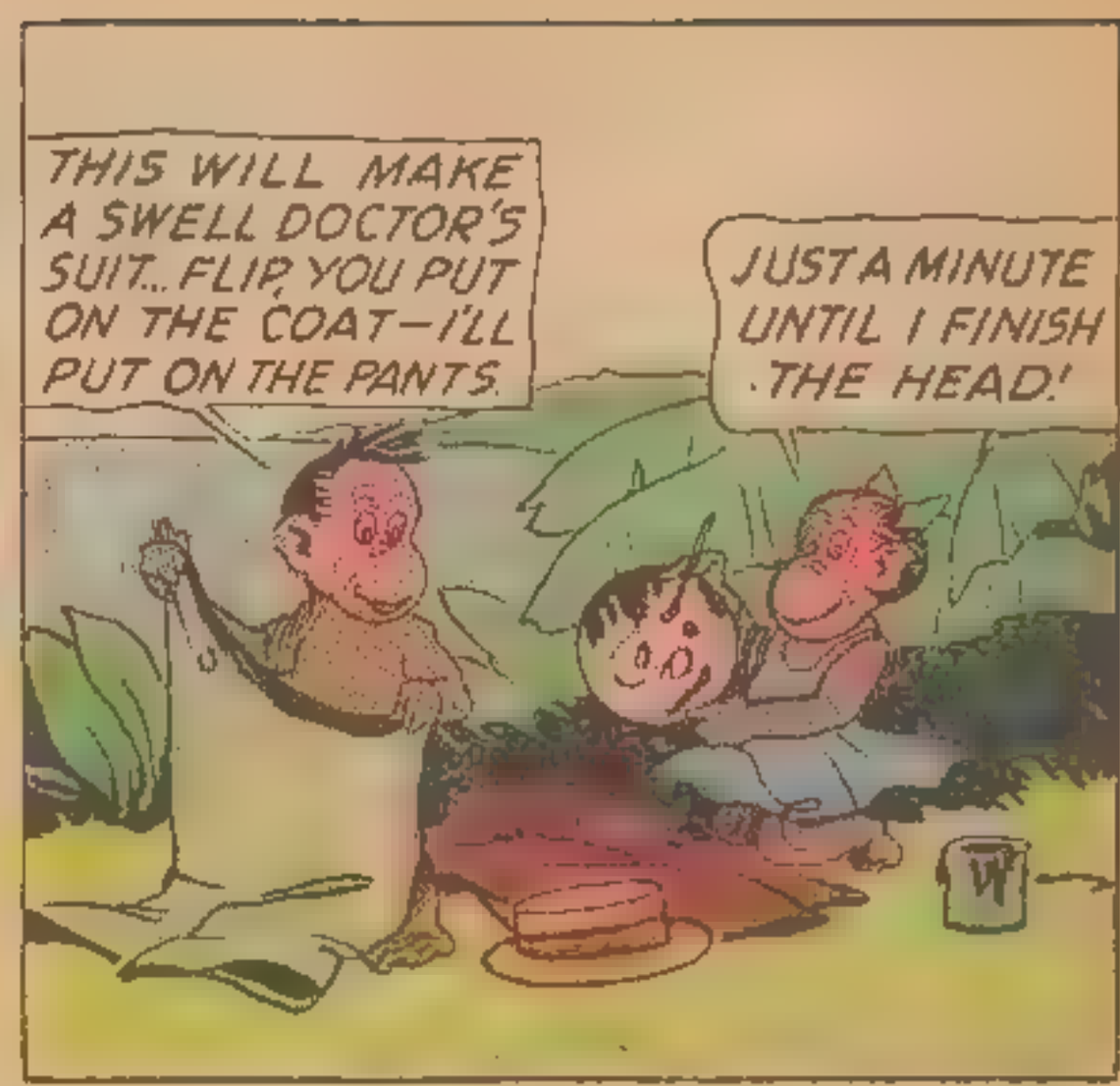

SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH **ME!** I MUST SEE A DOCTOR!

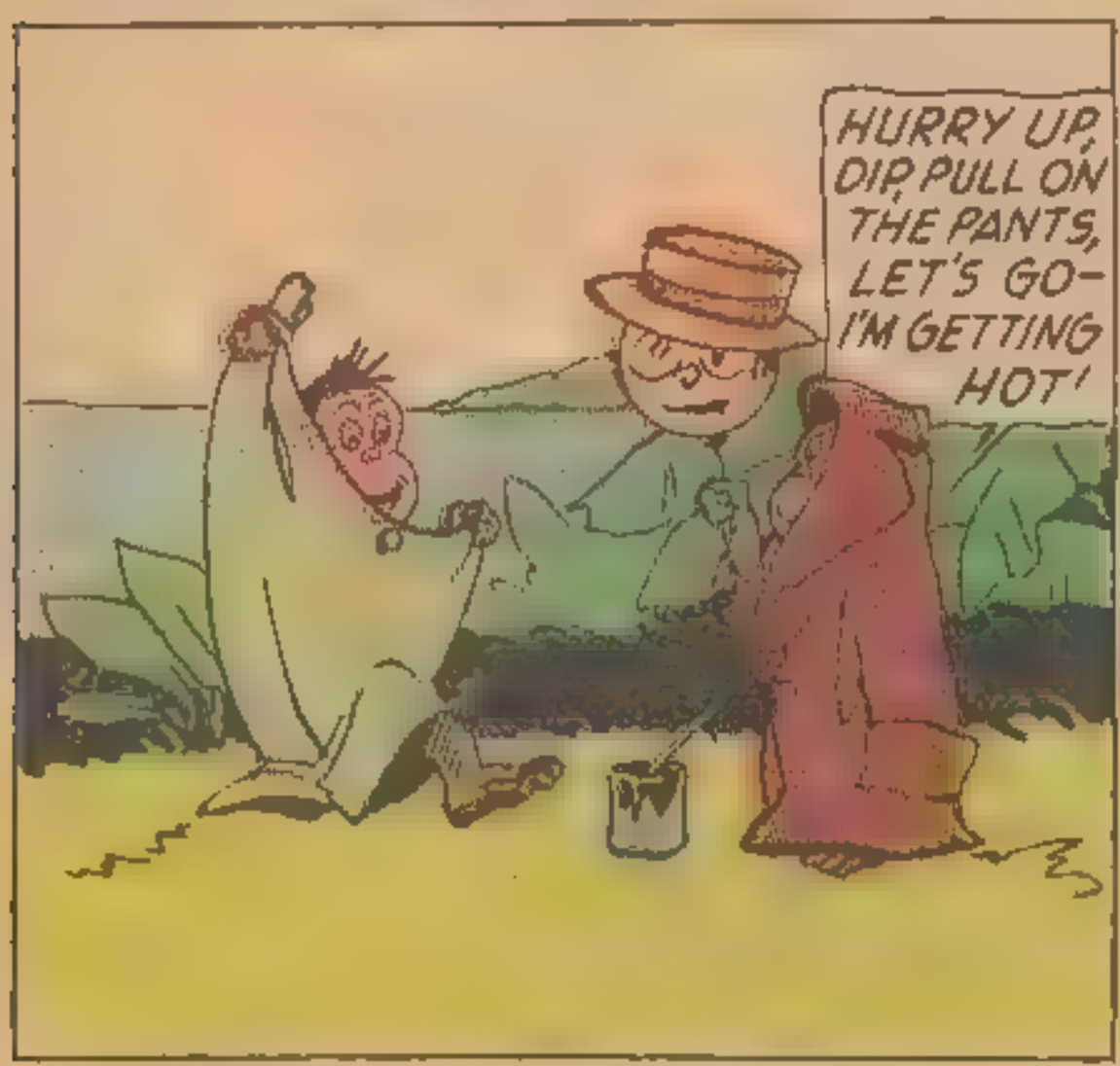
I NEVER SAW SUCH FUNNY COCOANUTS! EVERY TIME I POKED A FEW THEY FLOATED AWAY!
AW, I DON'T BELIEVE IT, POP... I'M GOING TO SEE FOR MYSELF!

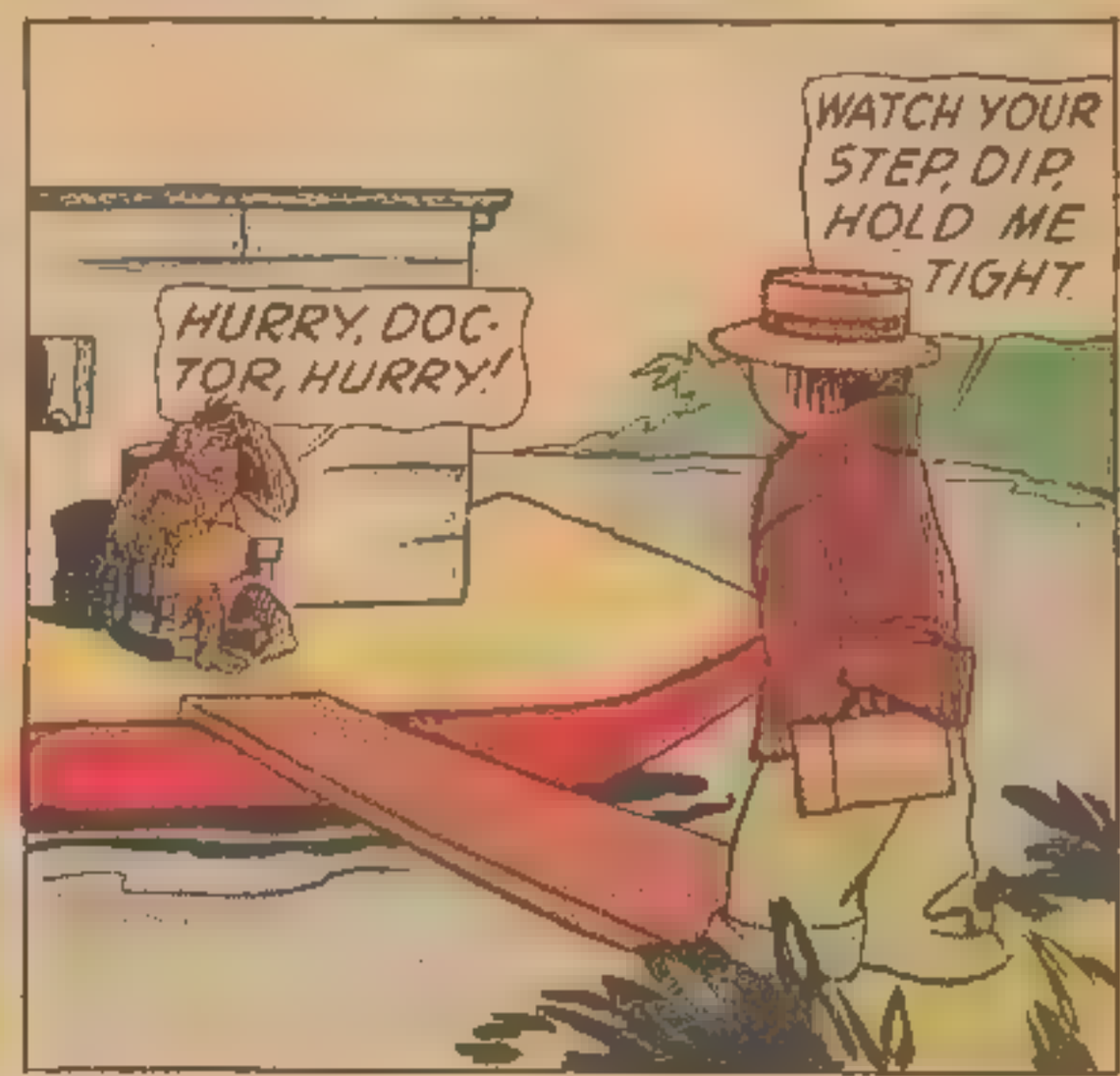
HURRY UP, FLIP, WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THEM TO POP TO SHOW HIM WE COULD FIND SOME!

GEE, POP, THERE WERE LOTS OF COCOANUTS UNDER THE TREE. YOU MUST HAVE KNOCKED THEM ALL DOWN!
I KNEW IT–I KNEW IT! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY HEAD... I'M SEEING THINGS!


GO GET A DOCTOR, CHILDREN...THERE IS SOMETHING THE MATTER WITH ME!
DON'T WORRY, POP, WE'LL GET A DOCTOR.


THIS WILL MAKE A SWELL DOCTOR'S SUIT... FLIP, YOU PUT ON THE COAT—I'LL PUT ON THE PANTS.
JUST A MINUTE UNTIL I FINISH THE HEAD!

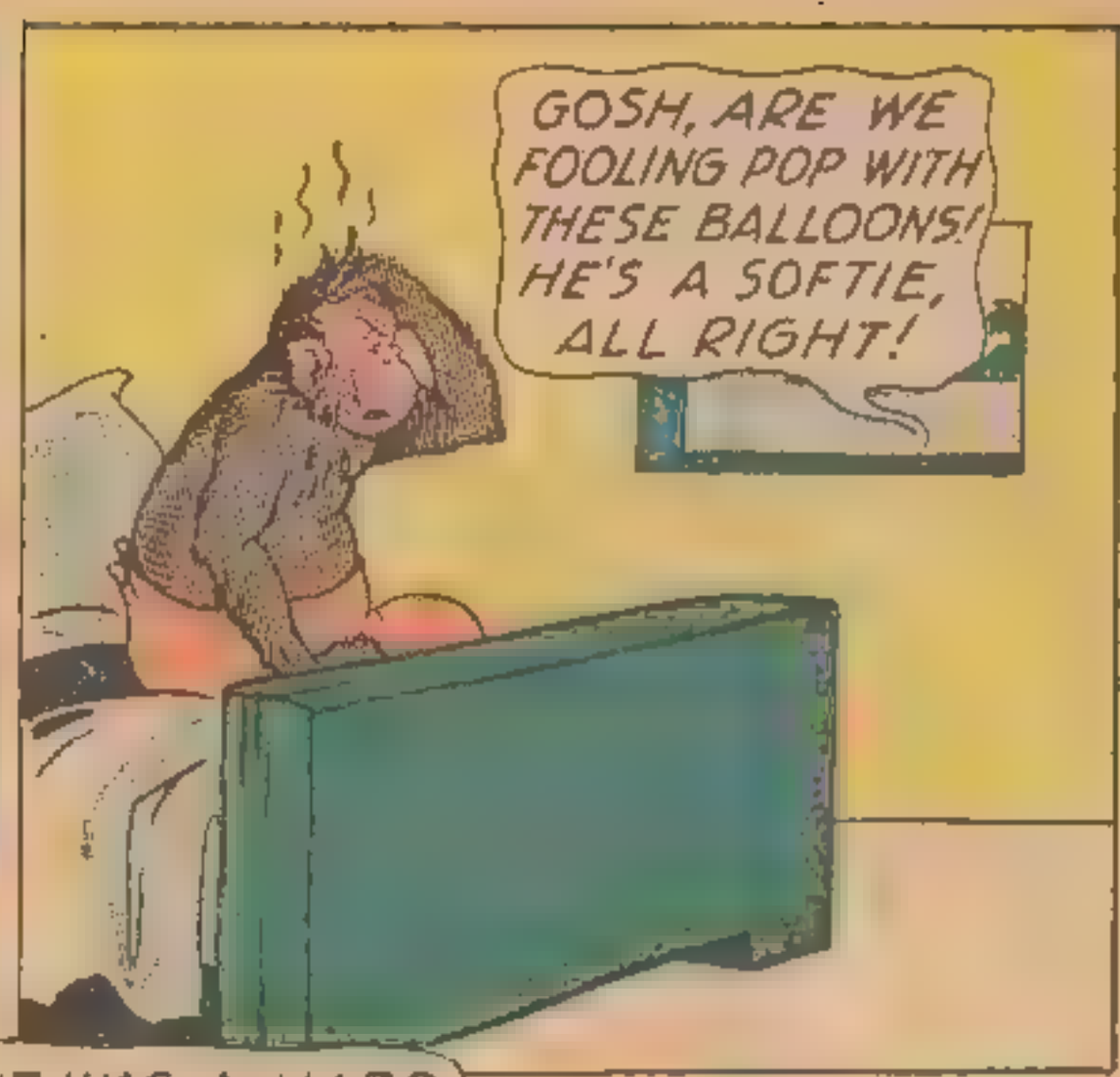

HURRY UP, DIP, PULL ON THE PANTS, LET'S GO— I'M GETTING HOT!

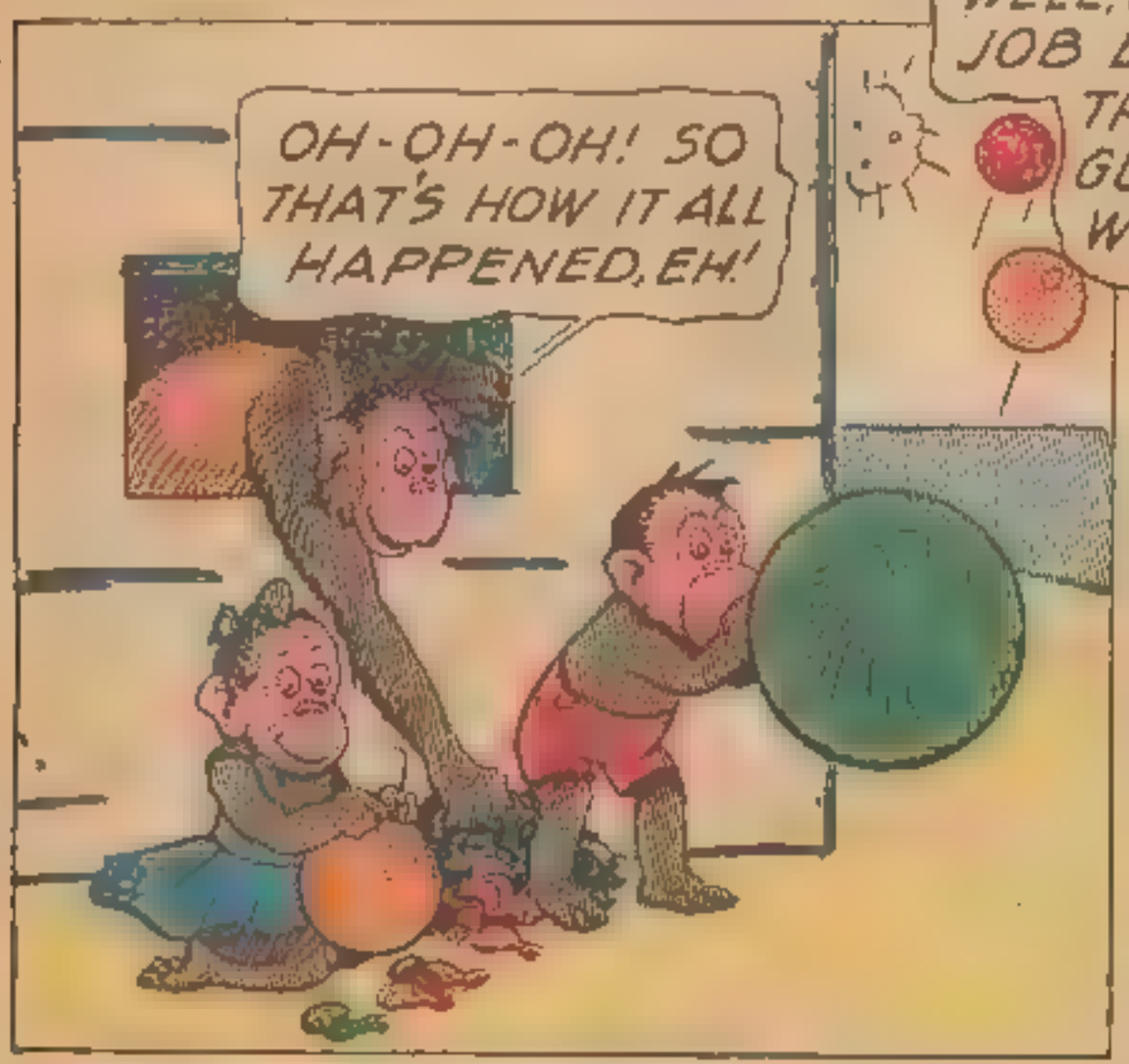

HURRY, DOC-TOR, HURRY!
WATCH YOUR STEP, DIP, HOLD ME TIGHT.

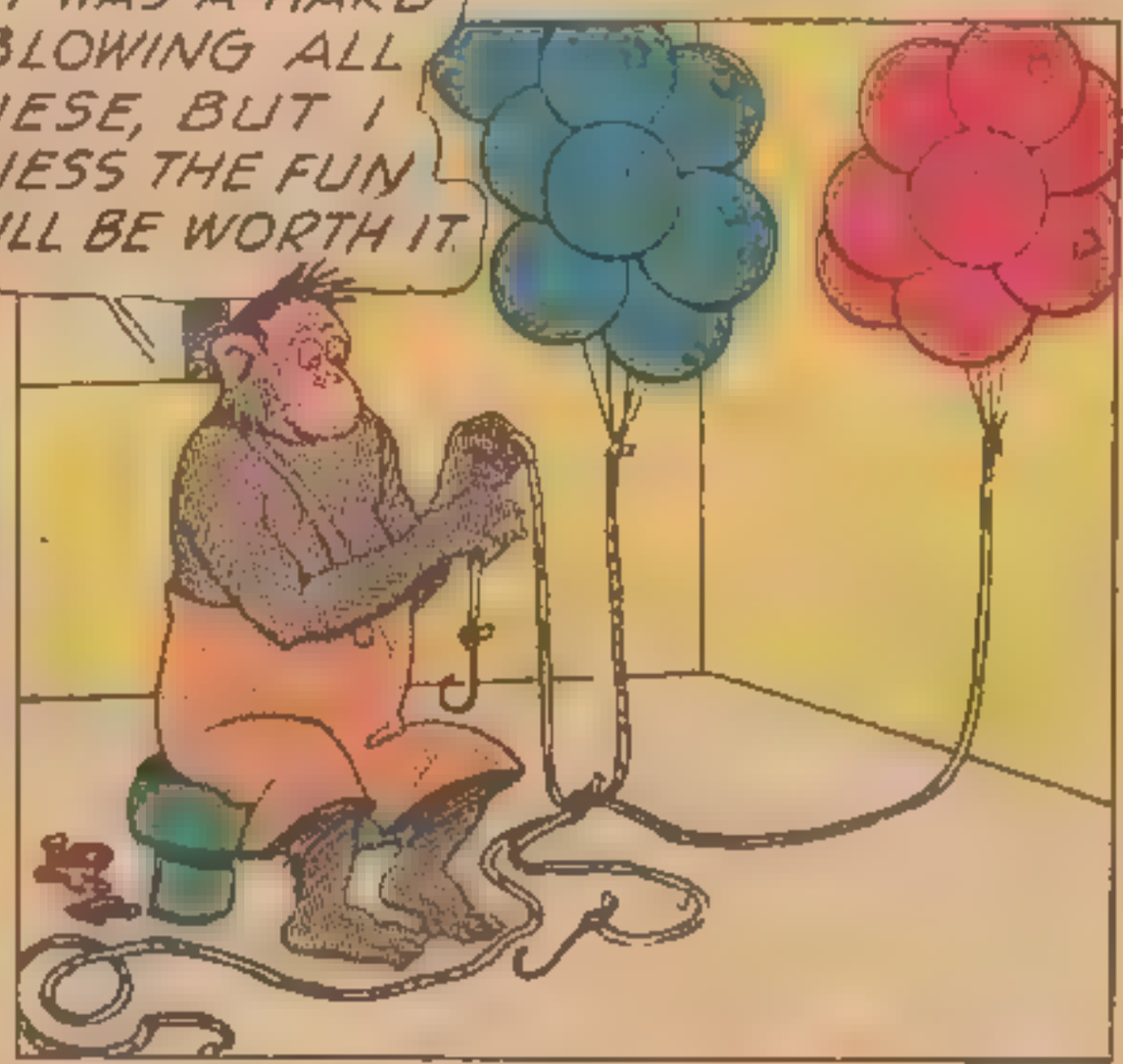
NOW, THEN, MY GOOD FELLOW, WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE MATTER WITH YOU?

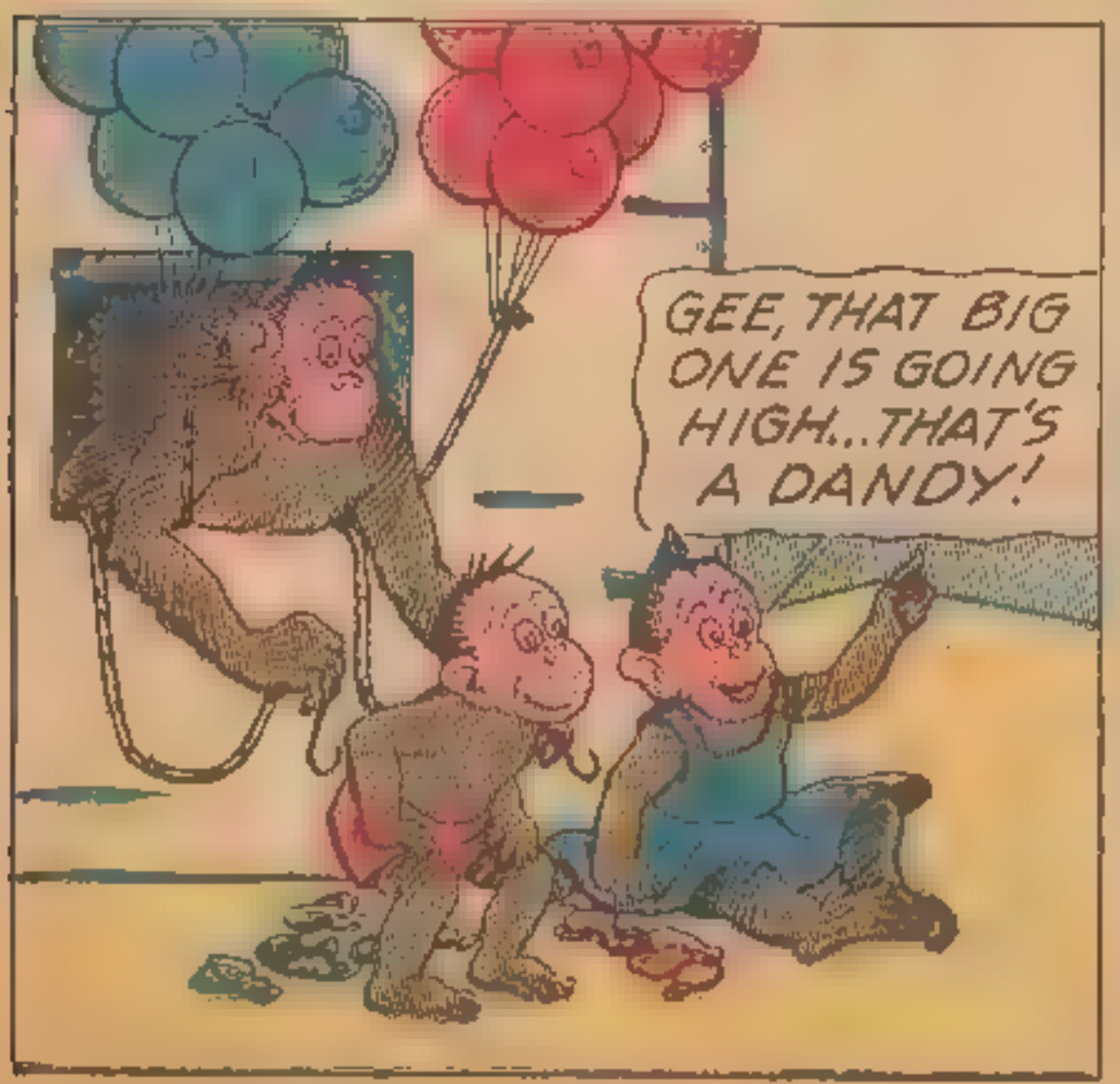
HELP! HELP!!

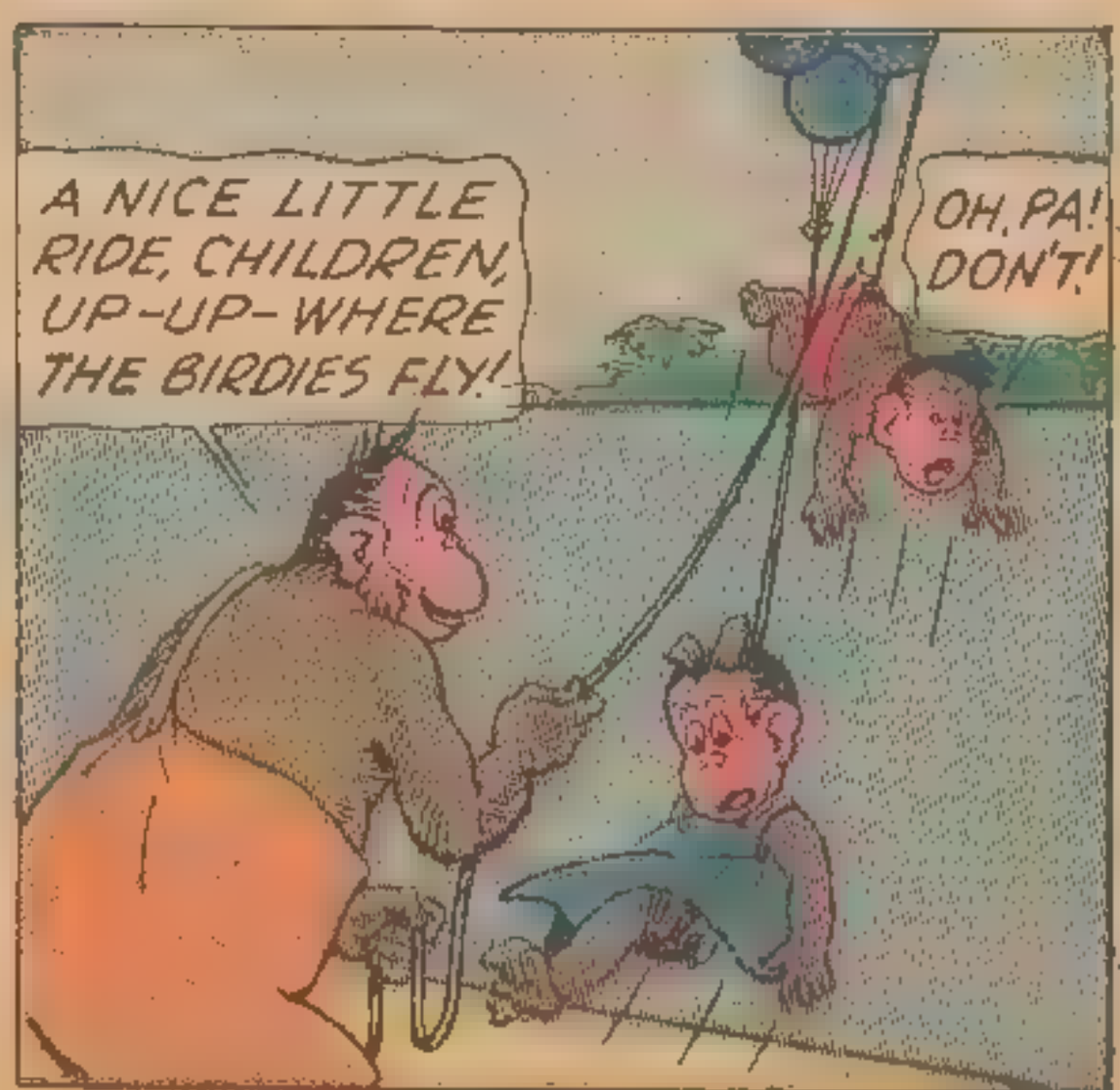
HELP! HELP!!!
POP SURE FELL FOR THAT ONE ALL RIGHT!


GOSH, ARE WE FOOLING POP WITH THESE BALLOONS! HE'S A SOFTIE, ALL RIGHT!

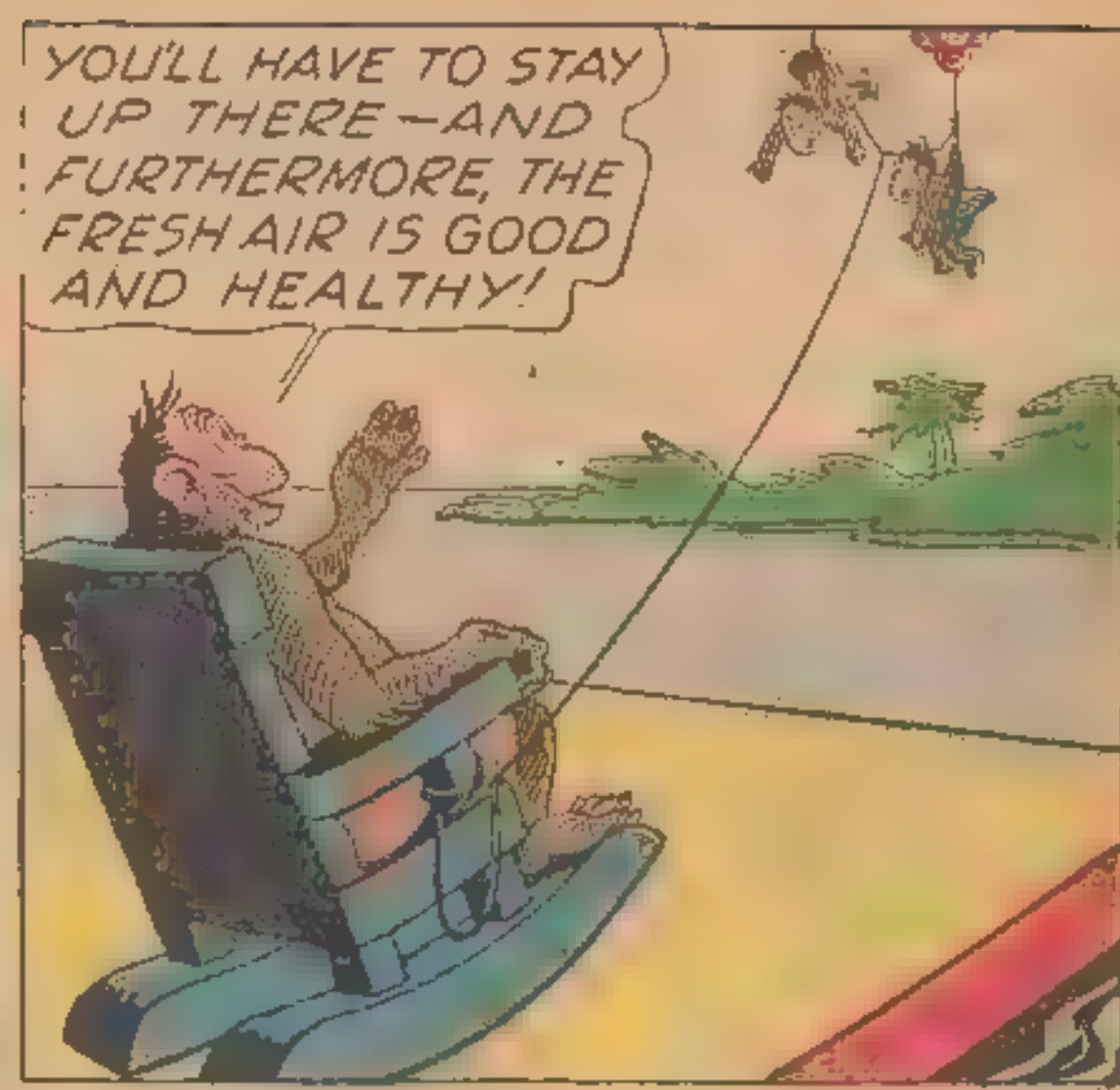

OH-OH-OH! SO THAT'S HOW IT ALL HAPPENED, EH!

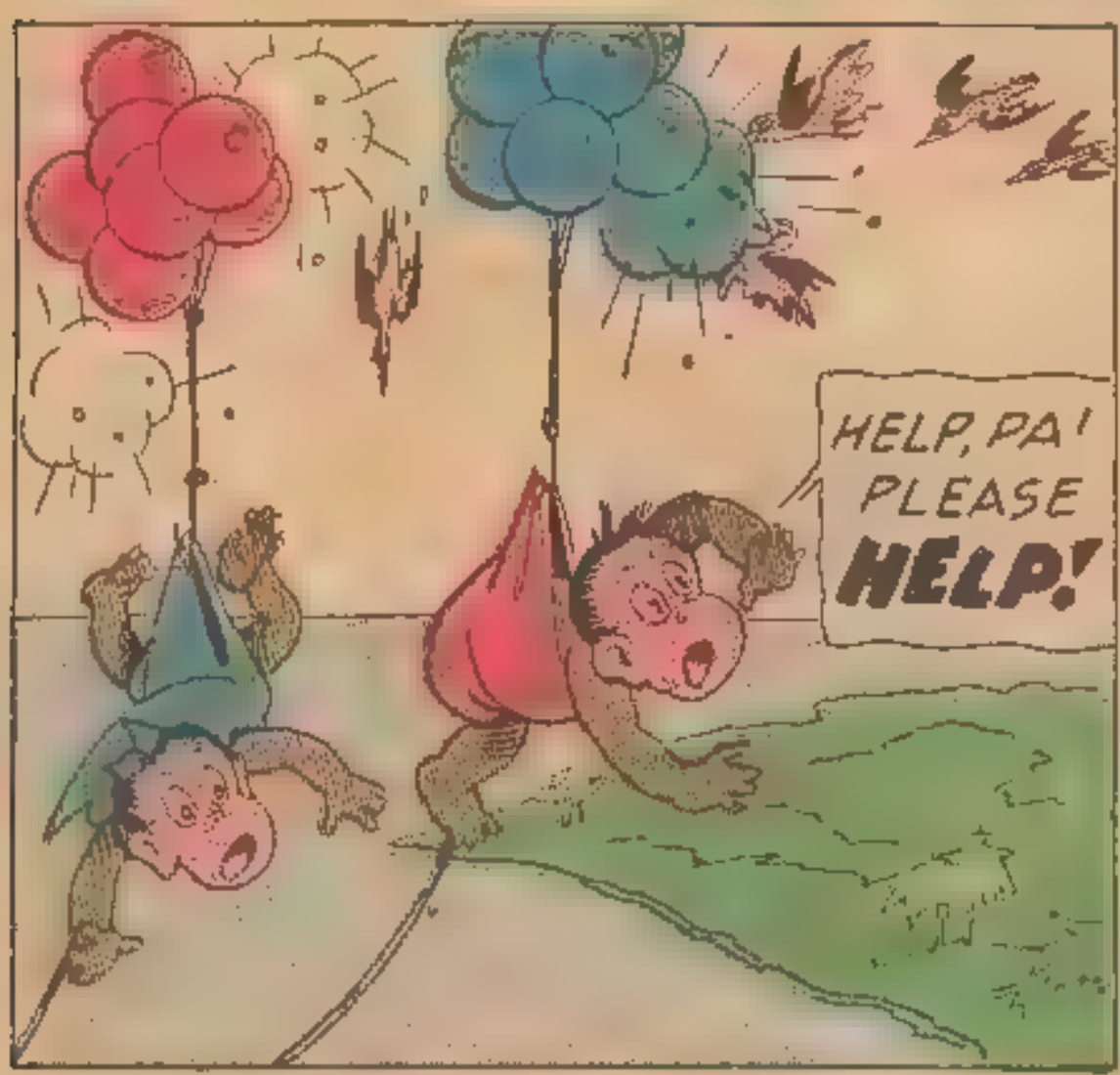

WELL, IT WAS A HARD JOB BLOWING ALL THESE, BUT I GUESS THE FUN WILL BE WORTH IT.

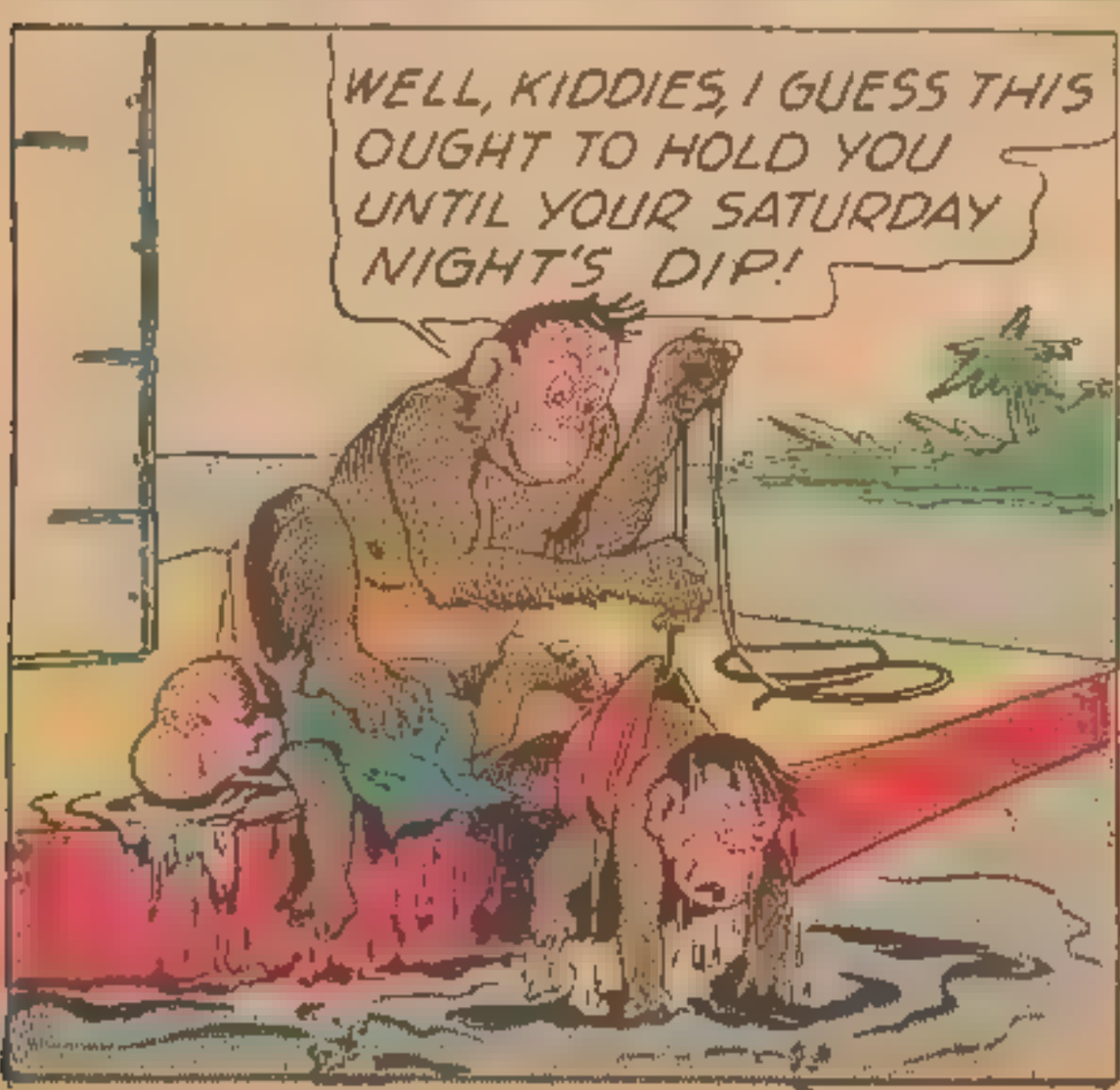

GEE, THAT BIG ONE IS GOING HIGH...THAT'S A DANDY!


A NICE LITTLE RIDE, CHILDREN, UP-UP-WHERE THE BIRDIES FLY!
OH, PA! DON'T!

AND IF YOU FIND ANY COCOANUTS UP THERE, SEND THEM DOWN!


YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY UP THERE—AND FURTHERMORE, THE FRESH AIR IS GOOD AND HEALTHY!


HELP, PA! PLEASE HELP!


WELL, KIDDIES, I GUESS THIS OUGHT TO HOLD YOU UNTIL YOUR SATURDAY NIGHT'S DIP!

I'LL BE BACK WHEN YOU ARE GOOD AND DRY!

TOM and JERRY

♫ SAILING SAILING 'OVER THE BOUNDING MAIN' ♫

HAUL UP THE KEEL, MATE AN LET'S PUT OUT TO SEA!

HA HA HA! YA MEAN HAUL UP THE ANCHOR DON'TCHA, CAP'N?

BUT WE HAVEN'T GOT AN ANCHOR!

OH, WELL, WE CAN'T GO ANY PLACE ANYWAY!

YEH, THIS IS ONLY A SHIP IN A BOTTLE!

?

UH-OH! I THINK I SEE A STORM COMIN UP!

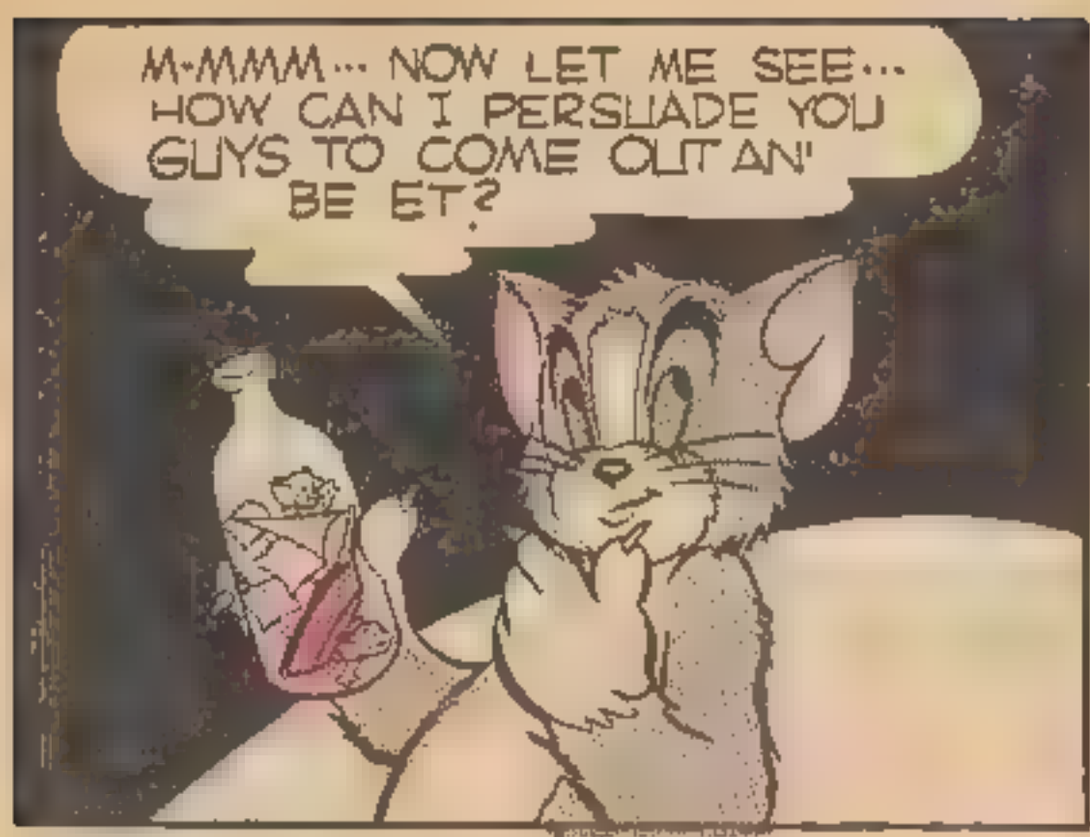
GOSH IT'S TOM CAT!! WE'RE TRAPPED!

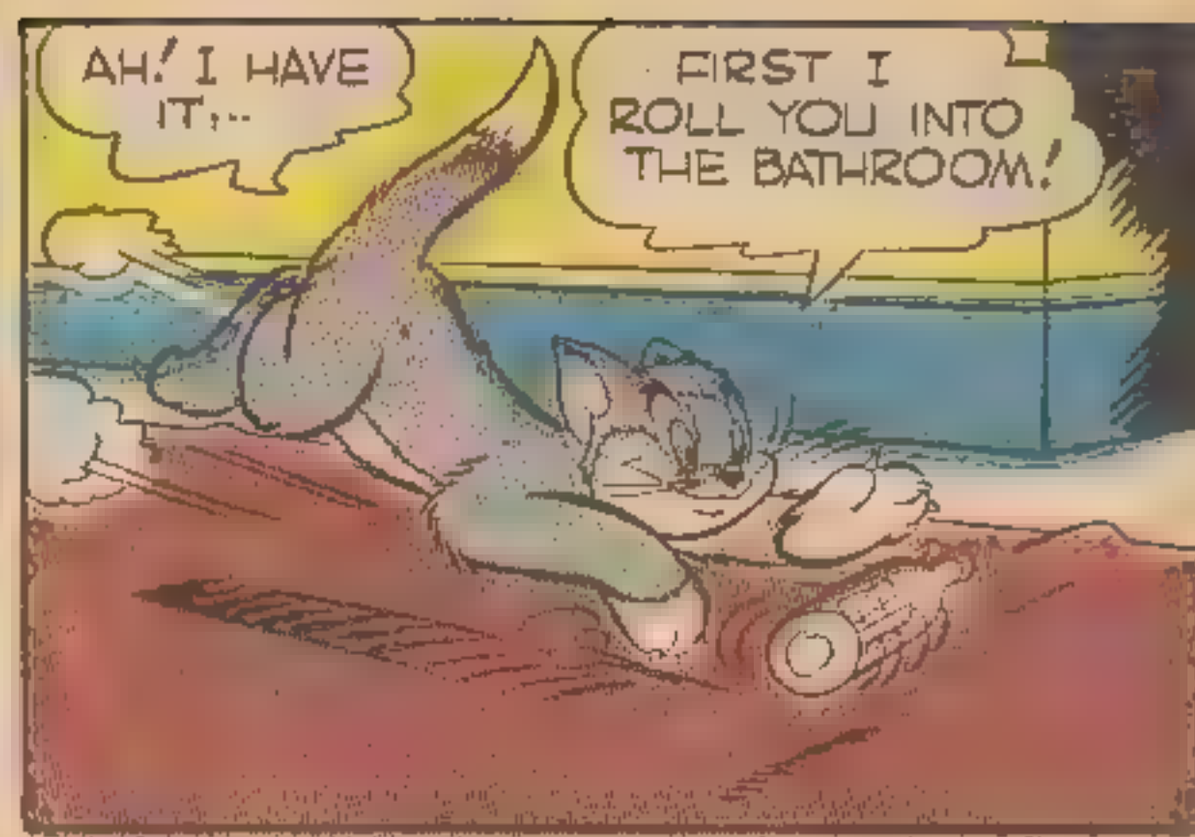
YOU BET YOU'RE TRAPPED.

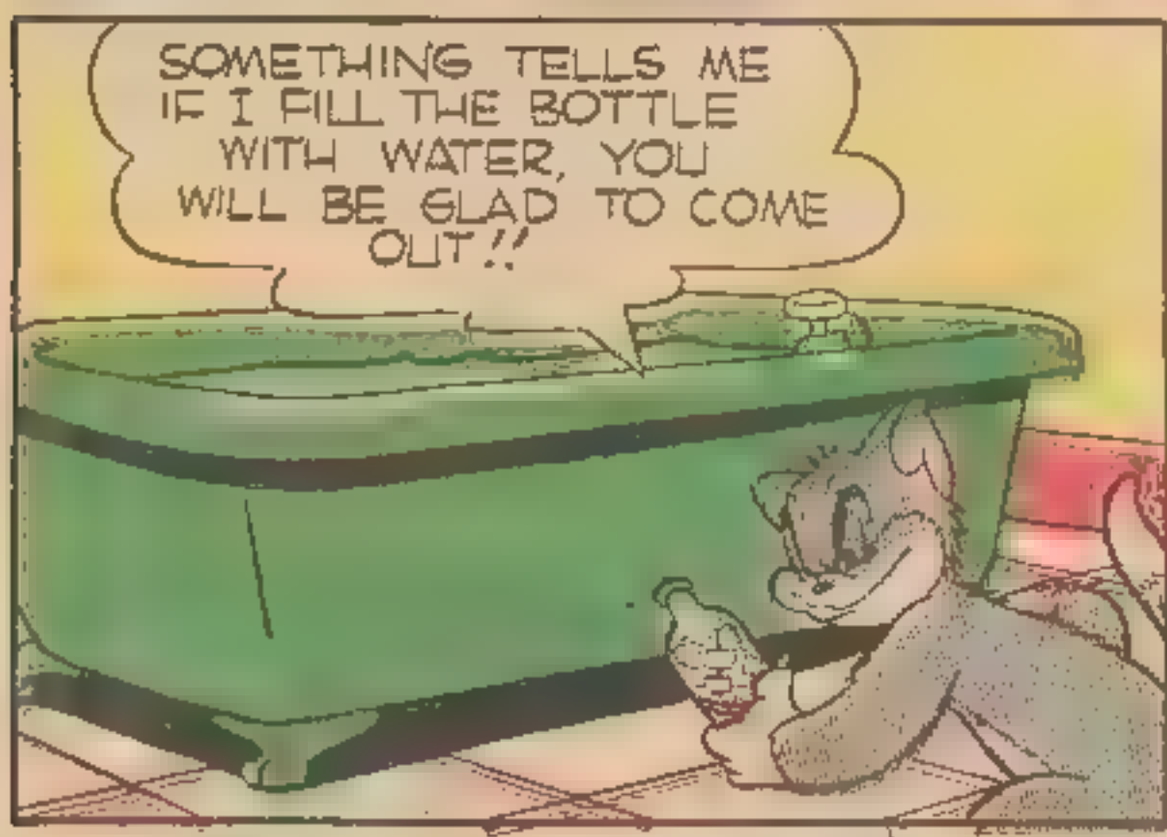
DOWN THE HATCH, SAILORS!

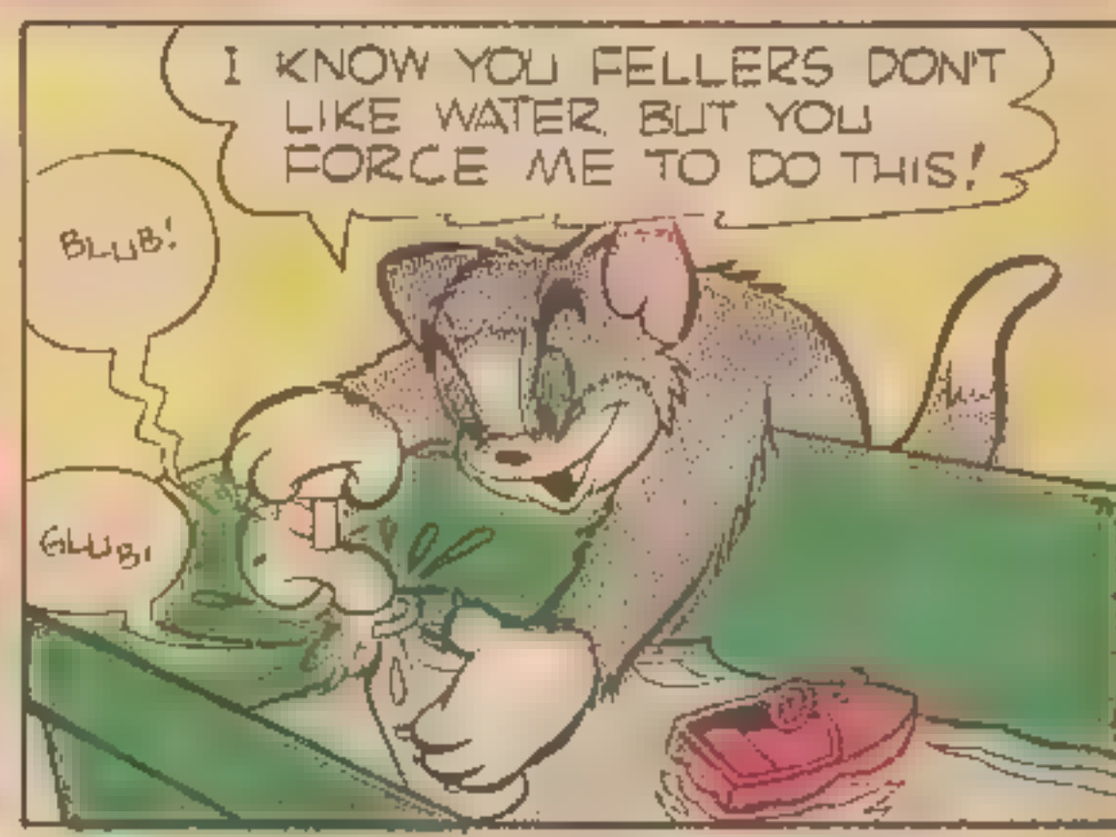
OH, SO YOU'RE GONNA BE STUBBORN ABOUT IT, EH?

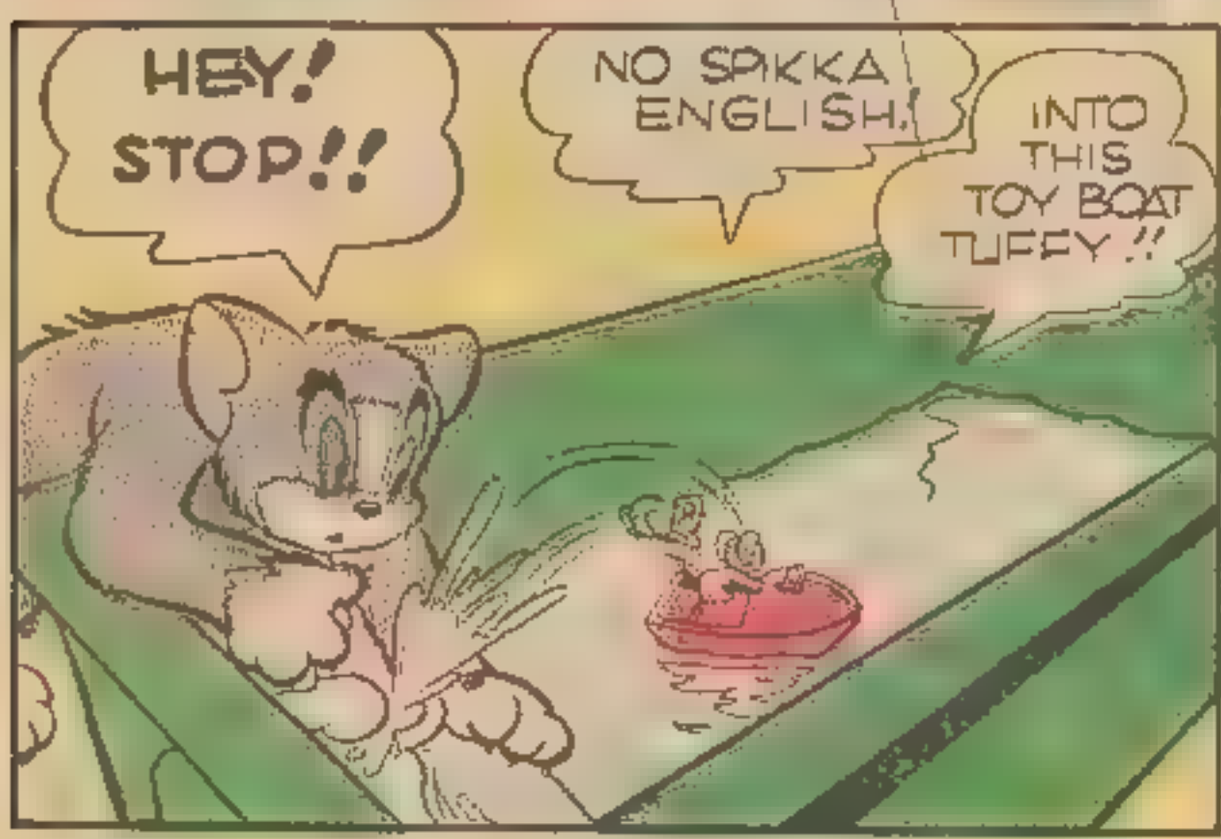
THIS OUGHT TO SHAKE YOU OUT!

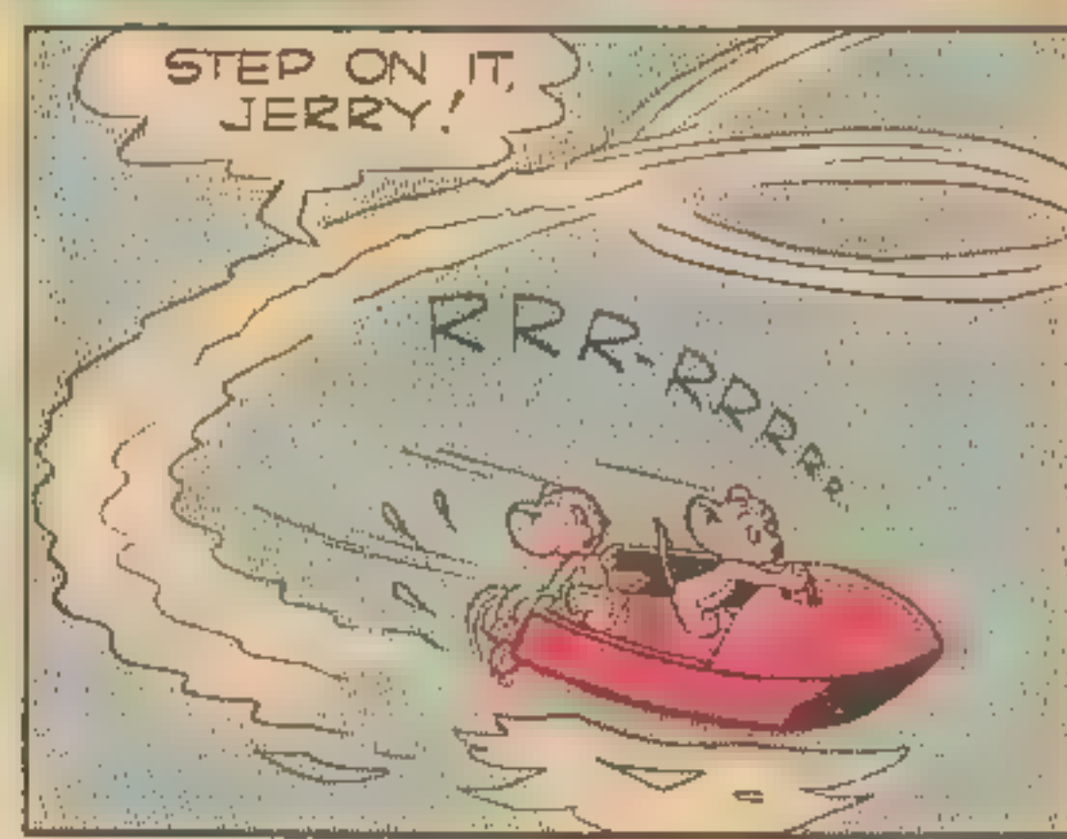

M-MMM... NOW LET ME SEE... HOW CAN I PERSUADE YOU GUYS TO COME OUT AN' BE ET?

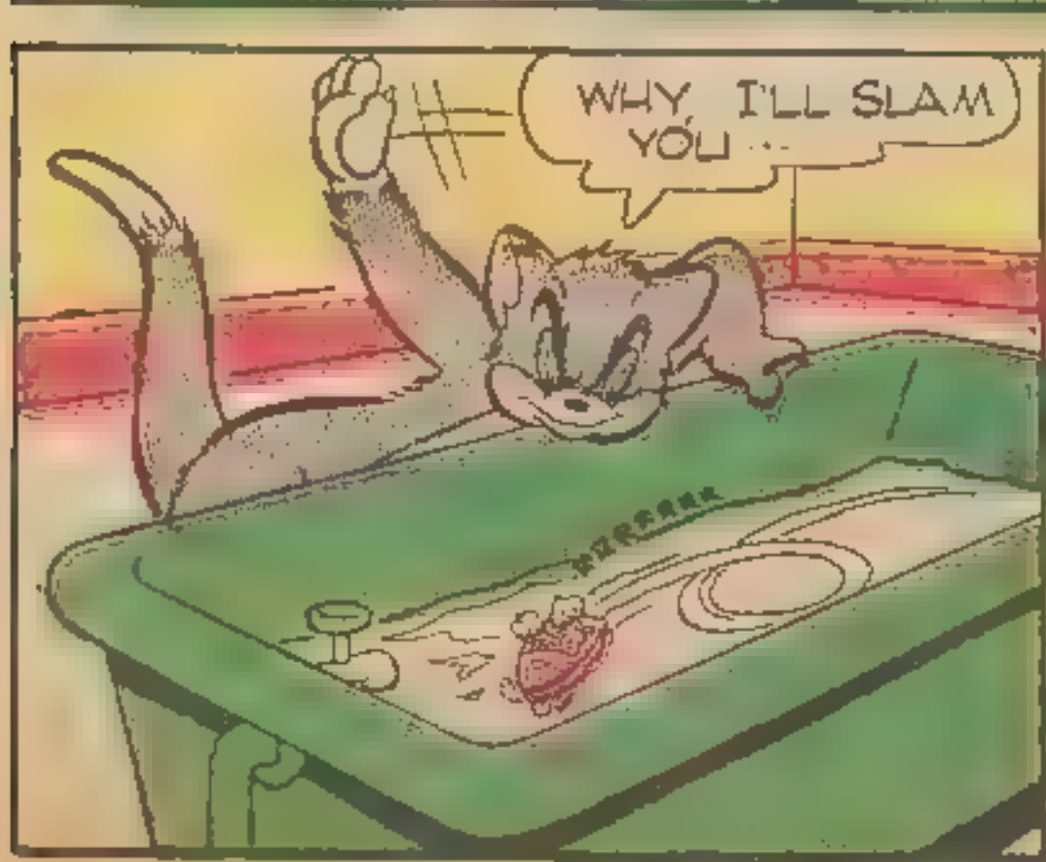

AH! I HAVE IT...
FIRST I ROLL YOU INTO THE BATHROOM!

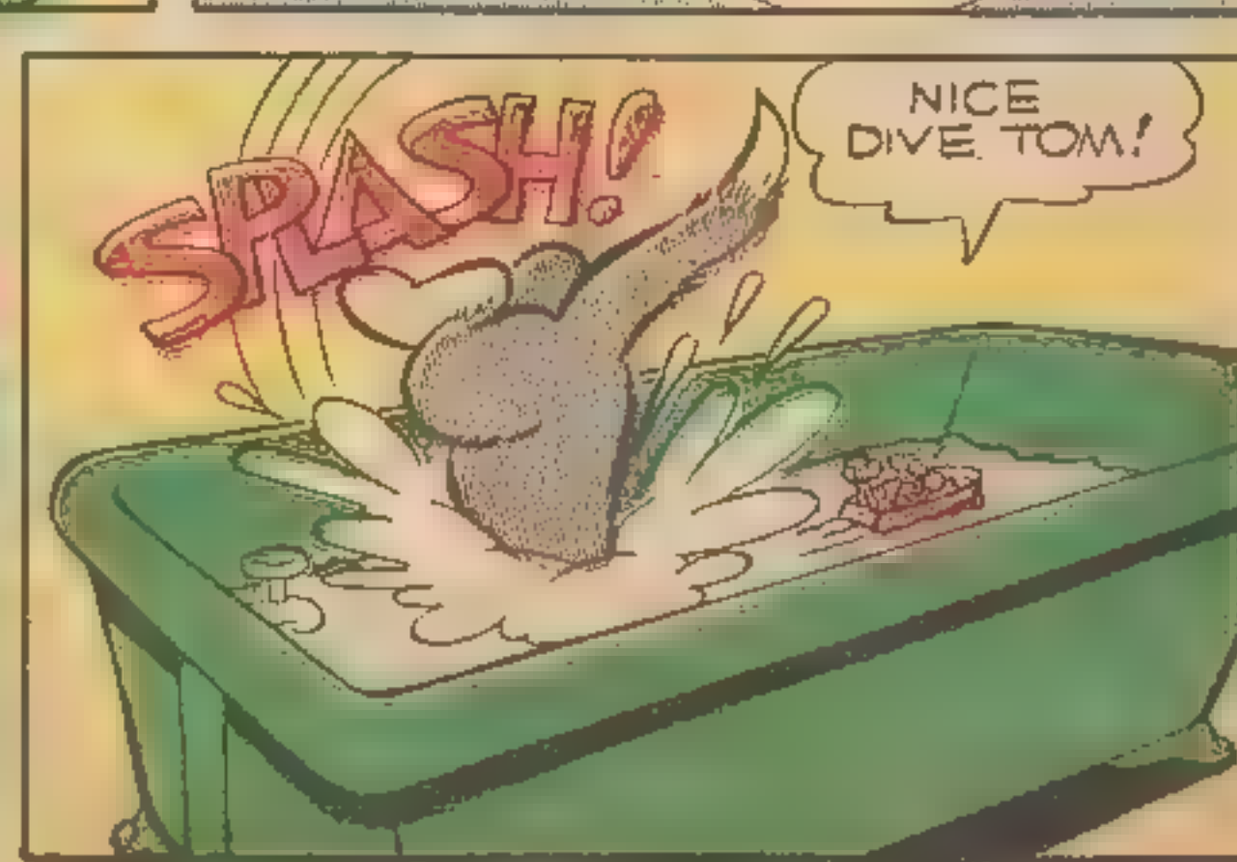

SOMETHING TELLS ME IF I FILL THE BOTTLE WITH WATER, YOU WILL BE GLAD TO COME OUT!!

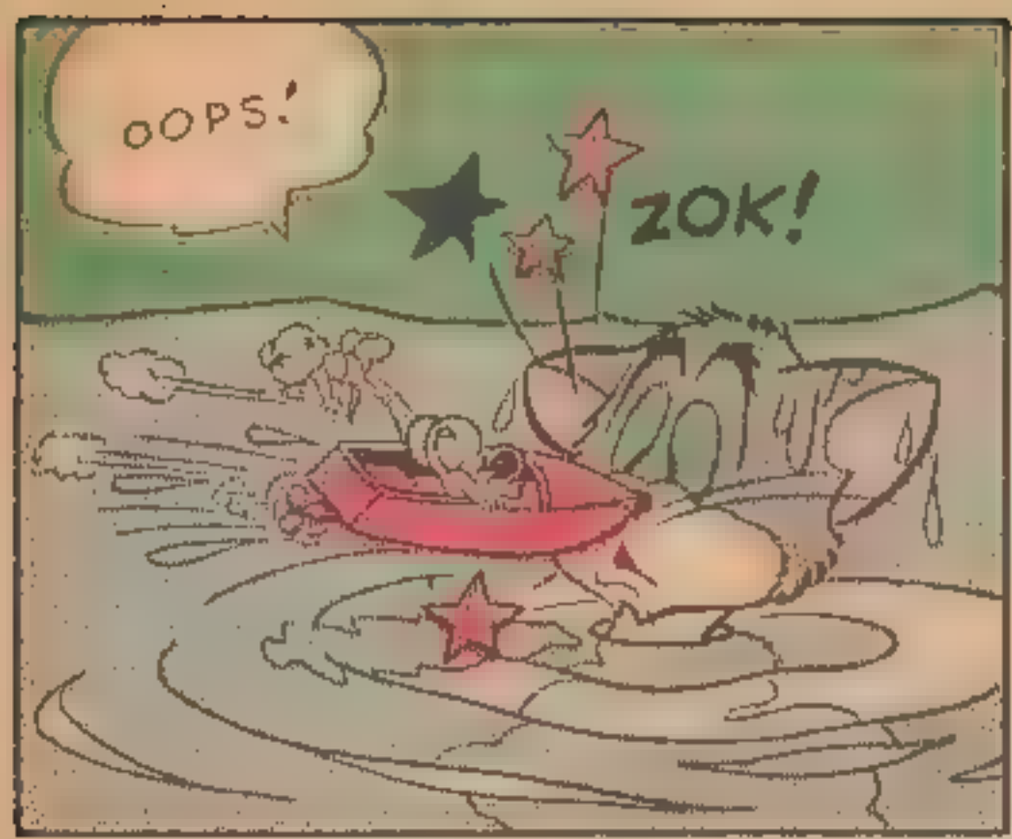

I KNOW YOU FELLERS DON'T LIKE WATER, BUT YOU FORCE ME TO DO THIS!
BLUB!
GLUB!

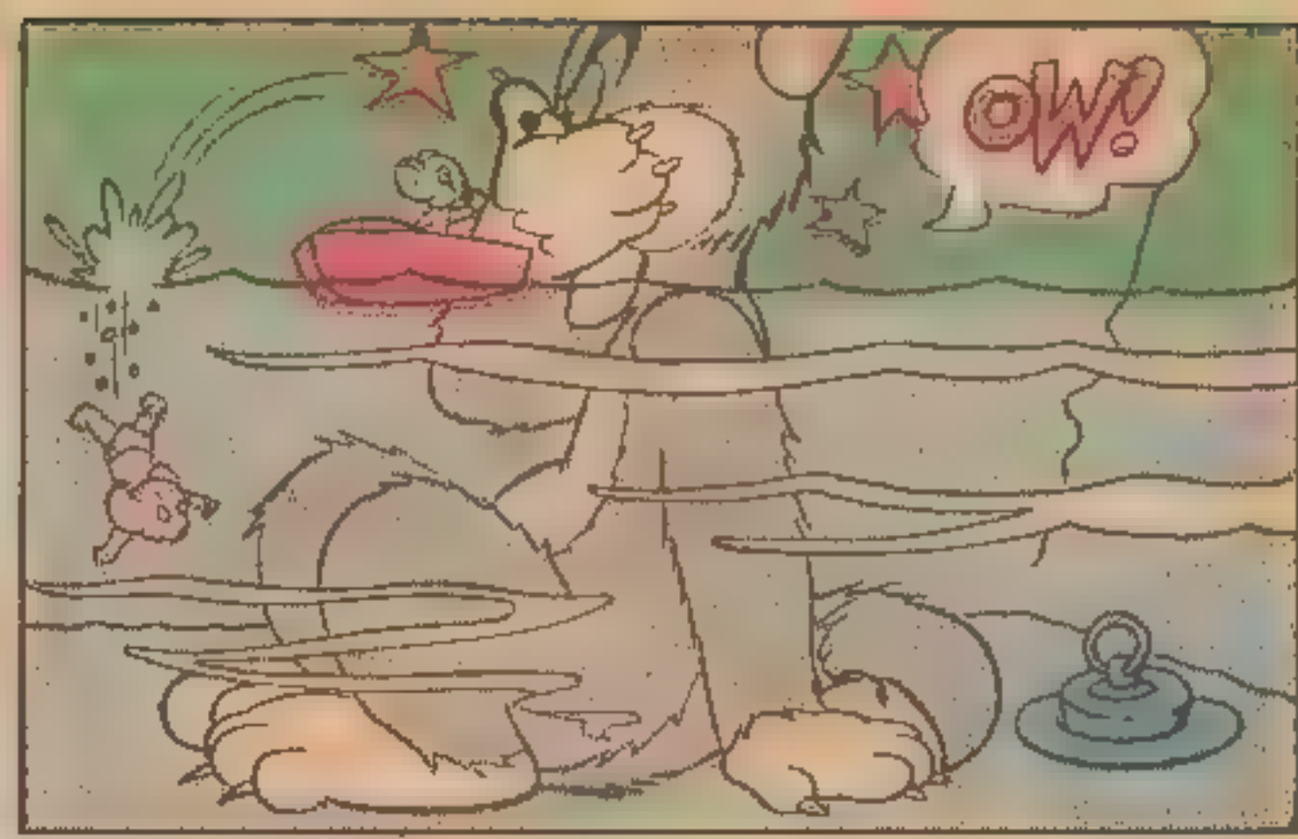

HEY! STOP!!
NO SPIKKA ENGLISH!
INTO THIS TOY BOAT TUFFY!!

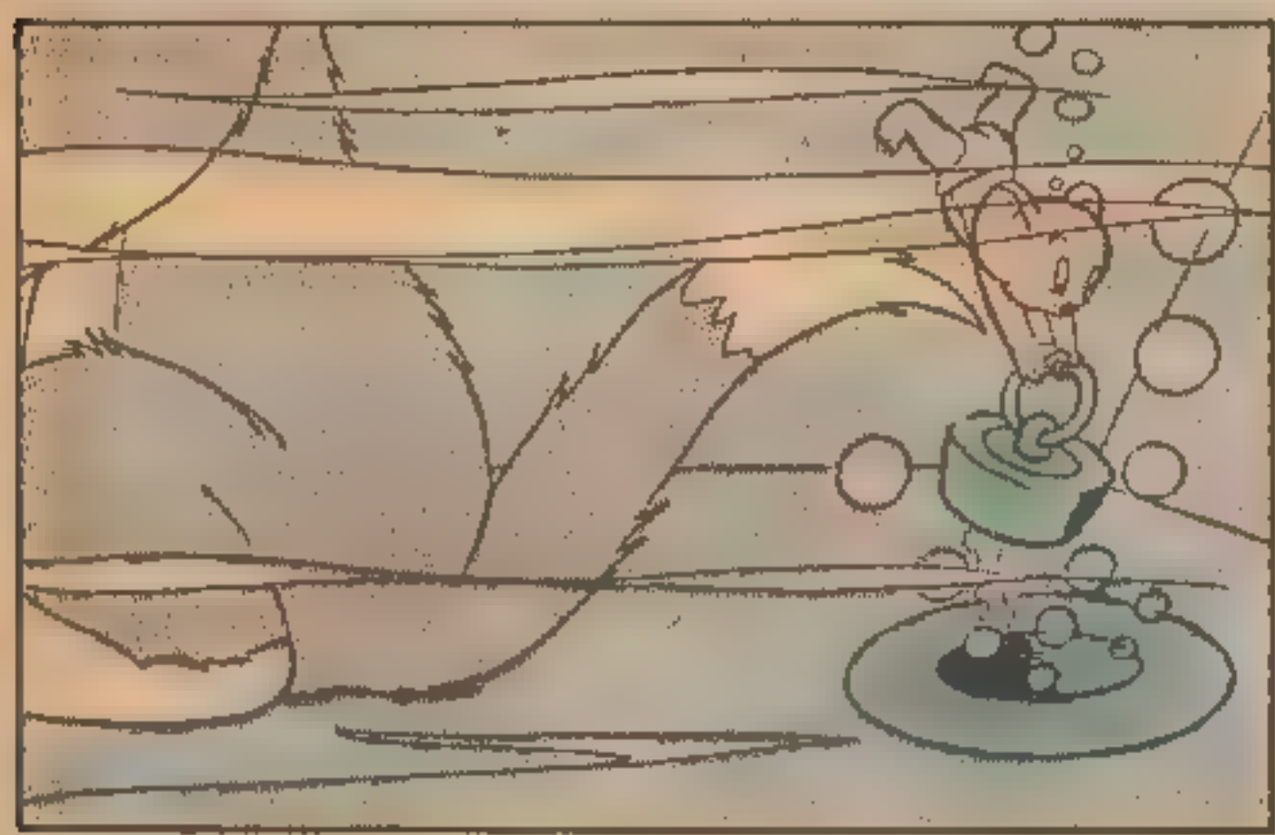

STEP ON IT, JERRY!
RRR-RRRR

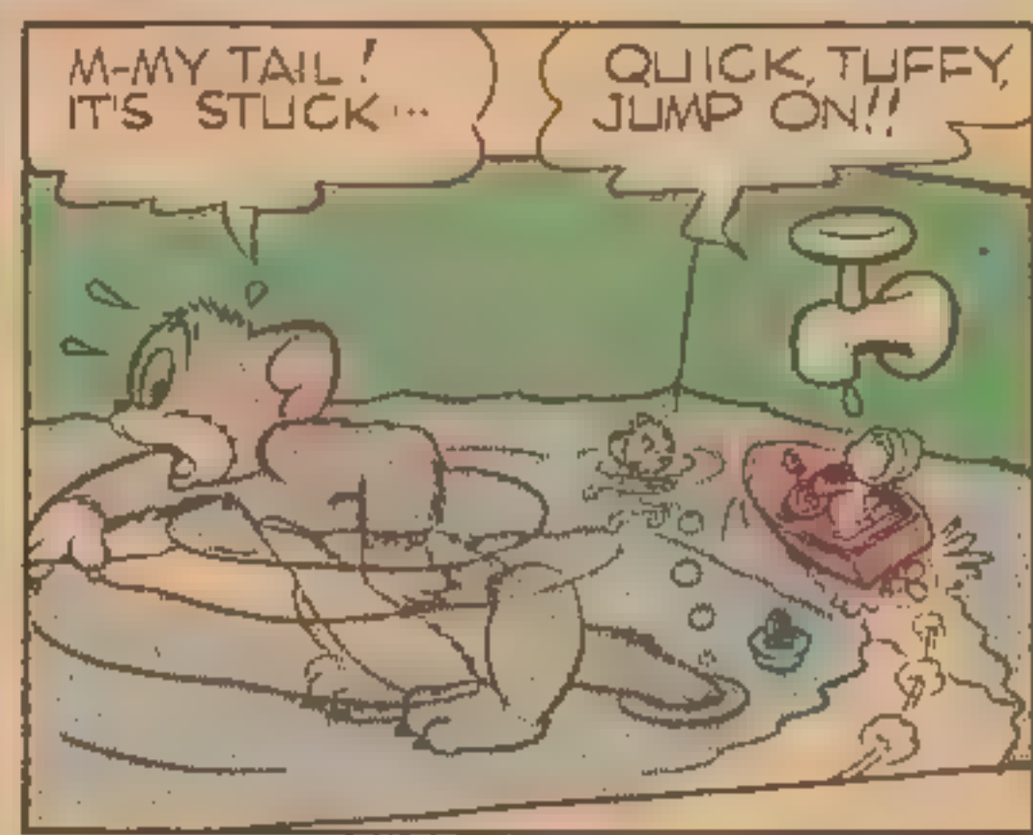

WHY, I'LL SLAM YOU...

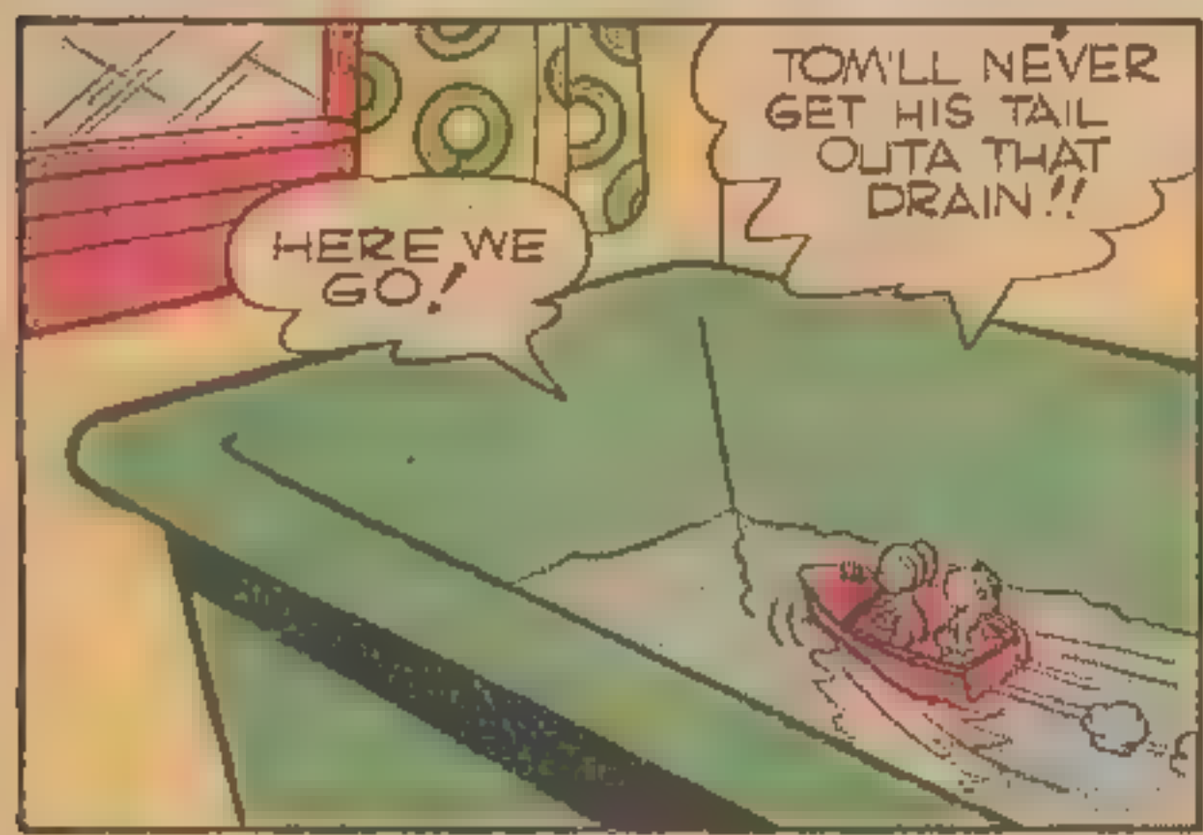

SPLASH!
NICE DIVE, TOM!

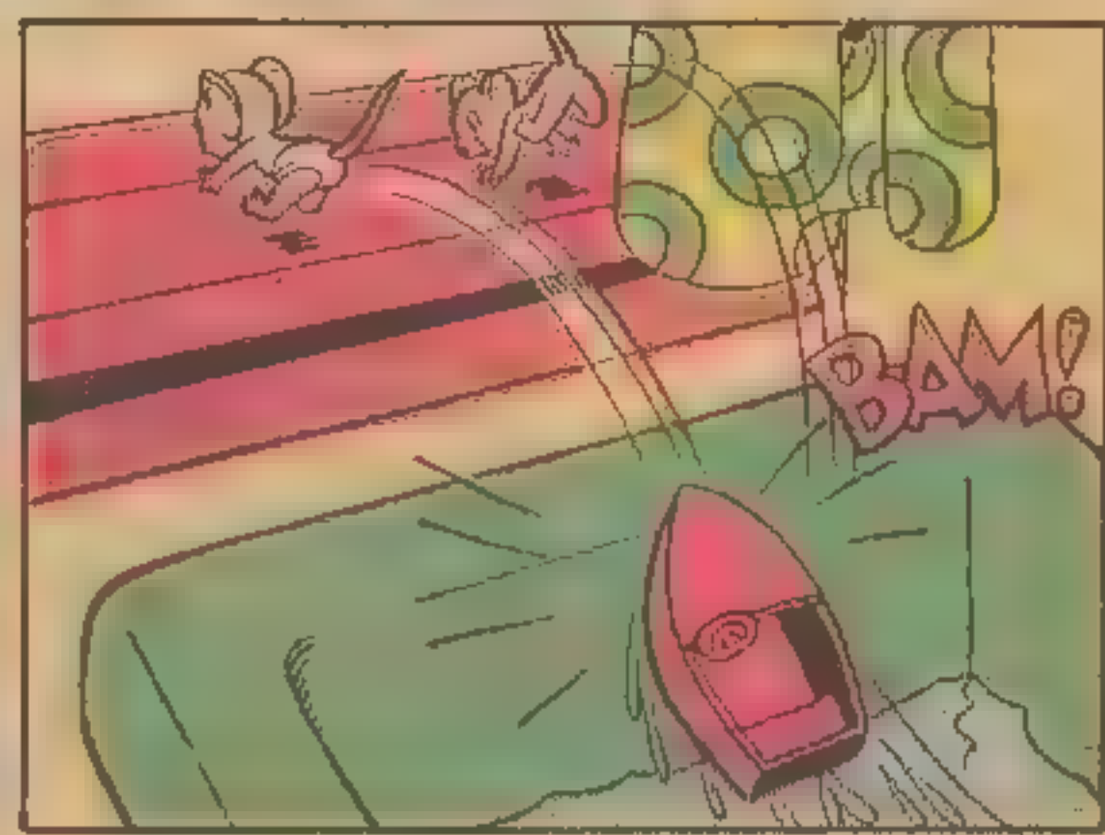

OOPS!
ZOK!

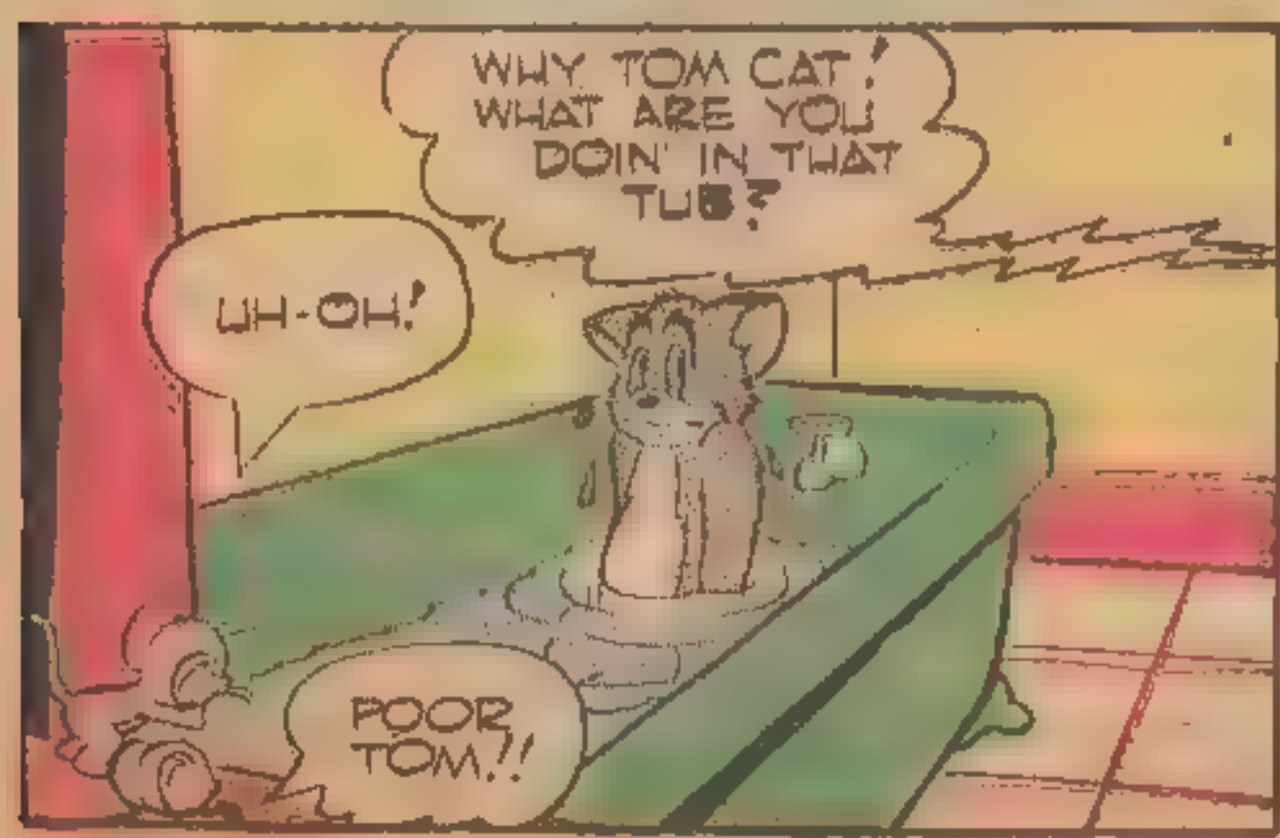

OW!

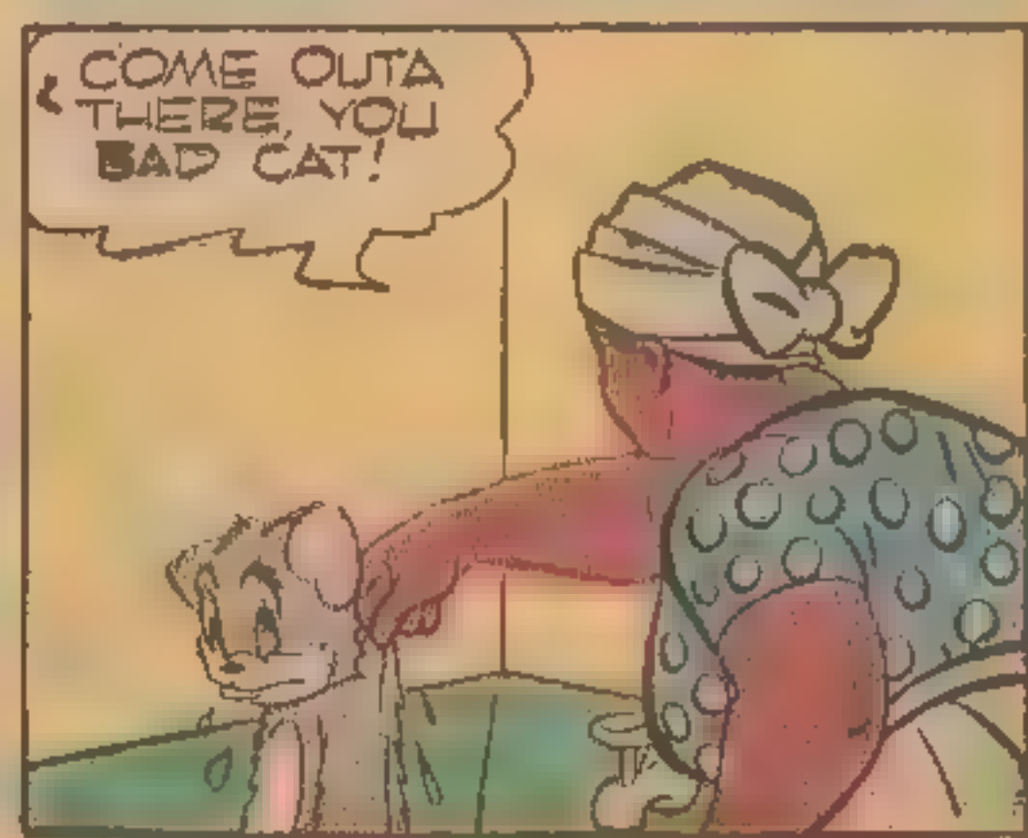


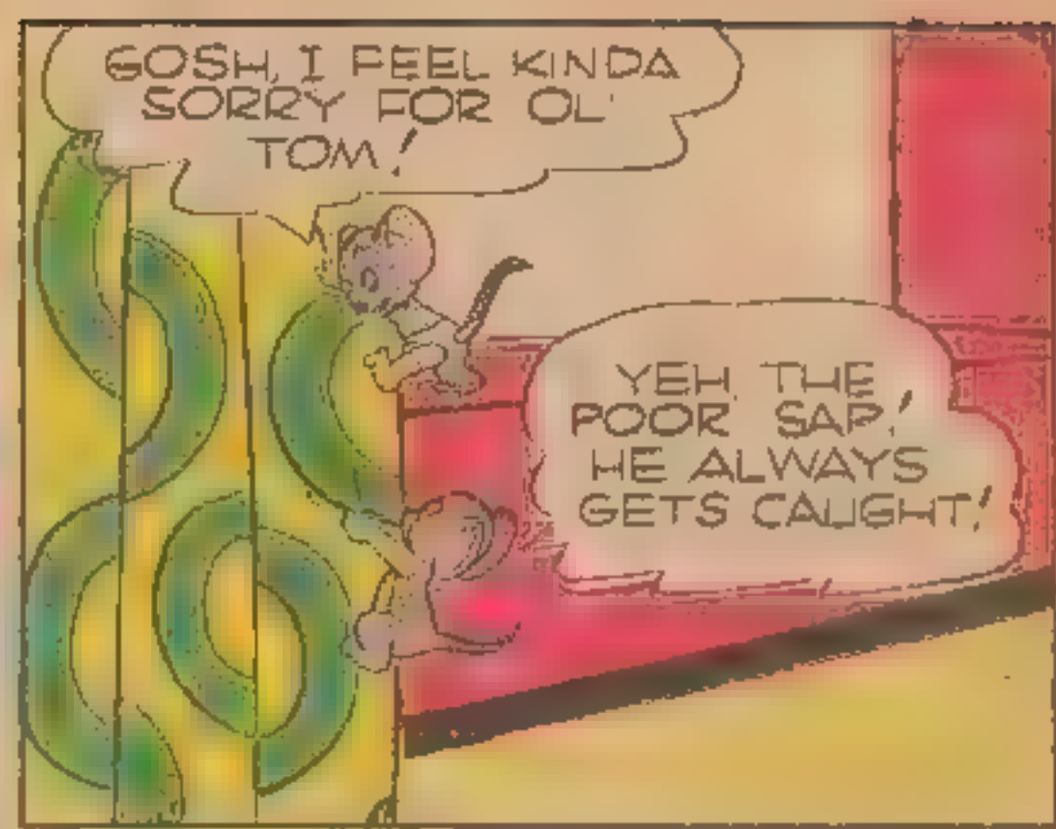

M-MY TAIL! IT'S STUCK...
QUICK, TUFFY, JUMP ON!!

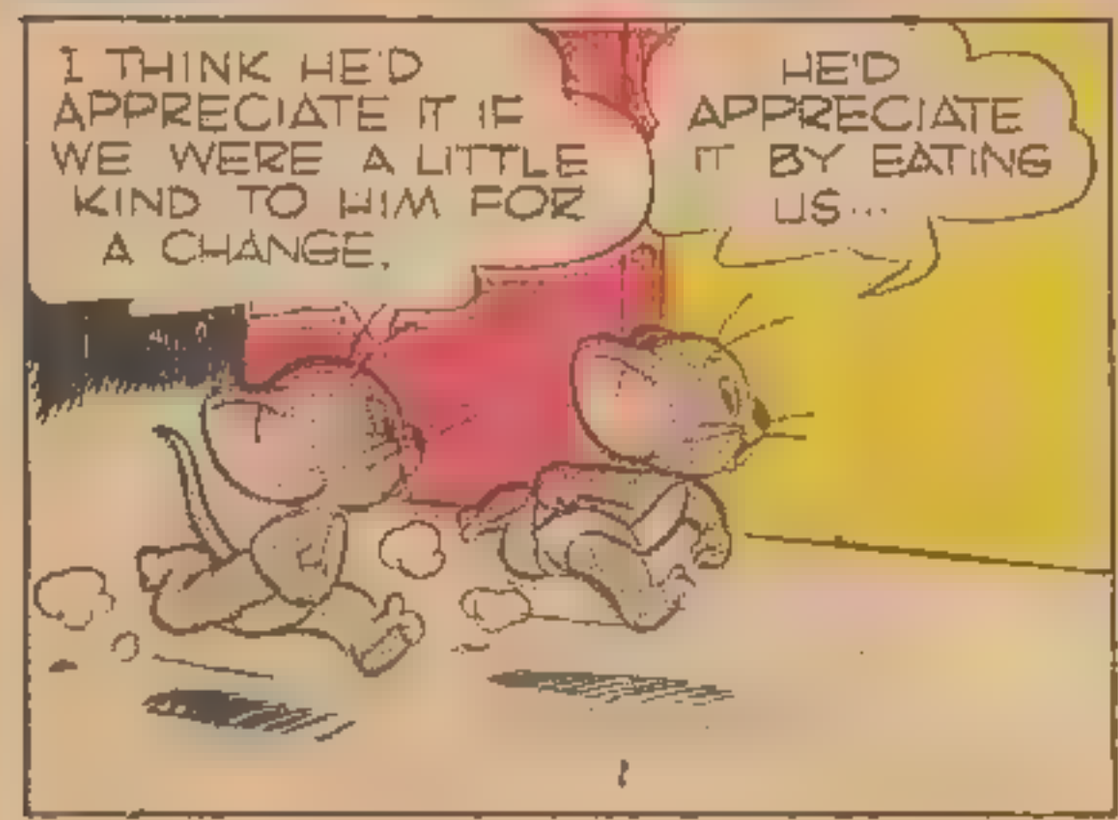

HERE WE GO!
TOM'LL NEVER GET HIS TAIL OUTA THAT DRAIN!!

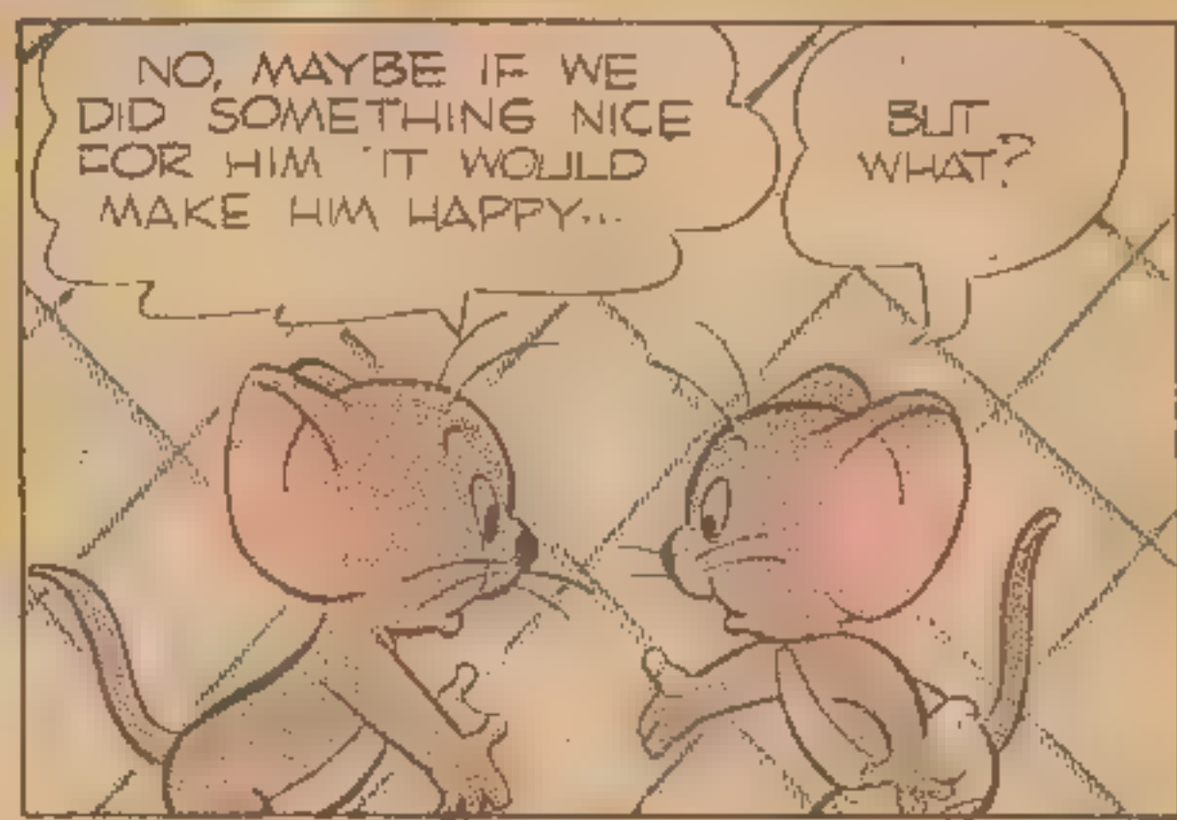

BAM!

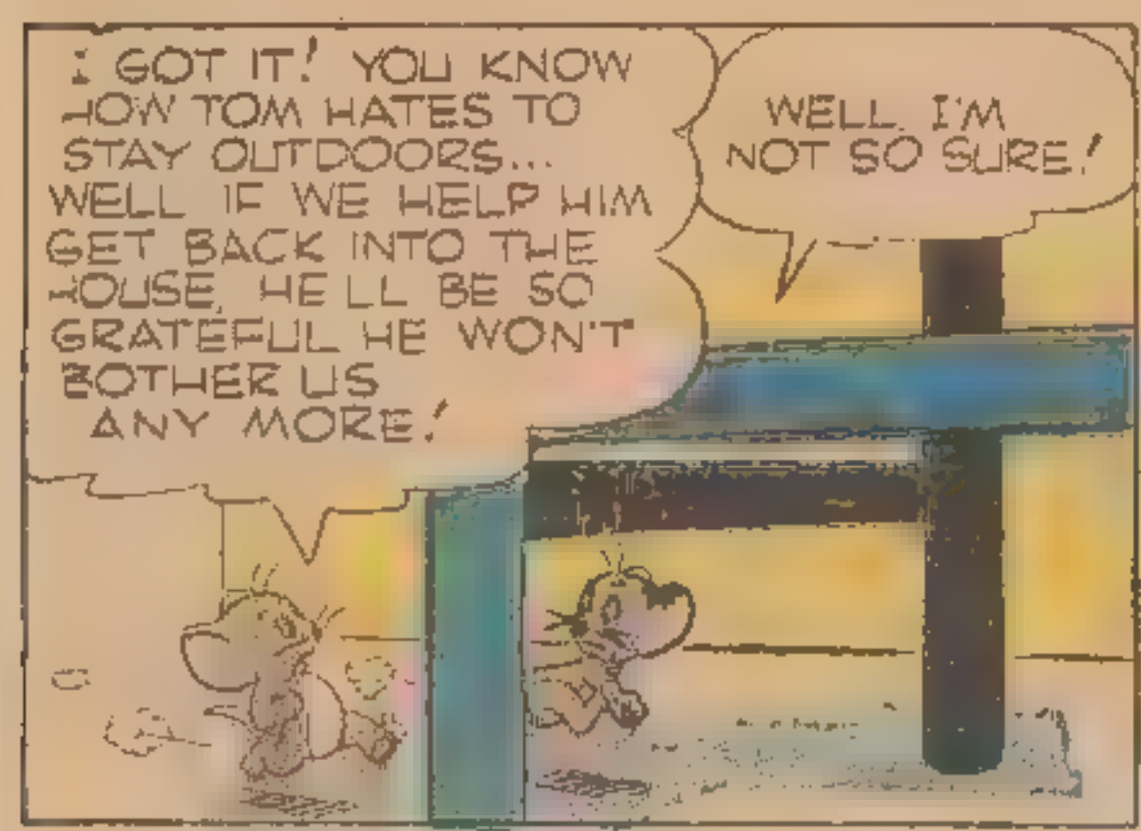

WHY TOM CAT! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' IN THAT TUB?
UH-OH!
POOR TOM!!

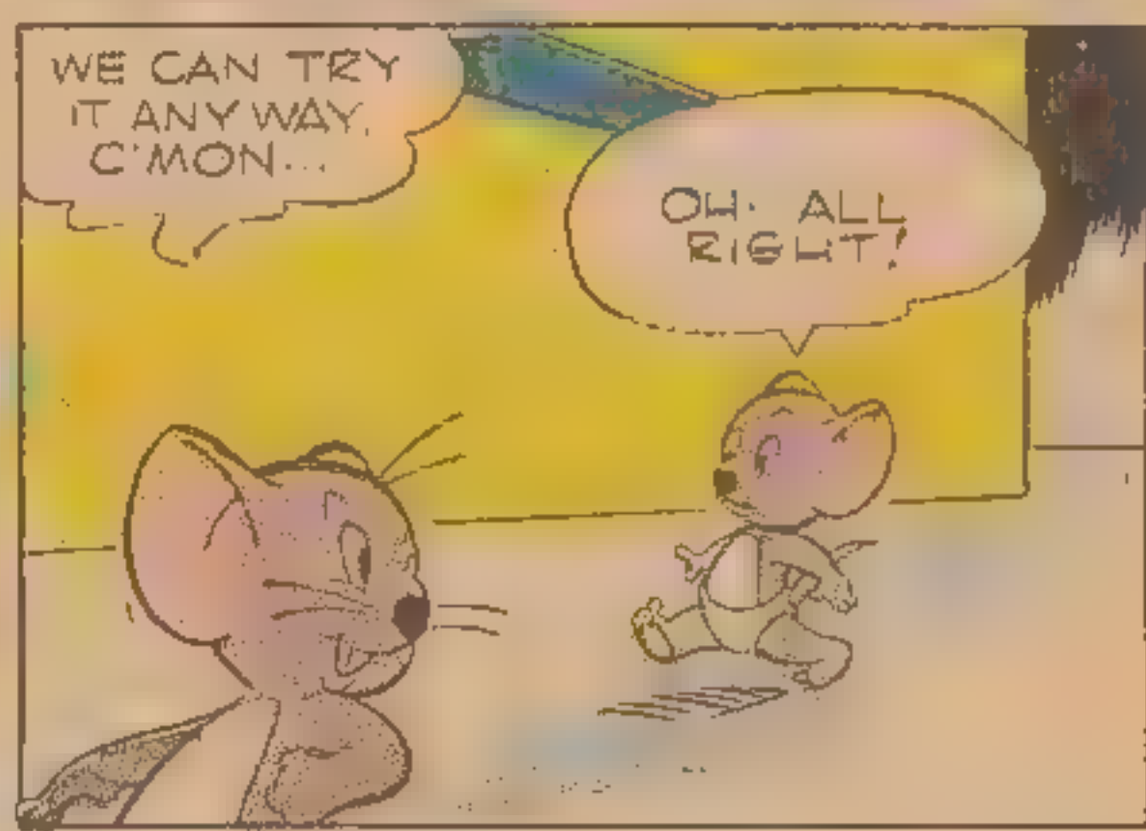

COME OUTA THERE, YOU BAD CAT!

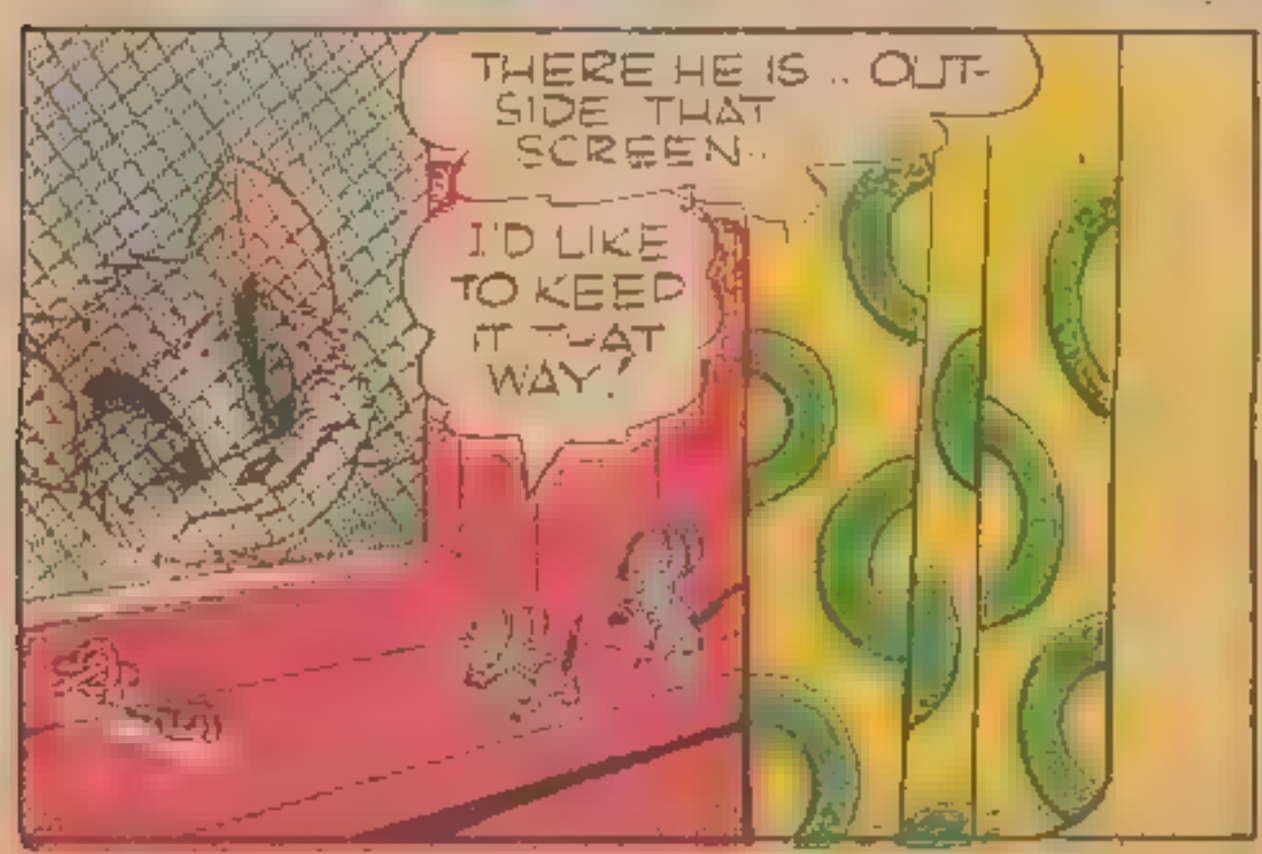

GOSH, I FEEL KINDA SORRY FOR OL' TOM!
YEH, THE POOR SAP! HE ALWAYS GETS CAUGHT!

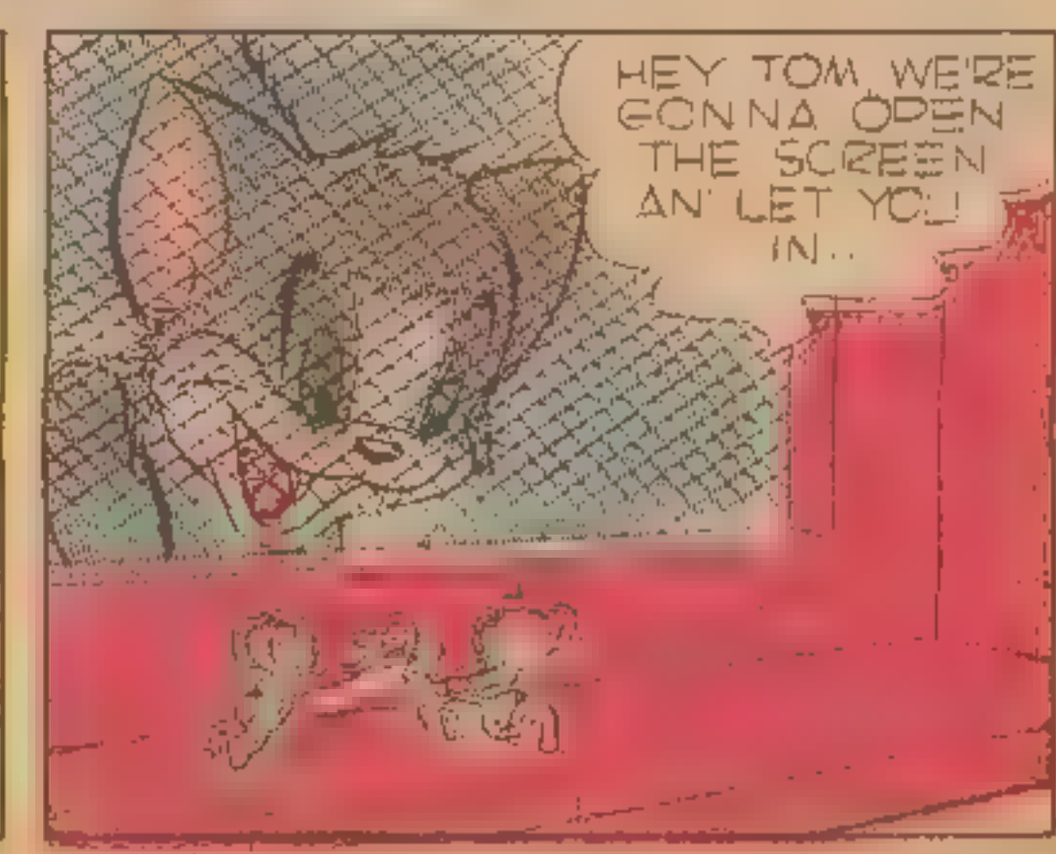

I THINK HE'D APPRECIATE IT IF WE WERE A LITTLE KIND TO HIM FOR A CHANGE.
HE'D APPRECIATE IT BY EATING US...

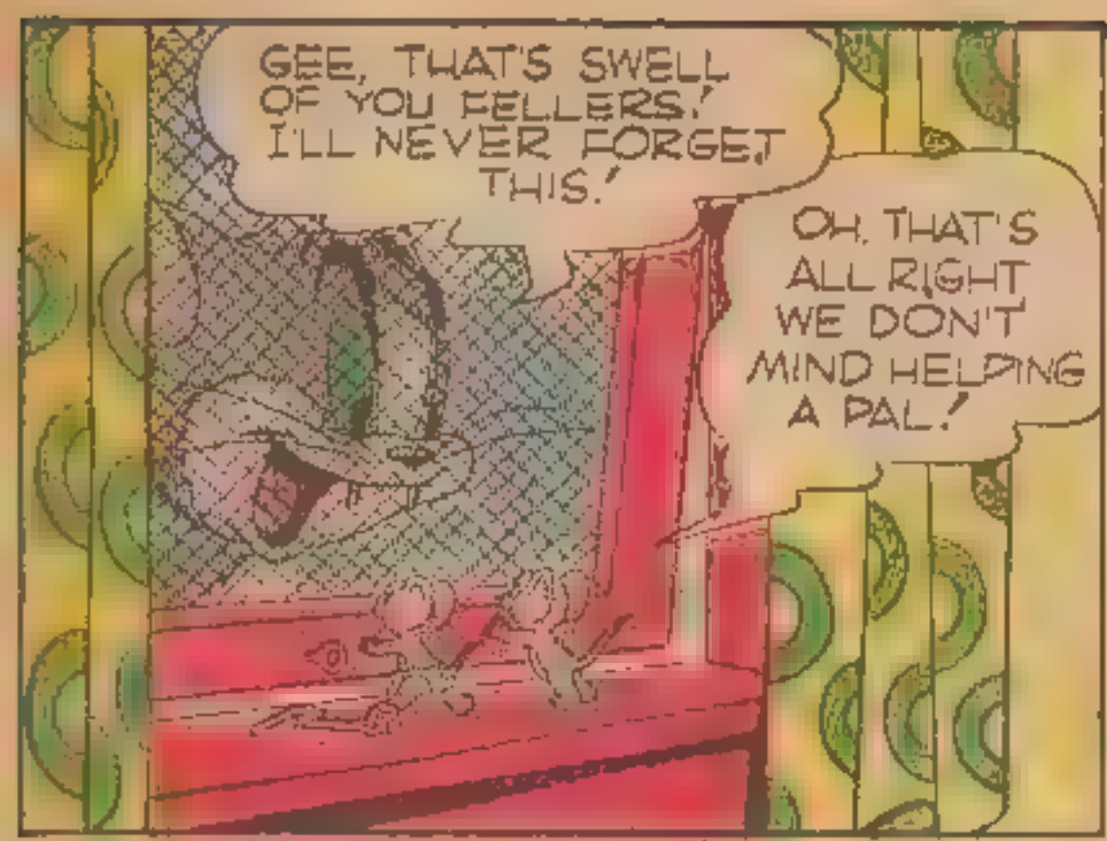

NO, MAYBE IF WE DID SOMETHING NICE FOR HIM IT WOULD MAKE HIM HAPPY...
BUT WHAT?

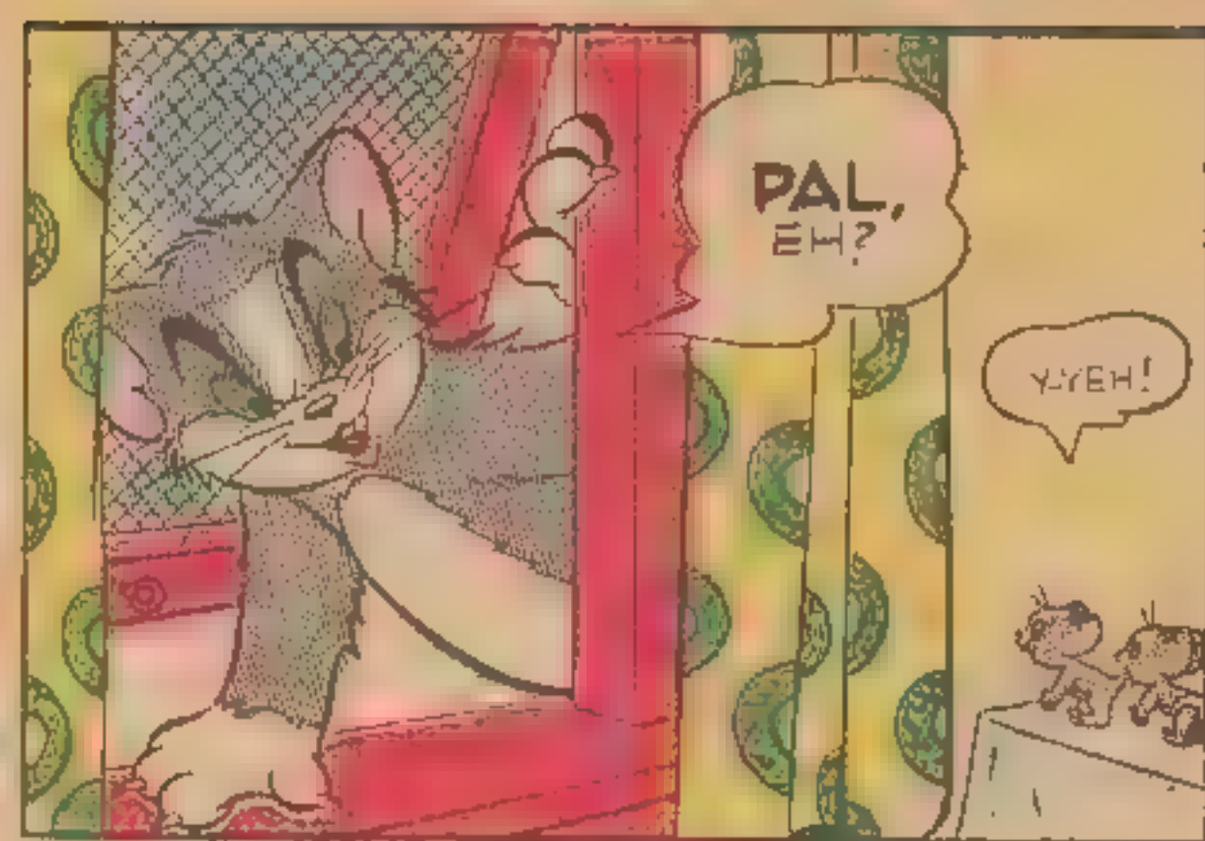

I GOT IT! YOU KNOW HOW TOM HATES TO STAY OUTDOORS... WELL IF WE HELP HIM GET BACK INTO THE HOUSE, HE'LL BE SO GRATEFUL HE WON'T BOTHER US ANY MORE!
WELL, I'M NOT SO SURE!

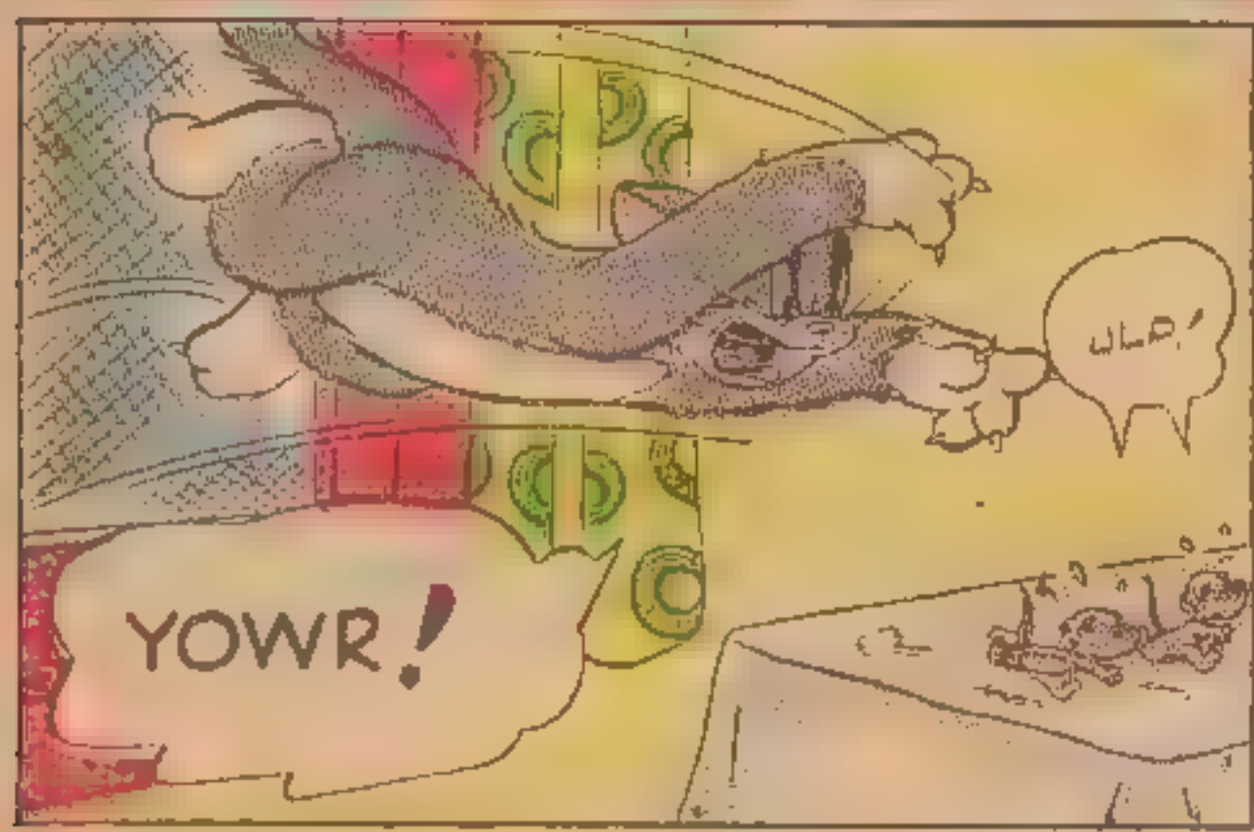

WE CAN TRY IT ANYWAY, C'MON...
OH, ALL RIGHT!

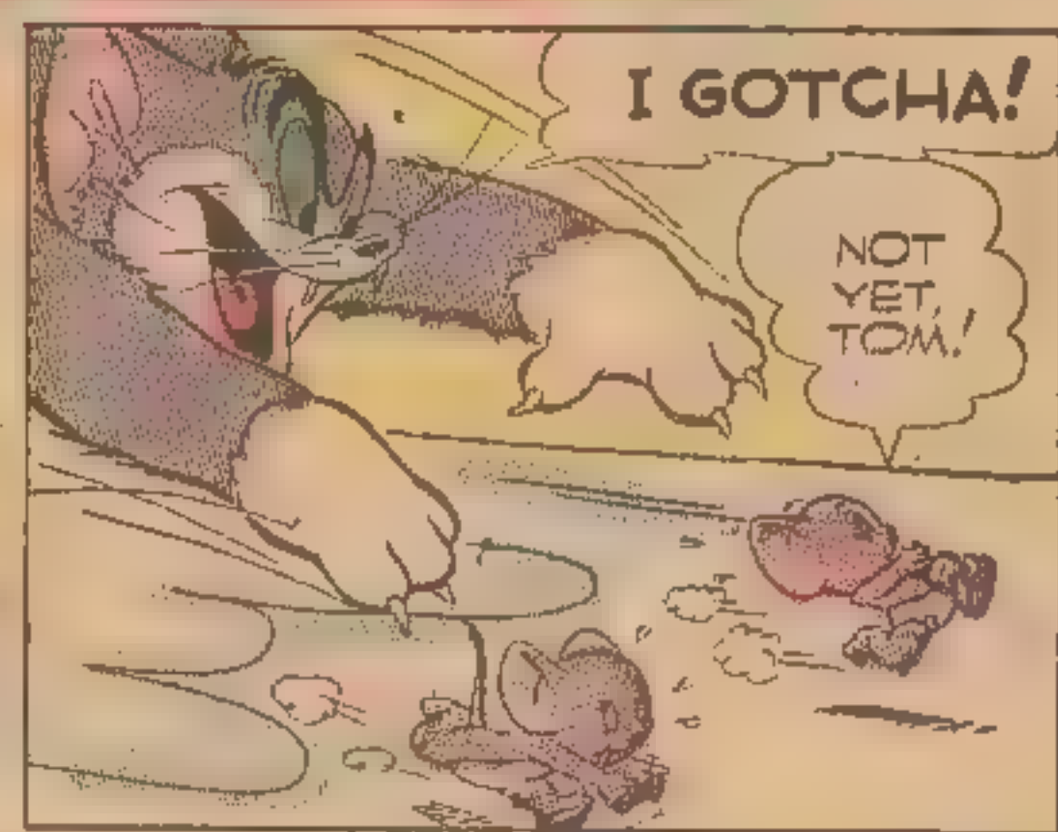

THERE HE IS.. OUTSIDE THAT SCREEN..
I'D LIKE TO KEEP IT THAT WAY!

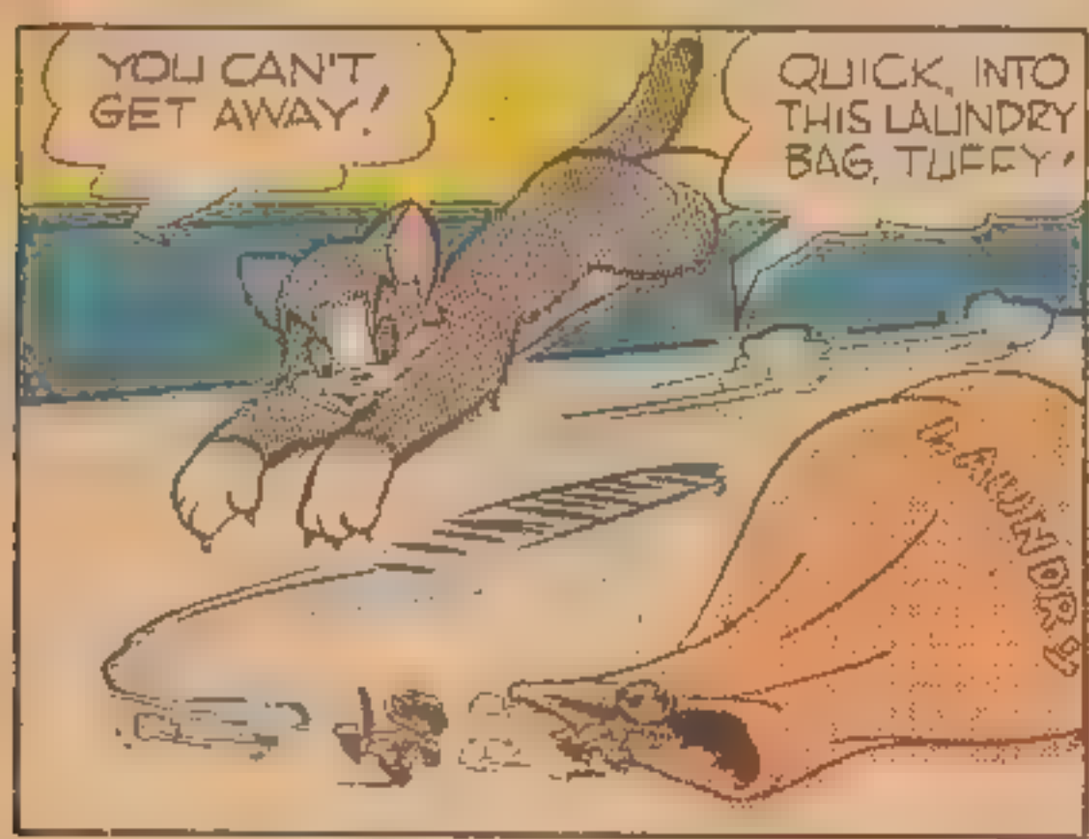

HEY TOM, WE'RE GONNA OPEN THE SCREEN AN' LET YOU IN..

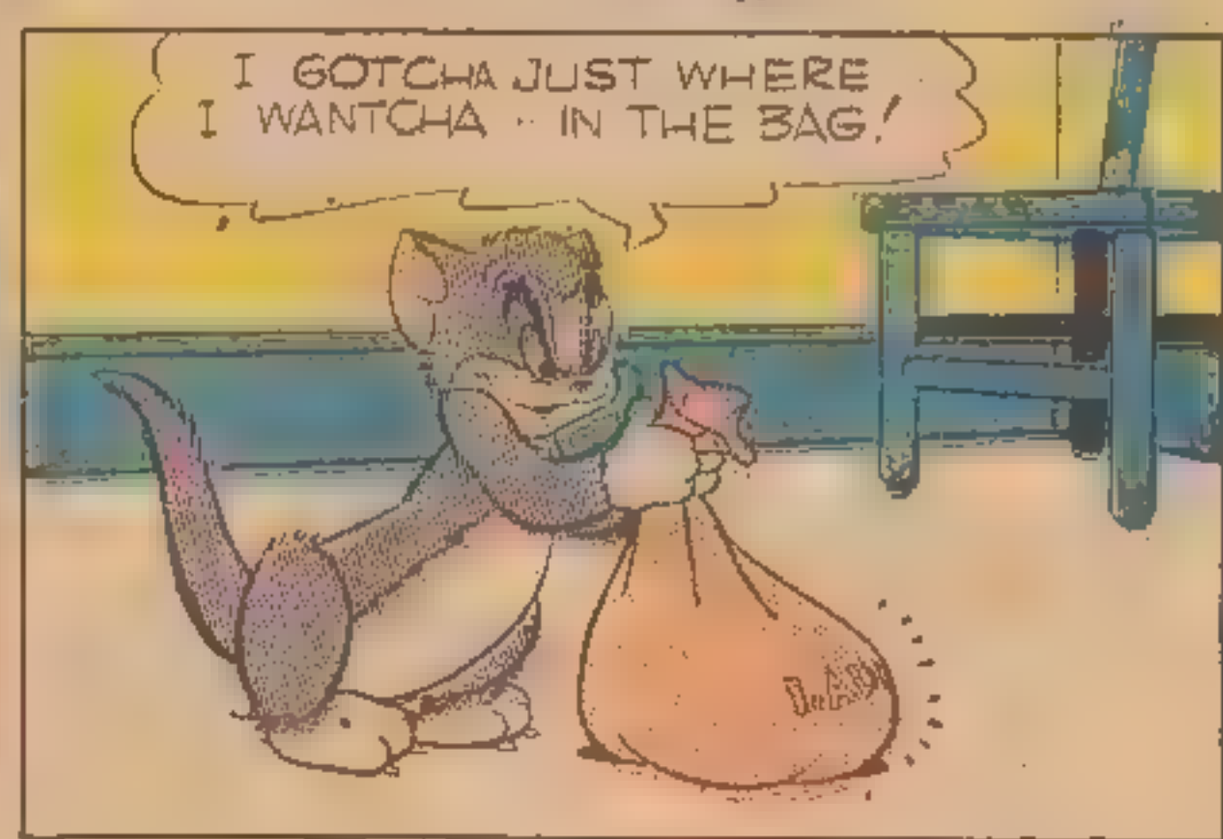

GEE, THAT'S SWELL OF YOU FELLERS! I'LL NEVER FORGET THIS!
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT WE DON'T MIND HELPING A PAL!

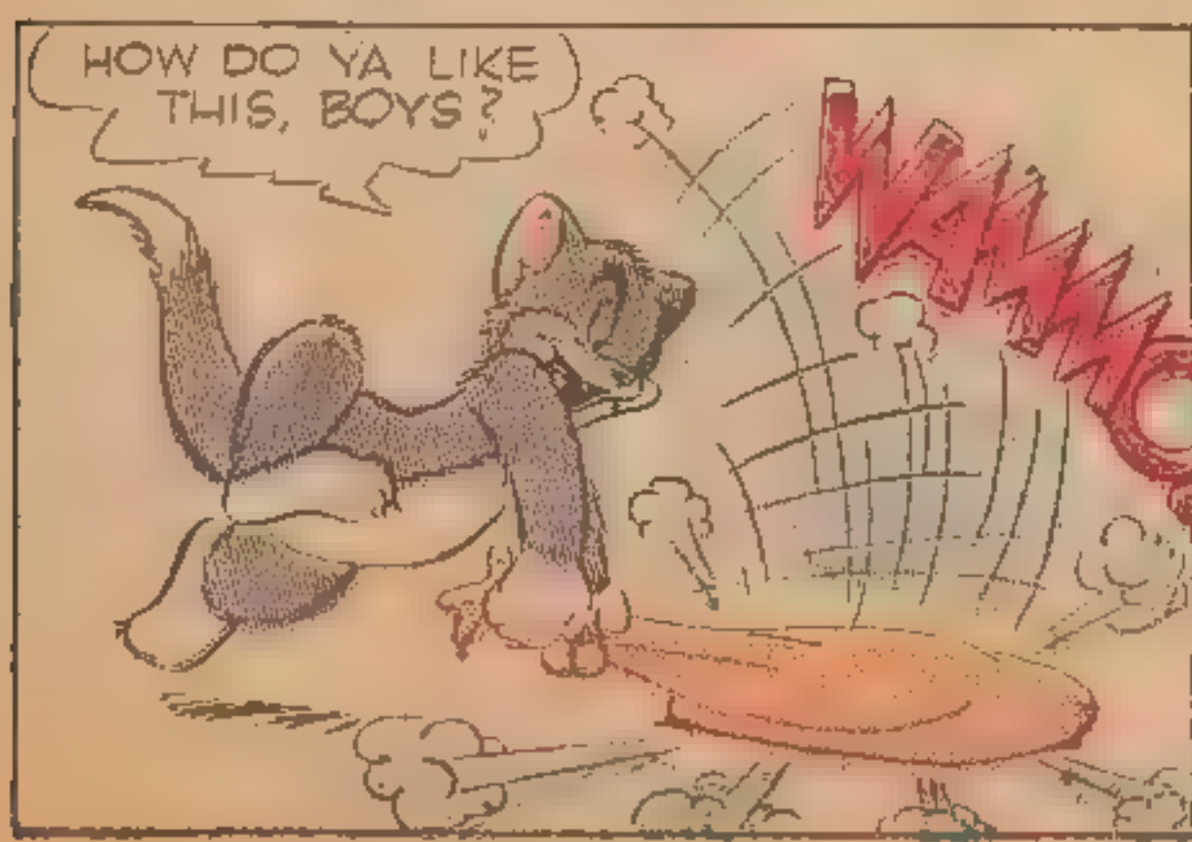

PAL, EH?
Y-YEH!

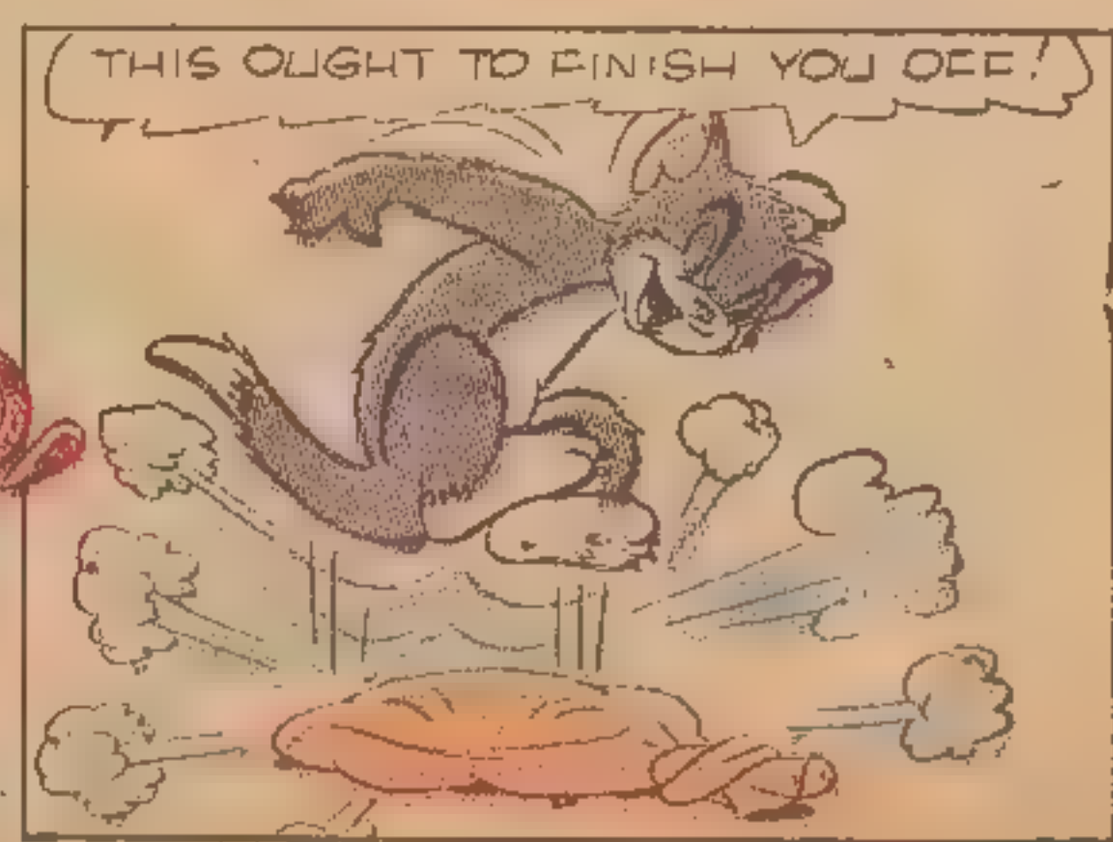

YOWR!
ULP!

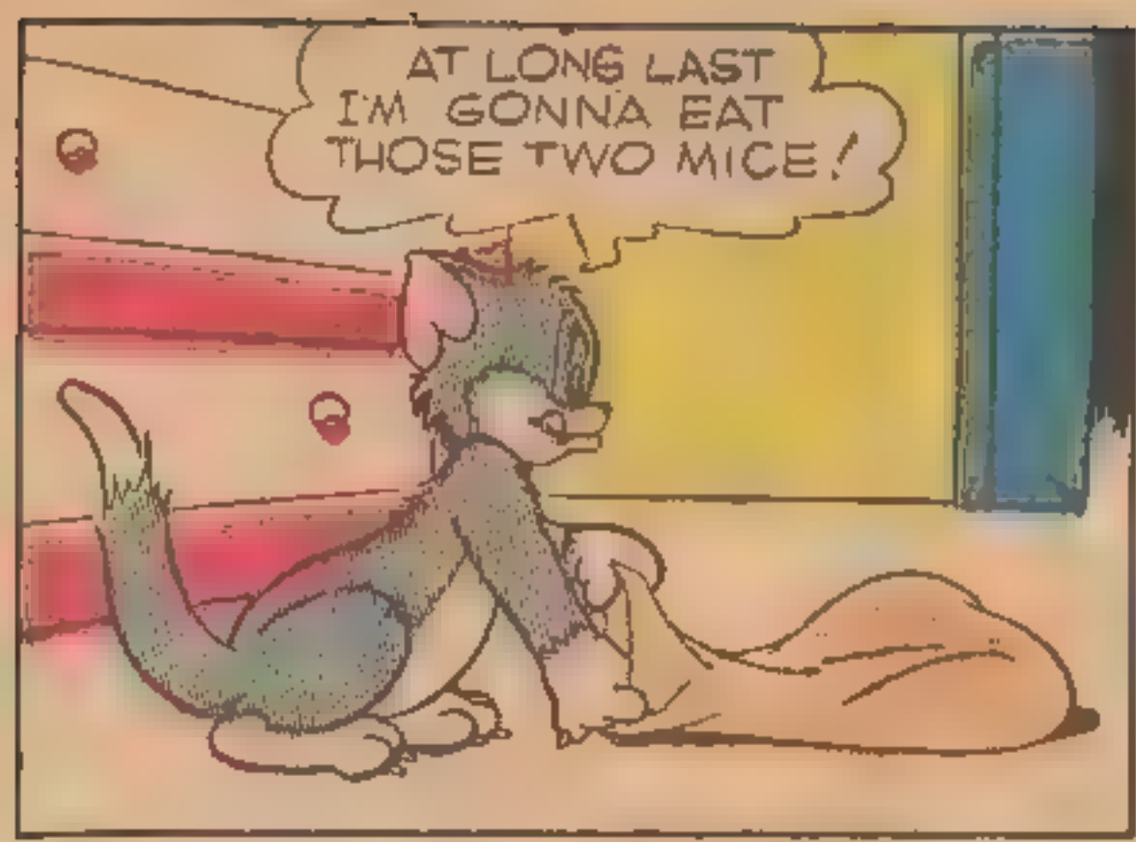

I GOTCHA!
NOT YET, TOM!

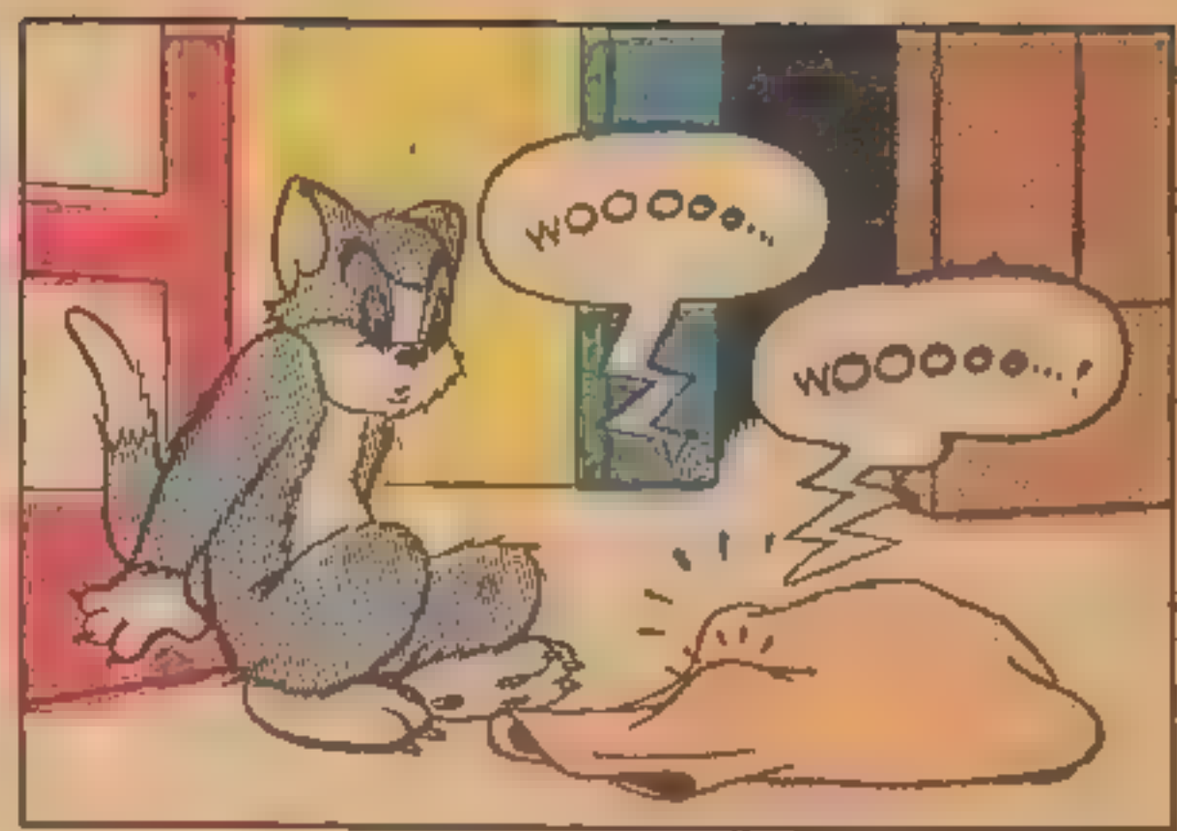

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY!
QUICK, INTO THIS LAUNDRY BAG, TUFFY!
LAUNDRY

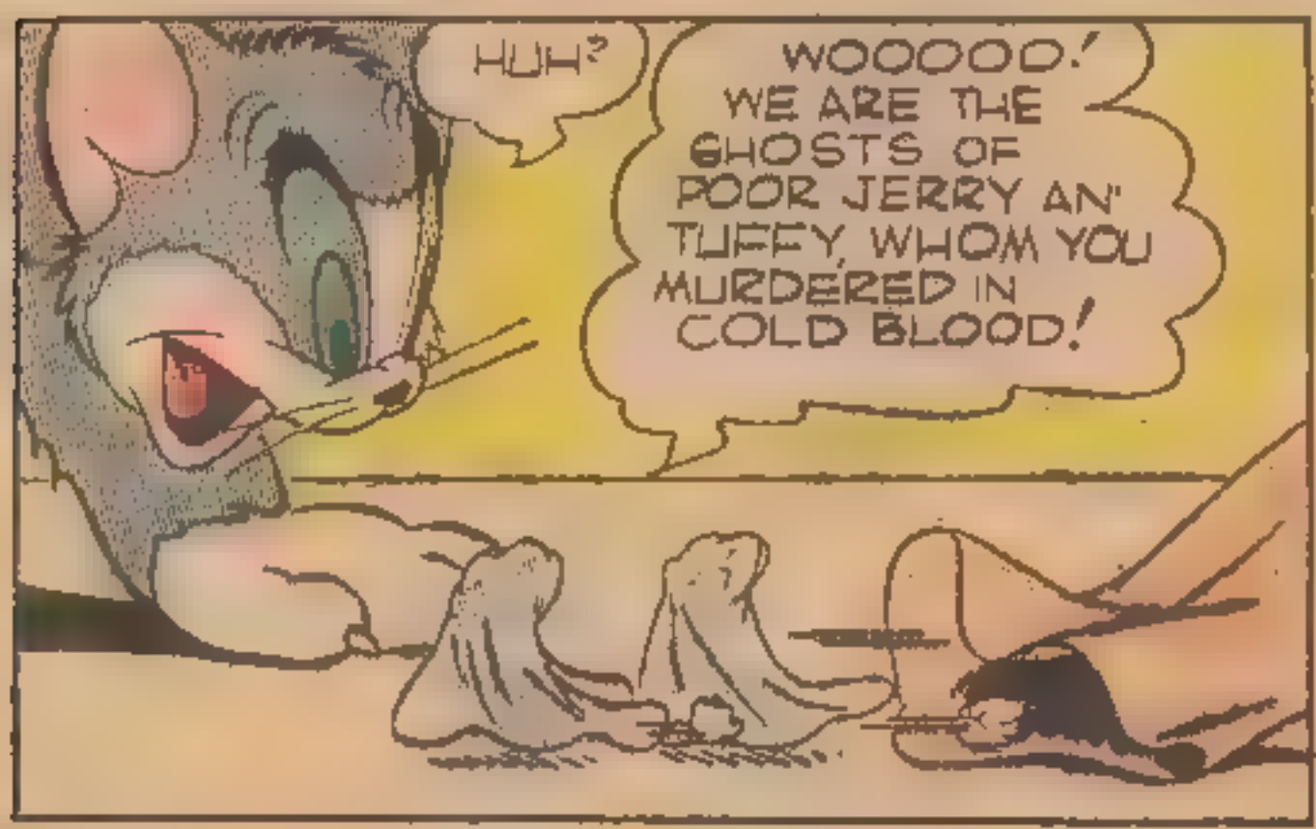

I GOTCHA JUST WHERE I WANTCHA - IN THE BAG!

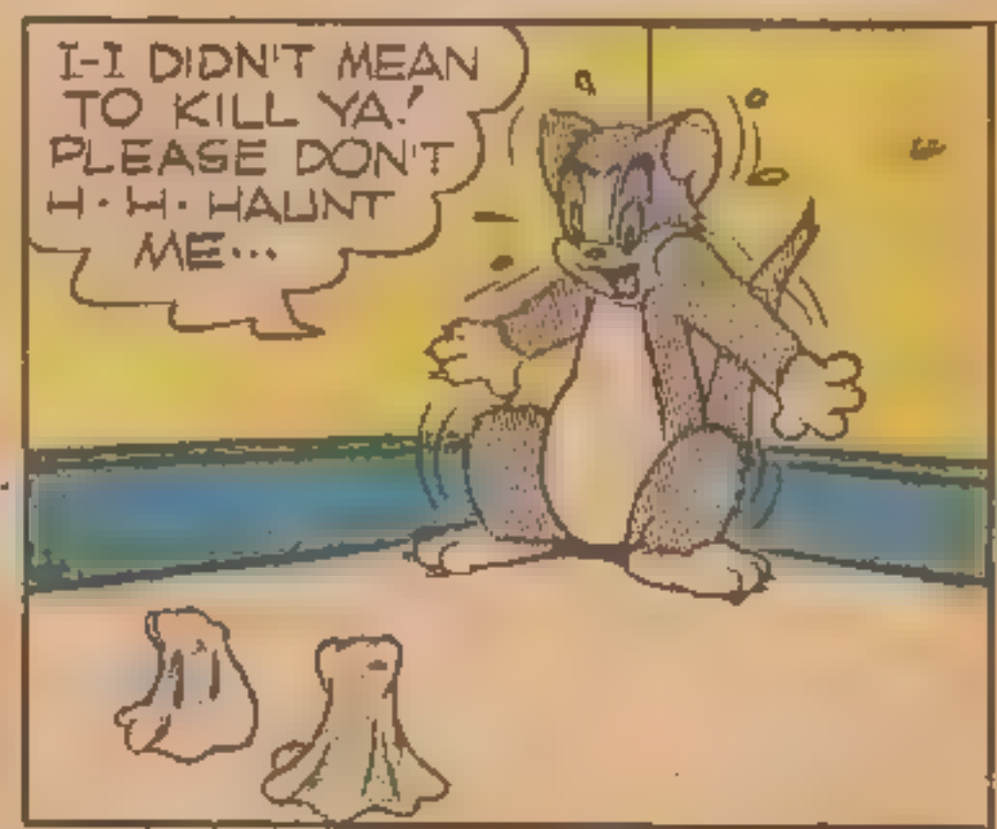

HOW DO YA LIKE THIS, BOYS?
WAHOO

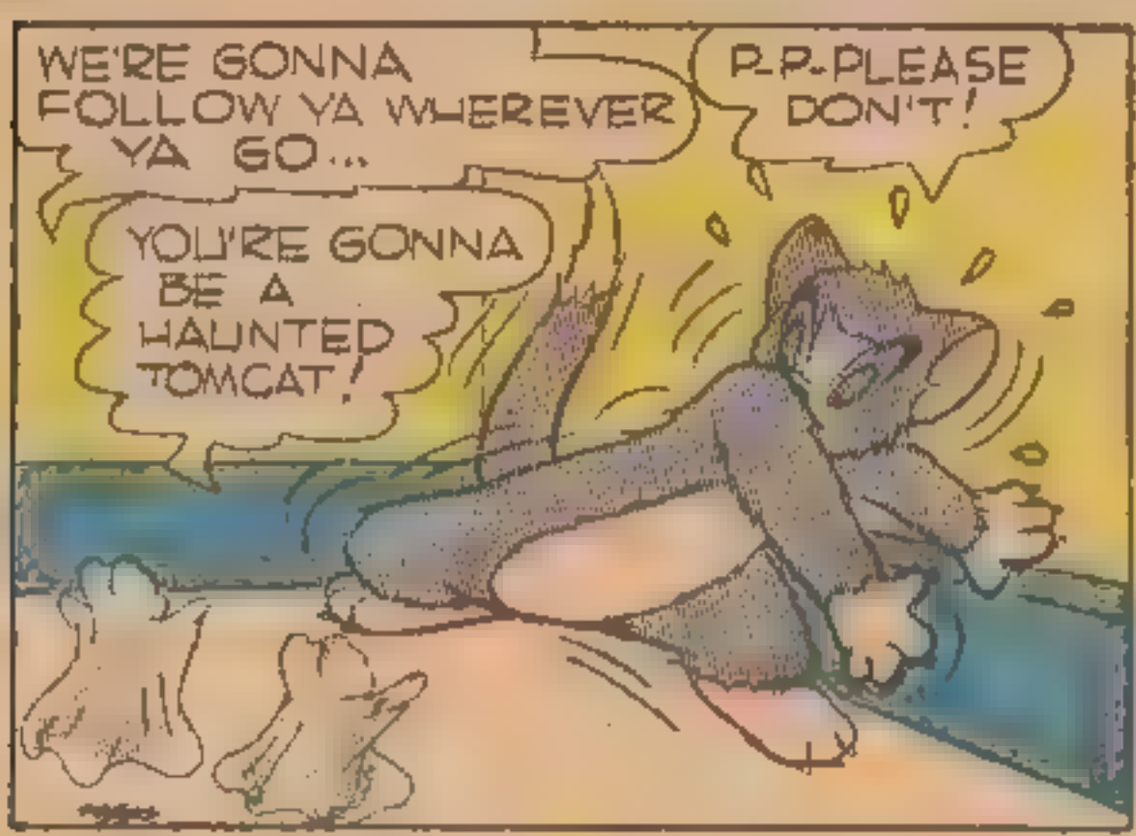

THIS OUGHT TO FINISH YOU OFF!

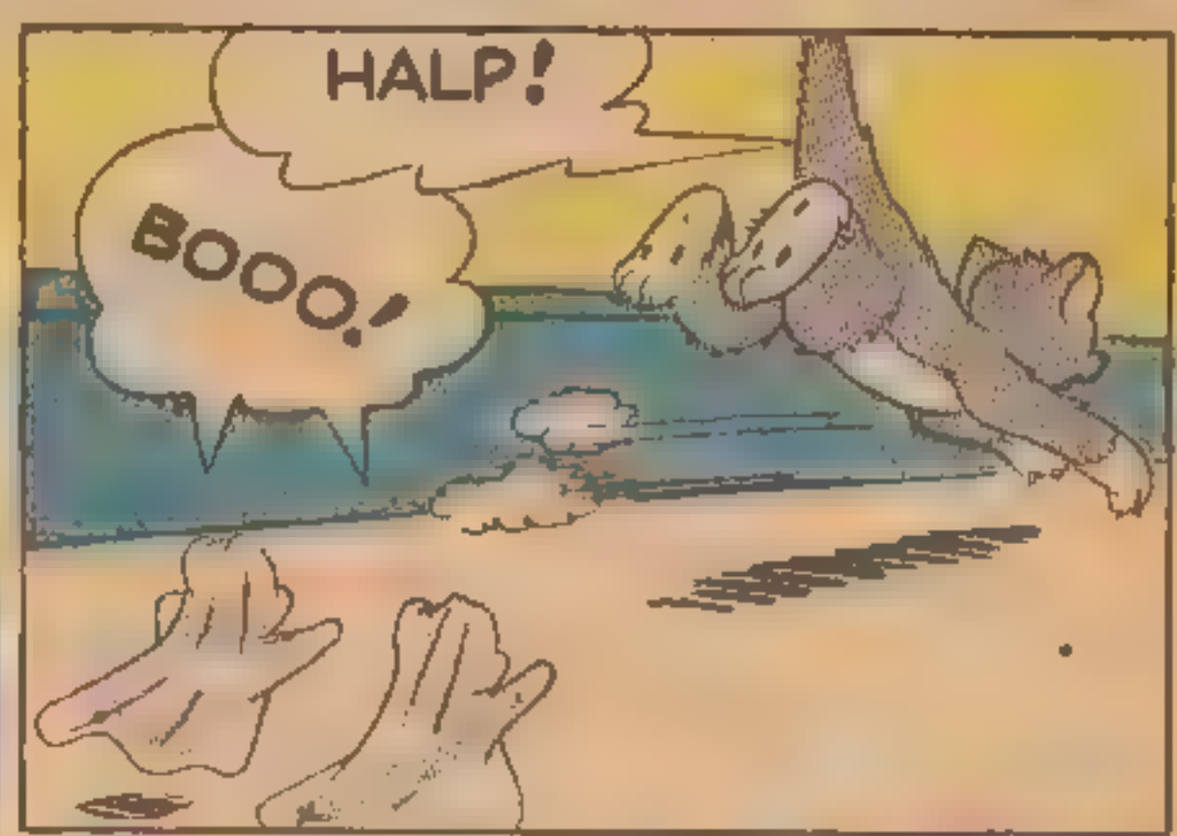


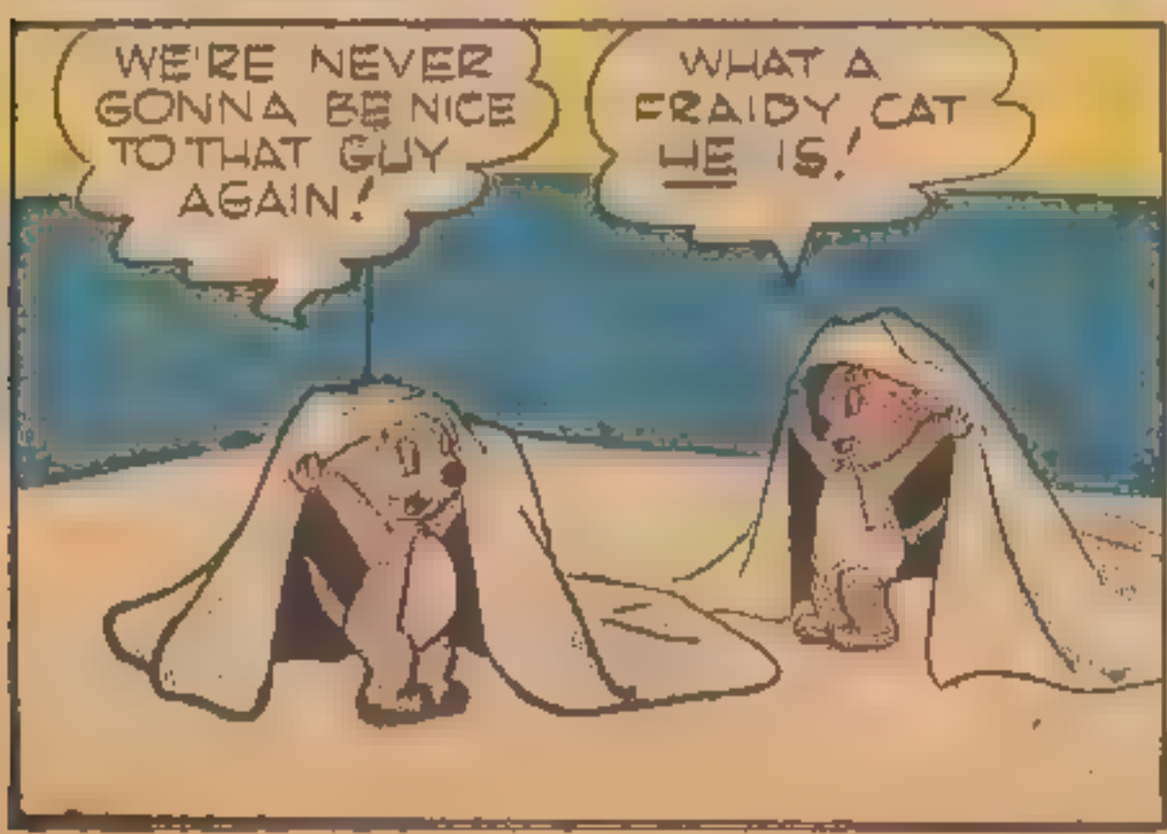


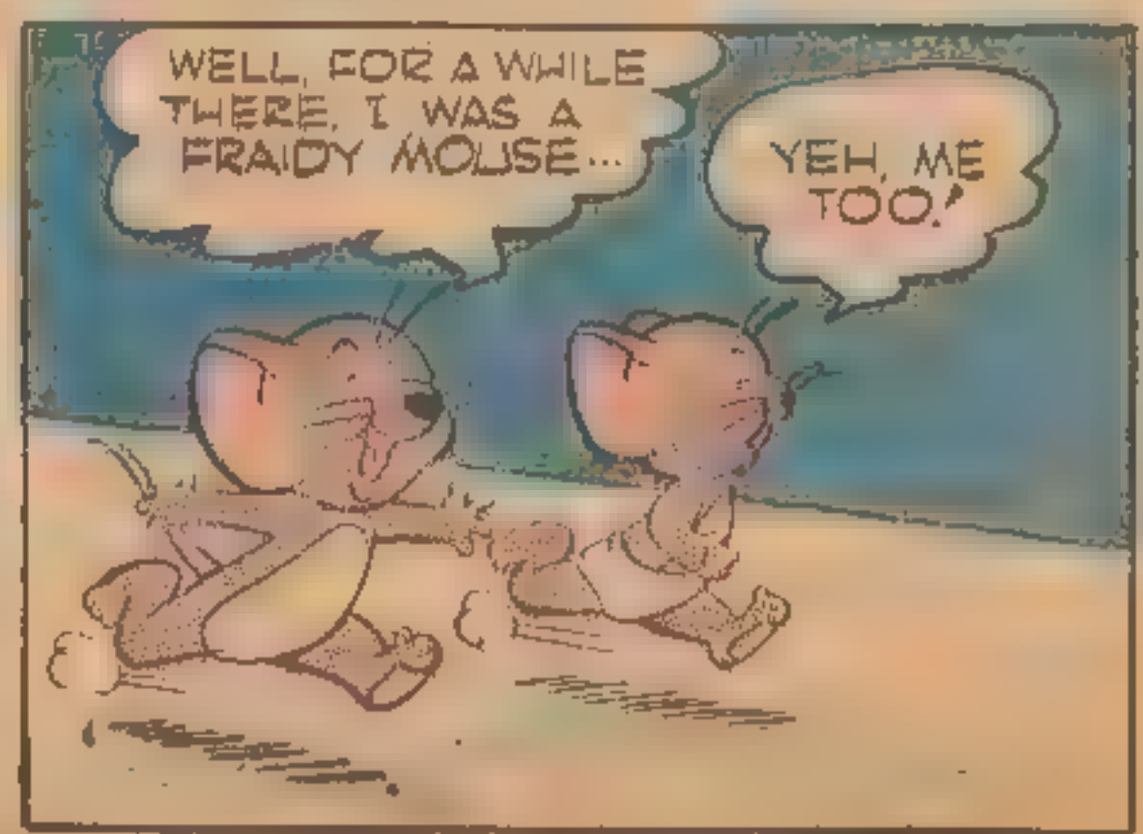








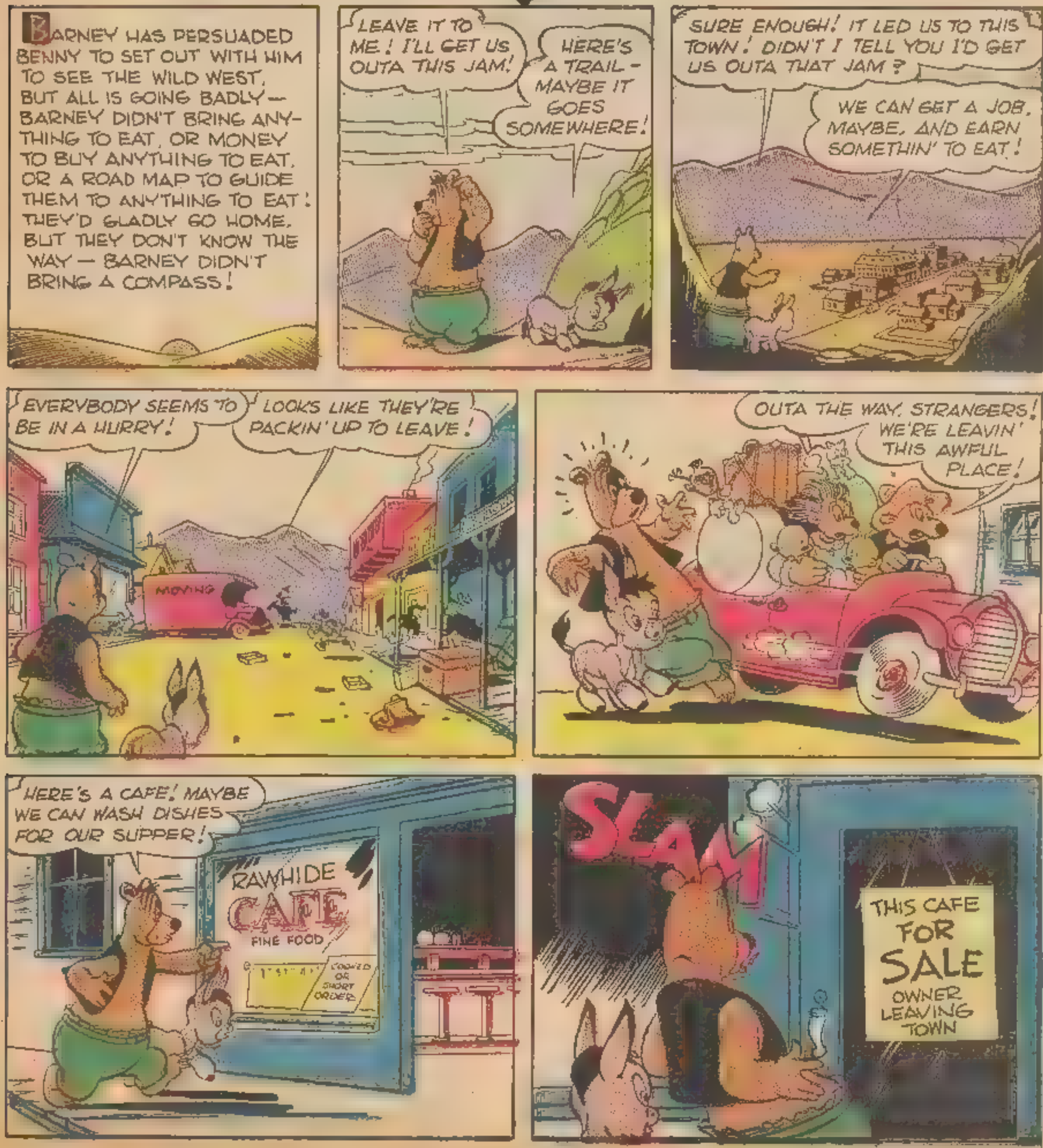


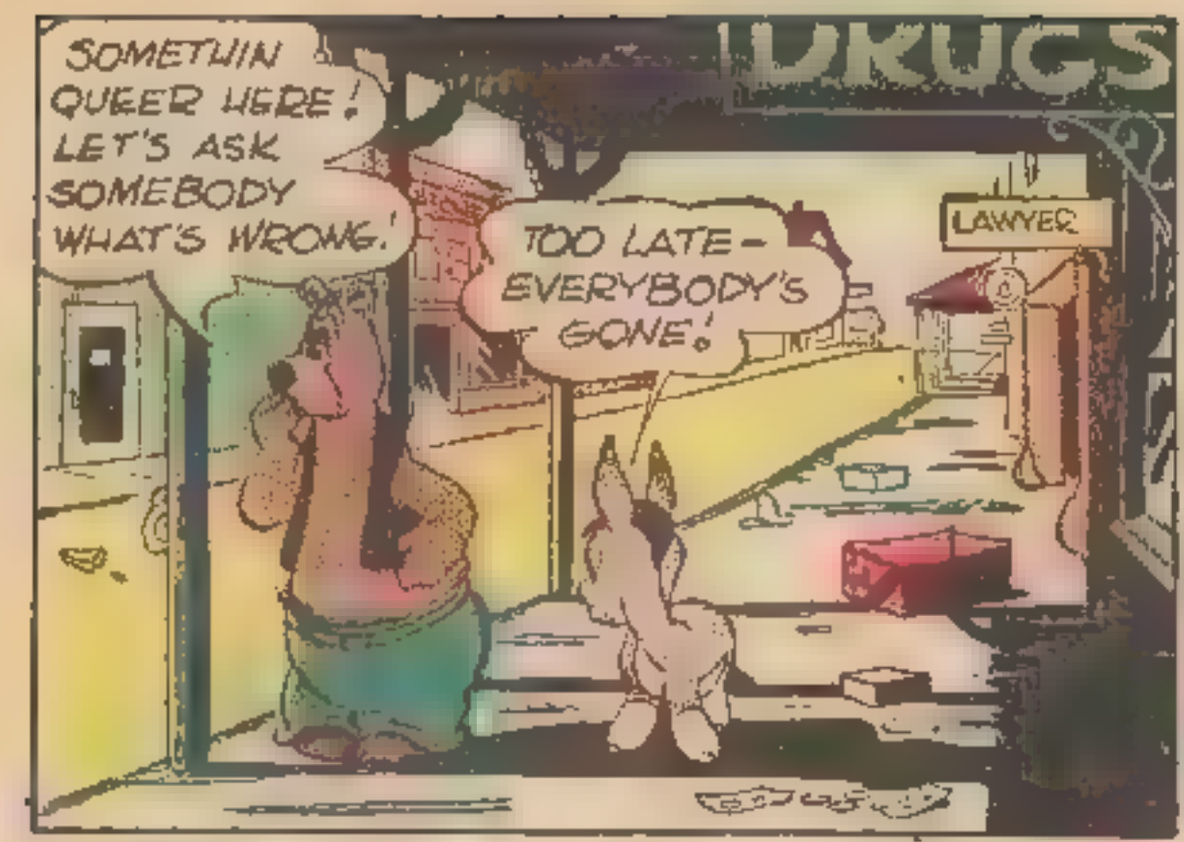


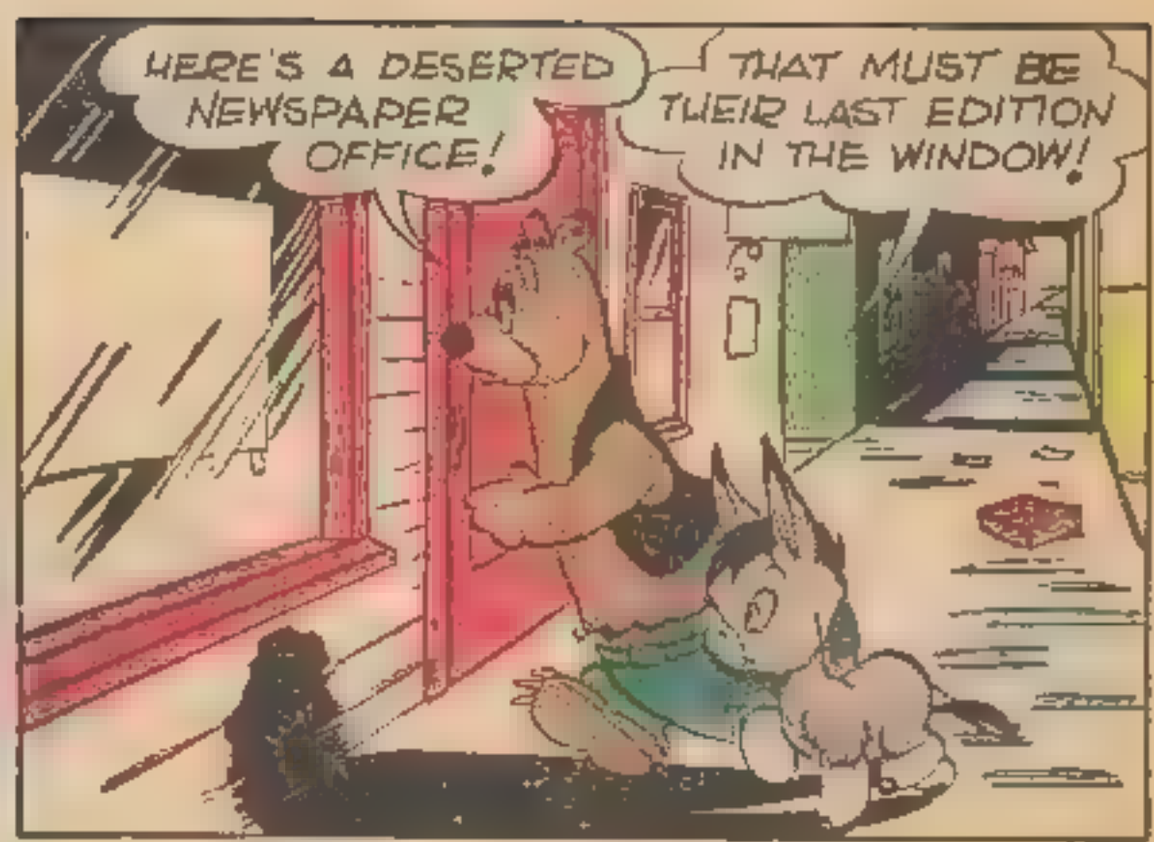
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

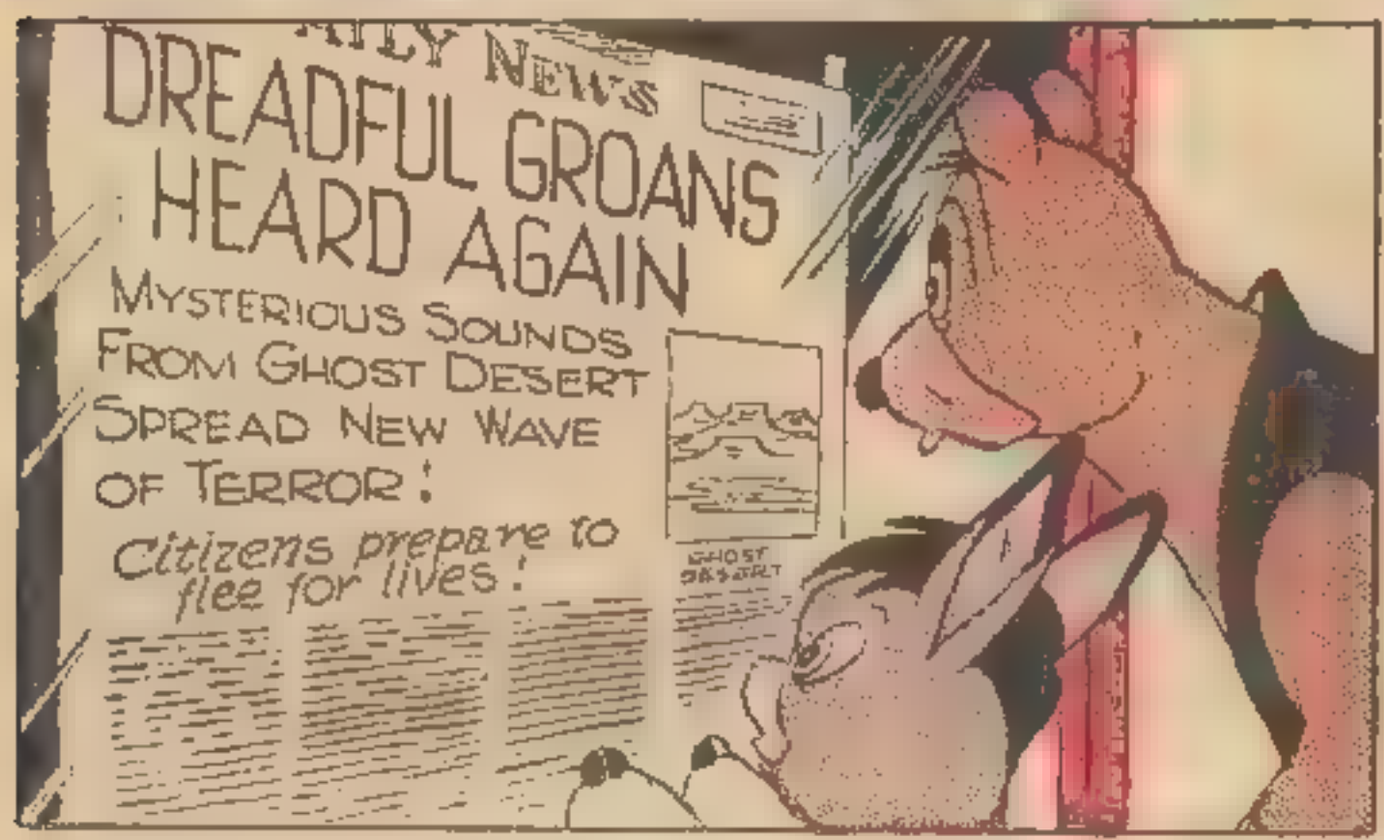
BARNEY Bear and BENNY Burro

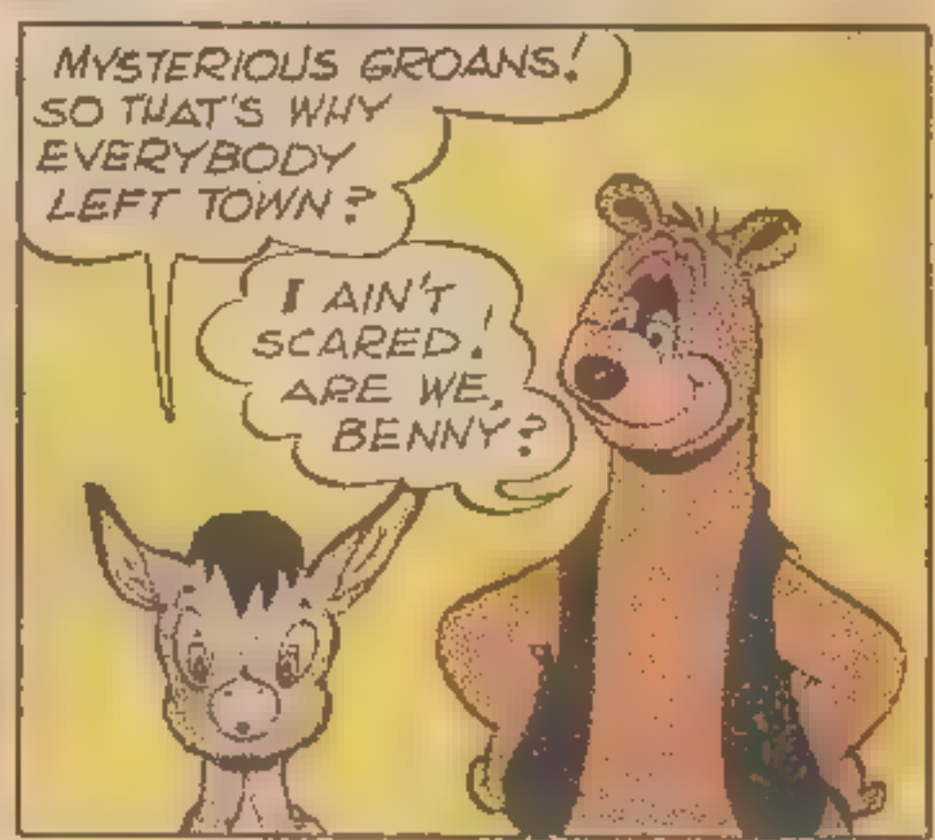
PRESENTED BY METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER CARTOONS

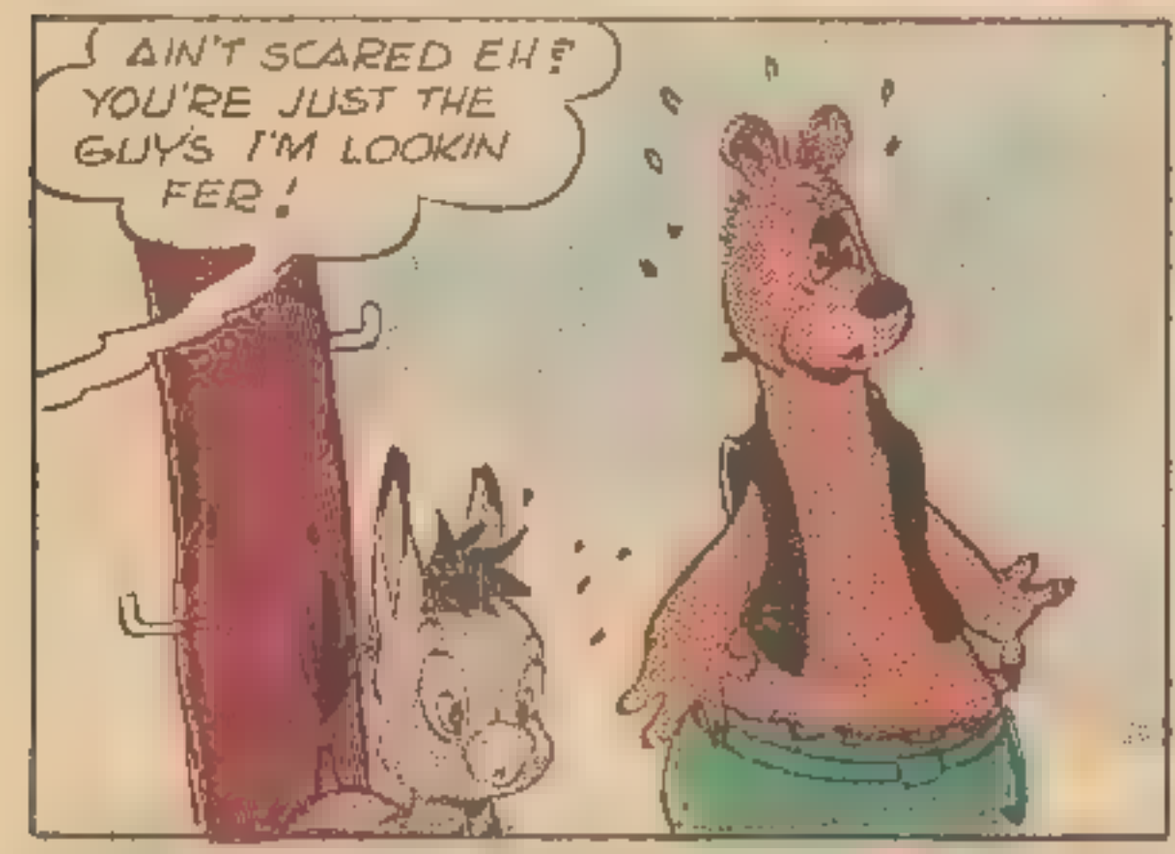


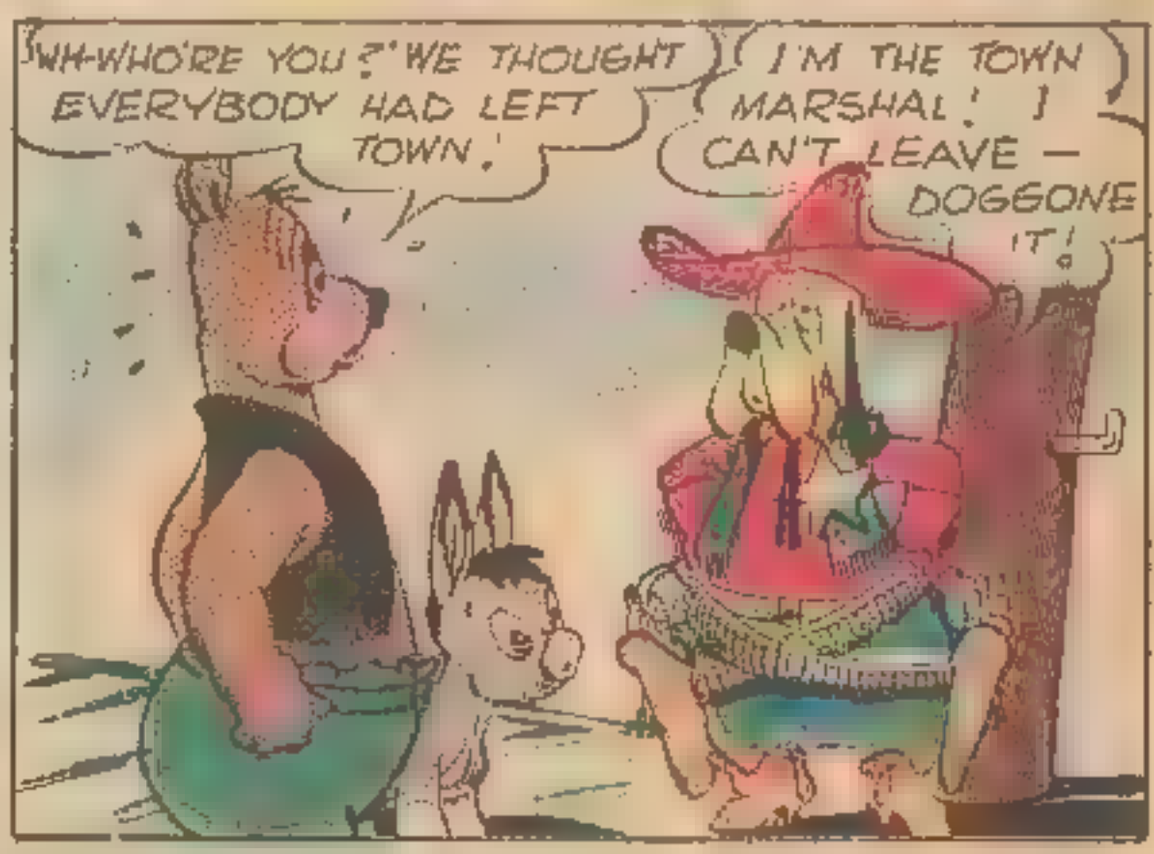

SOMETHIN QUEER HERE! LET'S ASK SOMEBODY WHAT'S WRONG!
DRUGS
TOO LATE – EVERYBODY'S GONE!
LAWYER

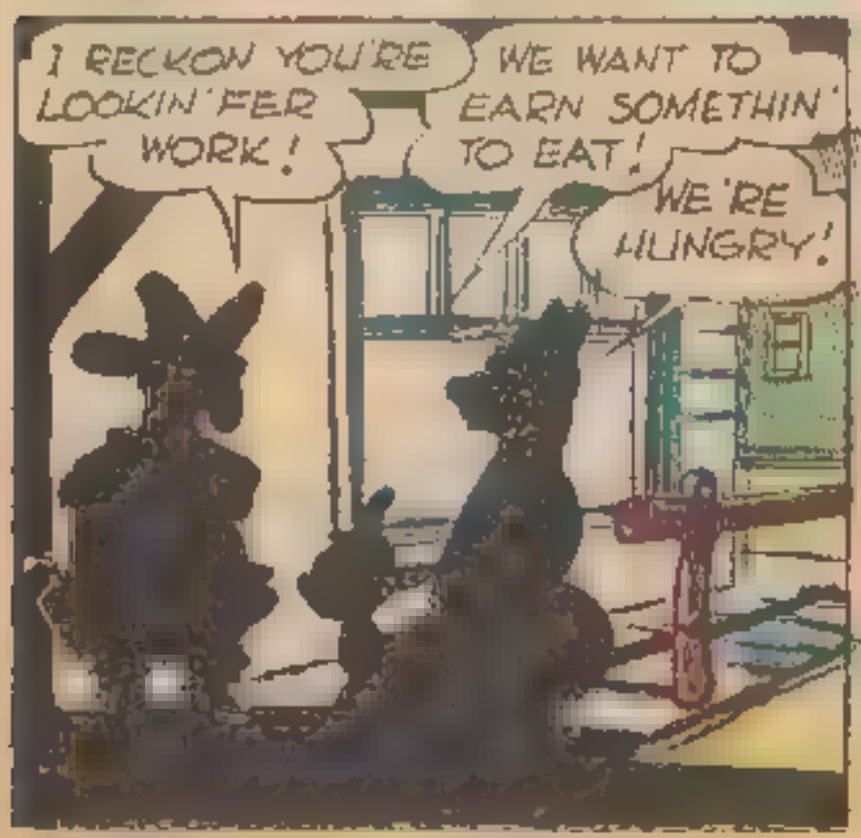

HERE'S A DESERTED NEWSPAPER OFFICE!
THAT MUST BE THEIR LAST EDITION IN THE WINDOW!


DAILY NEWS
DREADFUL GROANS HEARD AGAIN
MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS FROM GHOST DESERT SPREAD NEW WAVE OF TERROR!
Citizens prepare to flee for lives!
GHOST DESERT


MYSTERIOUS GROANS! SO THAT'S WHY EVERYBODY LEFT TOWN?
I AIN'T SCARED! ARE WE, BENNY?


I AIN'T SCARED EH? YOU'RE JUST THE GUYS I'M LOOKIN FER!


WH-WHO'RE YOU? WE THOUGHT EVERYBODY HAD LEFT TOWN!
I'M THE TOWN MARSHAL! I CAN'T LEAVE – DOGGONE IT!

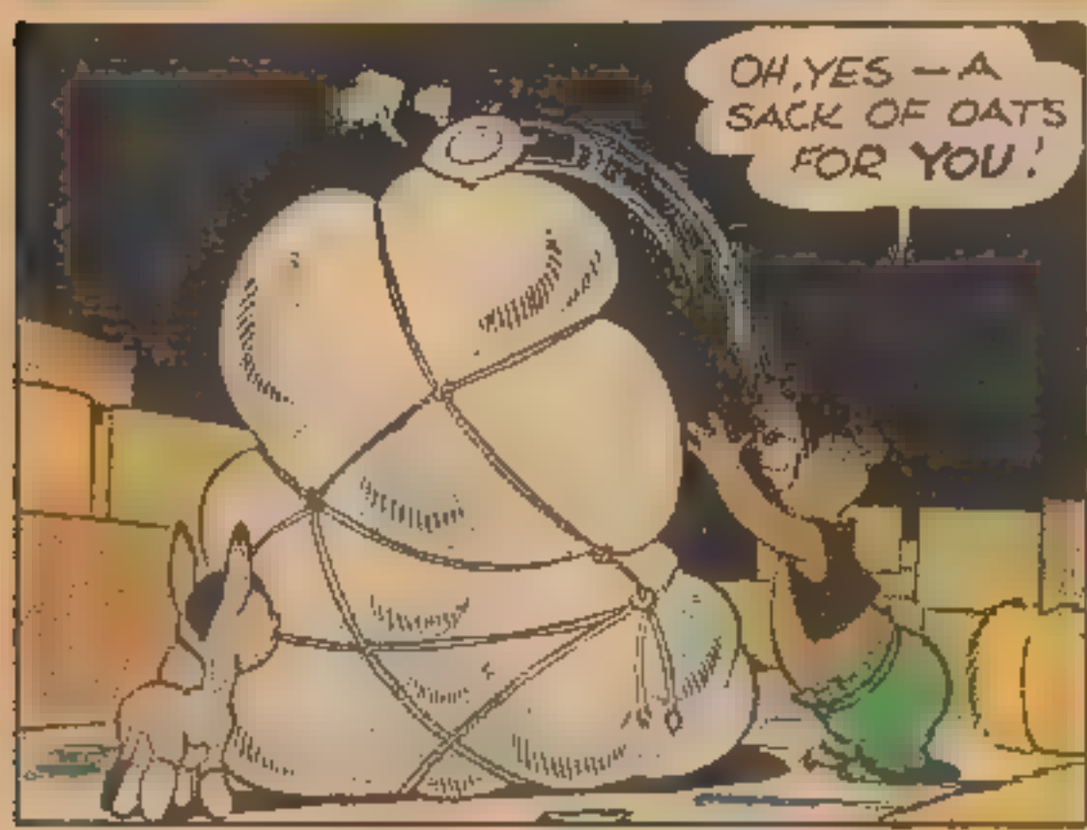

I RECKON YOU'RE LOOKIN' FER WORK!
WE WANT TO EARN SOMETHIN' TO EAT!
WE'RE HUNGRY!

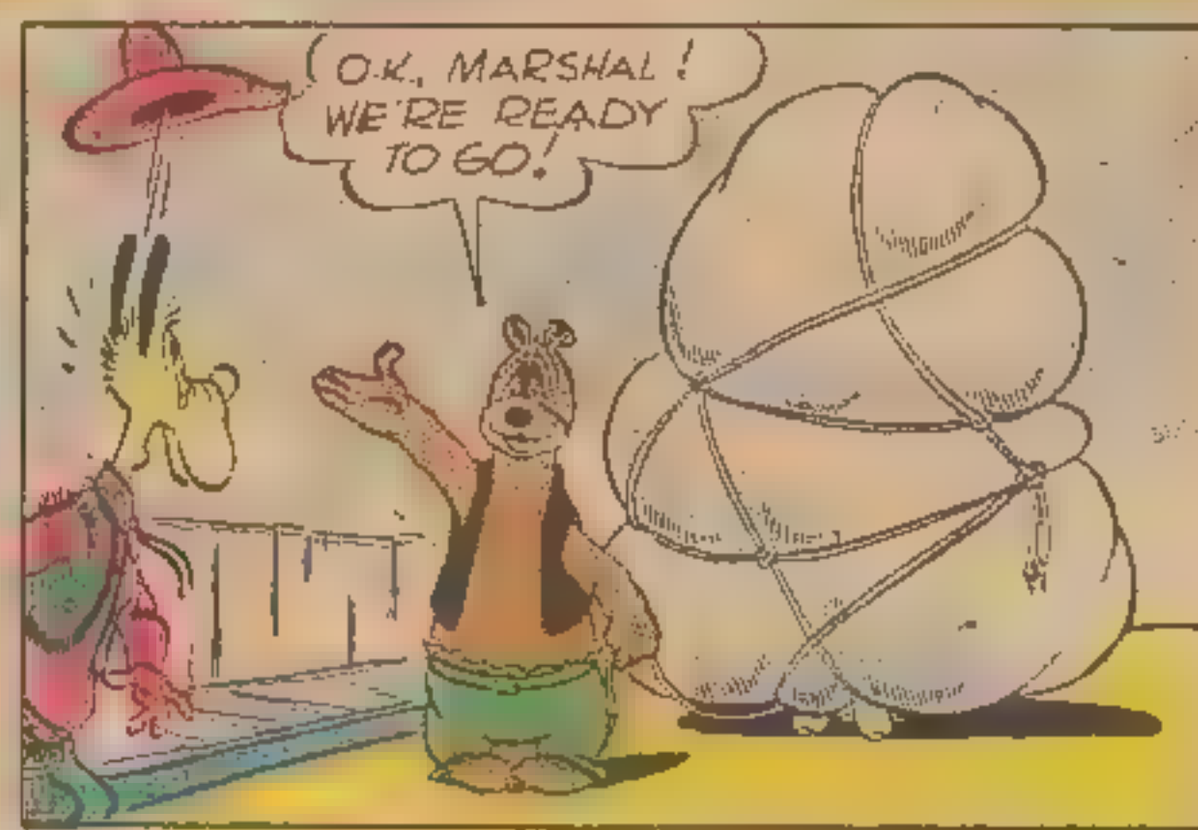
SWELL! I HAVE A JOB THAT'LL JUST SUIT YOU BRAVE BOYS!

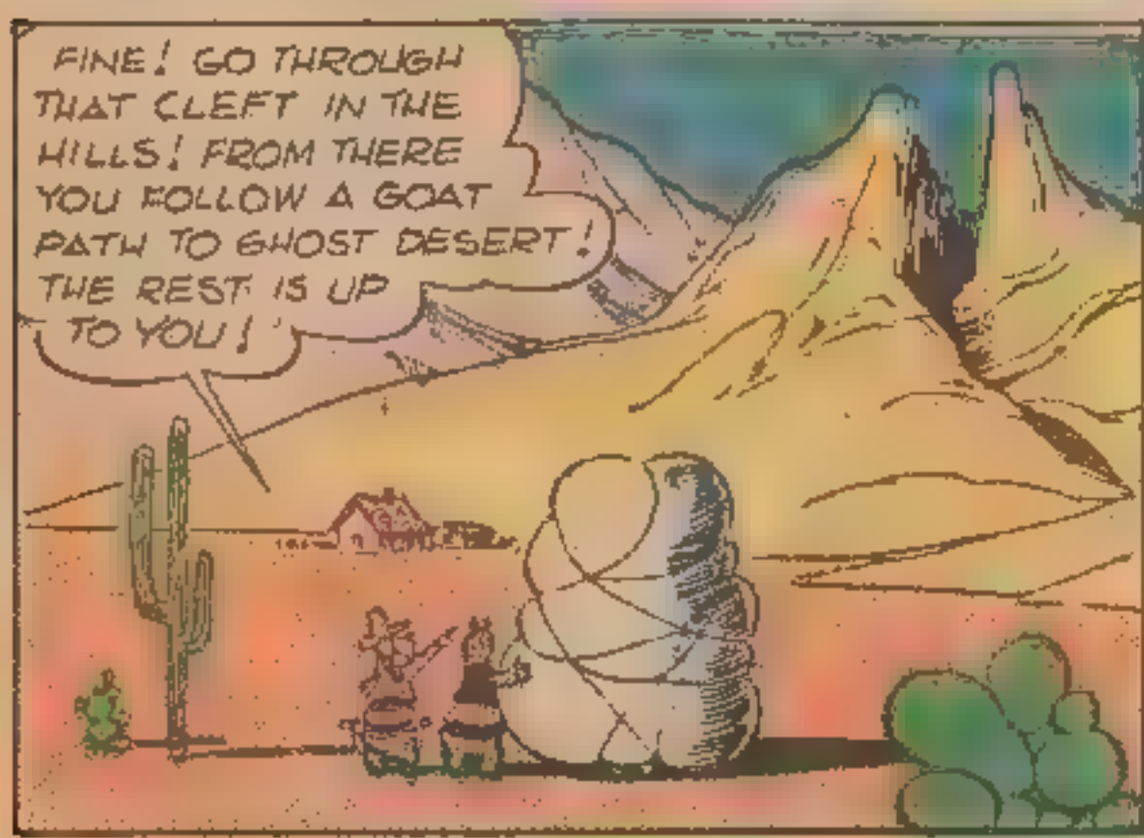
I APPOINT YOU DEPUTIES TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF THE TERRIBLE GROANS!

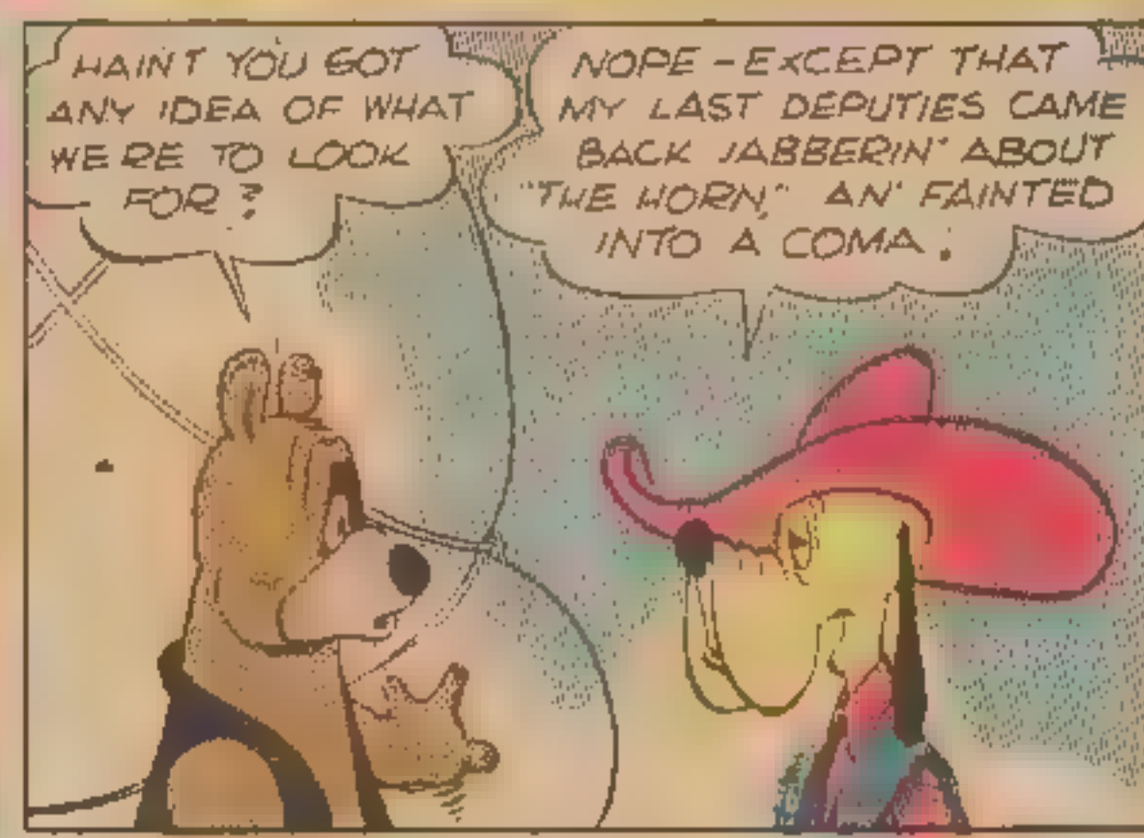
WRITE DOWN THE NAMES OF YOUR NEXT OF KIN, SO I CAN NOTIFY 'EM IN CASE –
IN CASE OF WHAT?
IN CASE WE COME BACK WITH WINGS AND A HARP!

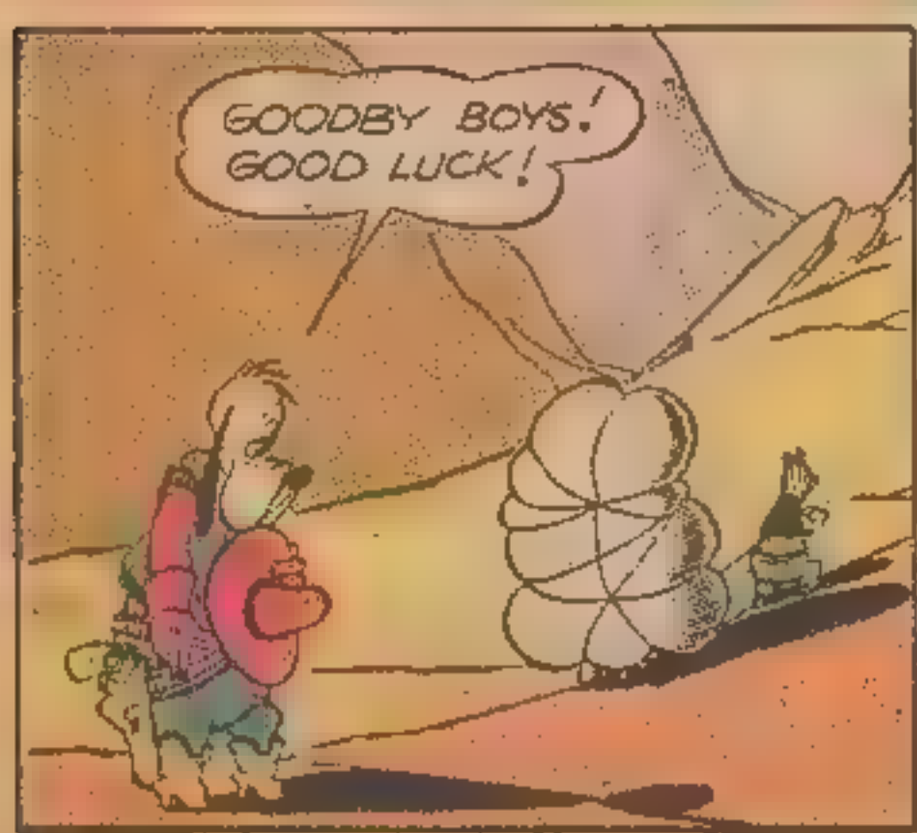
THE MARSHAL DIRECTS THEM TO A WAREHOUSE WHERE THEY FIND SUPPLIES FOR THE JOURNEY AHEAD!
LET'S SEE – THAT'S A CASE OF BEANS FOR ME – TWO HAMS FOR ME + A BARREL OF FLOUR FOR ME – SYRUP, RICE CAKE, EGGS, BUTTER, AND SAUSAGE FOR ME! WHAT ELSE DO WE NEED?

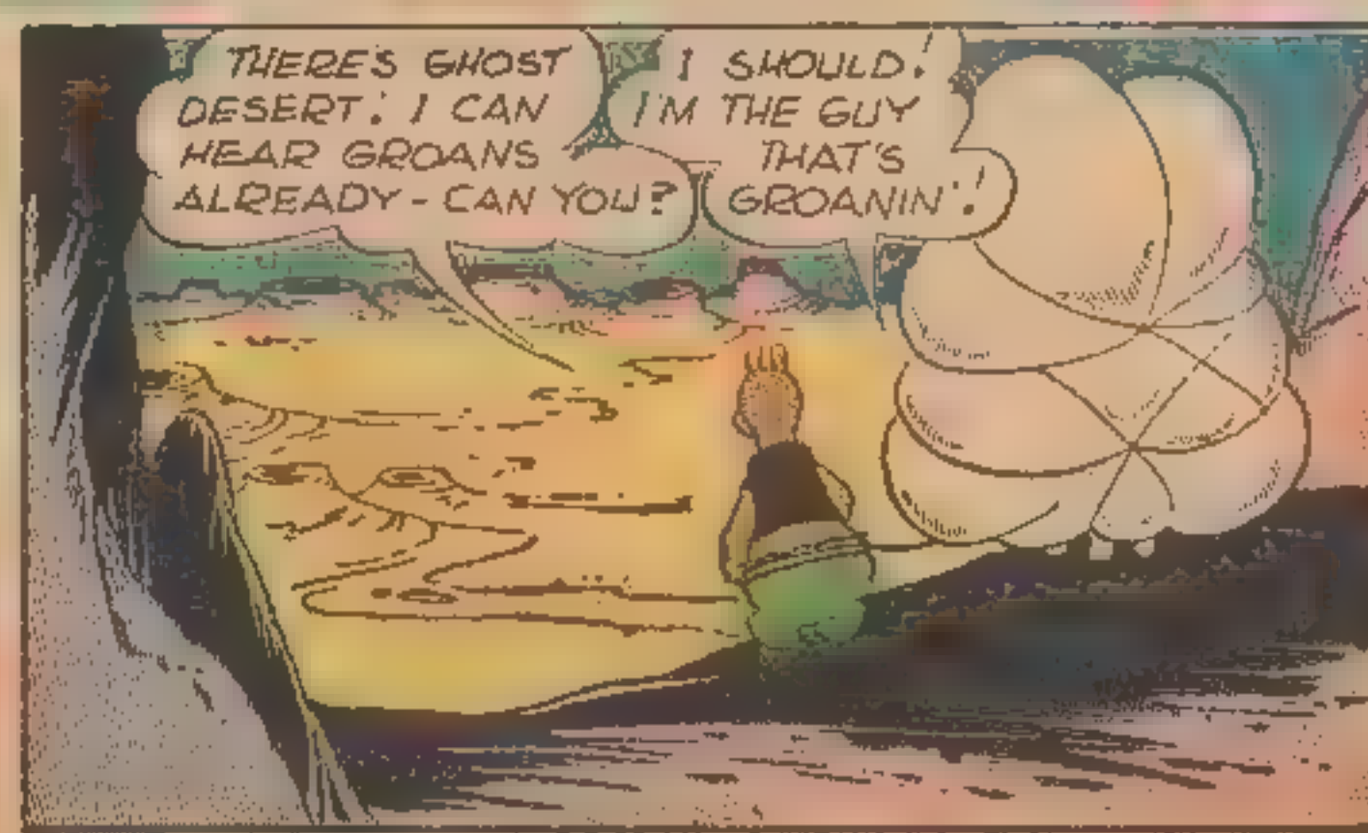

OH, YES – A SACK OF OATS FOR YOU!


O.K., MARSHAL! WE'RE READY TO GO!

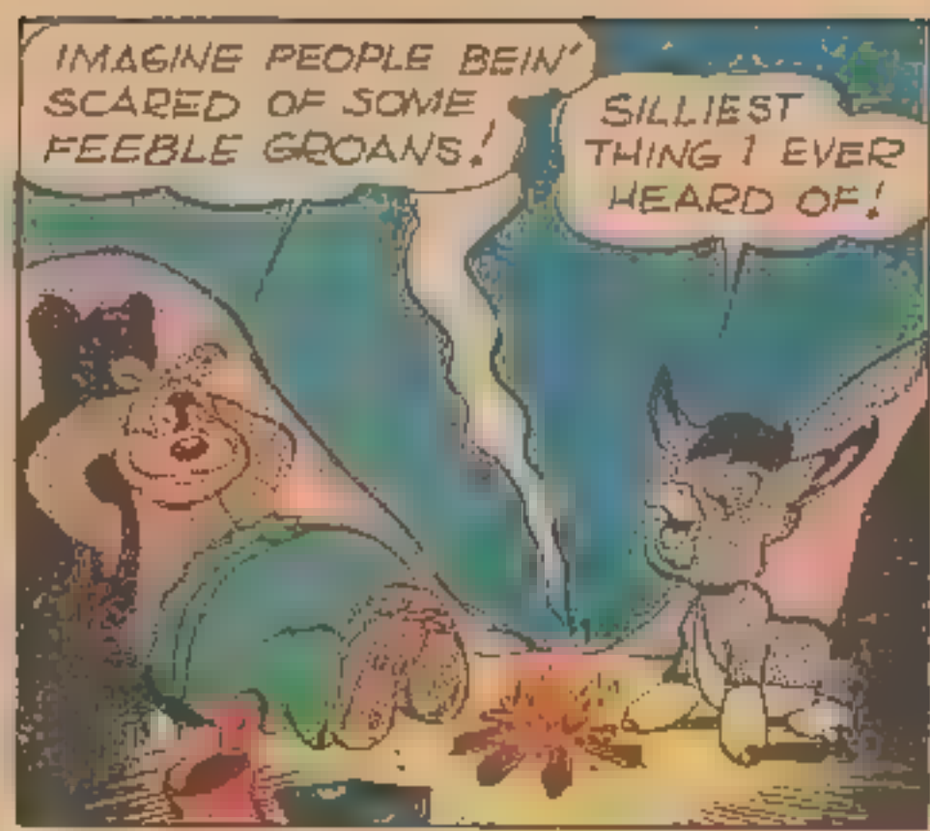

FINE! GO THROUGH THAT CLEFT IN THE HILLS! FROM THERE YOU FOLLOW A GOAT PATH TO GHOST DESERT! THE REST IS UP TO YOU!

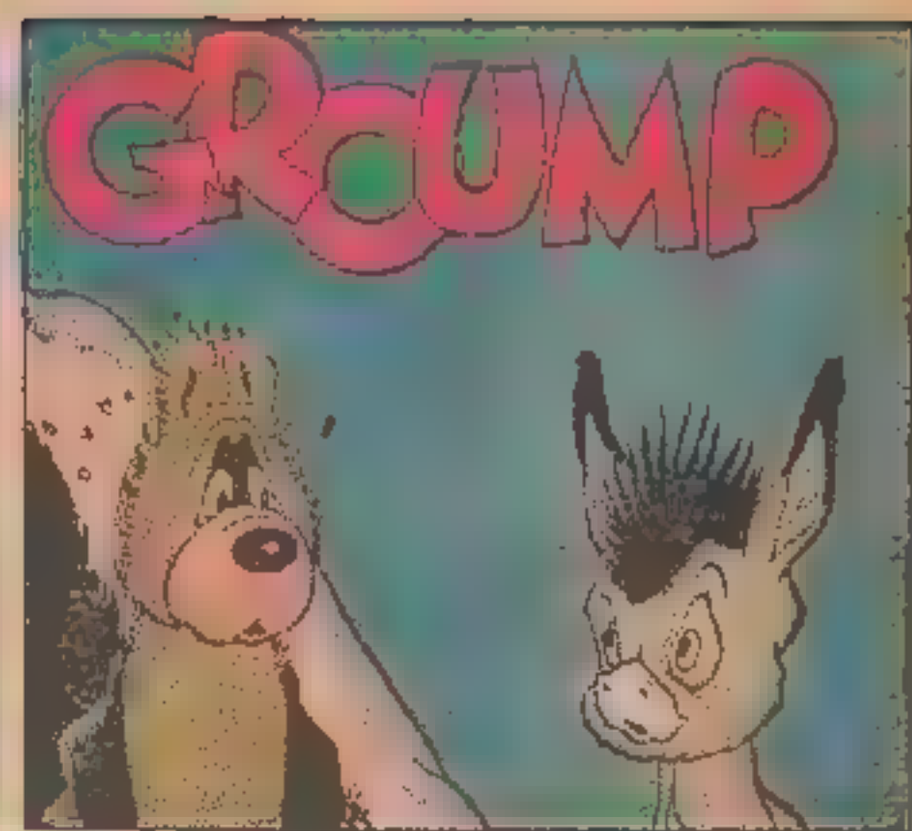

HAIN'T YOU GOT ANY IDEA OF WHAT WE'RE TO LOOK FOR?
NOPE – EXCEPT THAT MY LAST DEPUTIES CAME BACK JABBERIN' ABOUT "THE HORN," AN' FAINTED INTO A COMA.

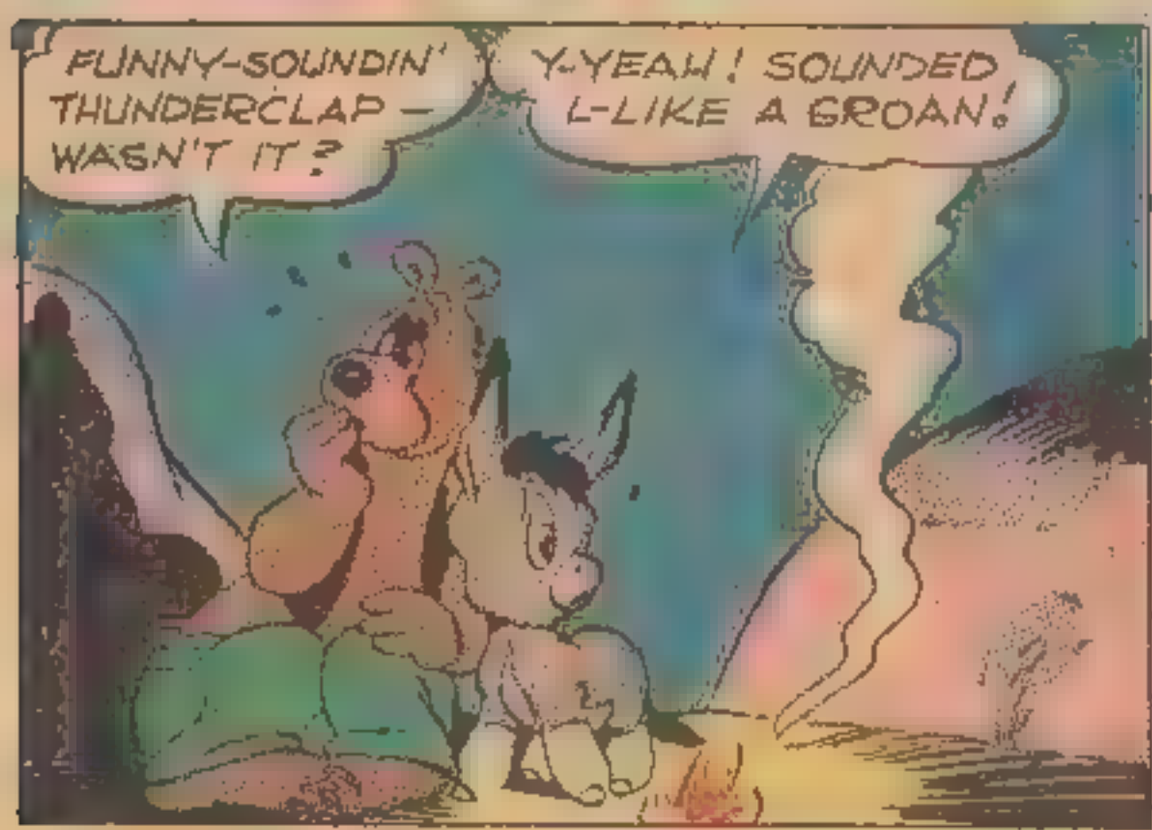

GOODBY BOYS! GOOD LUCK!

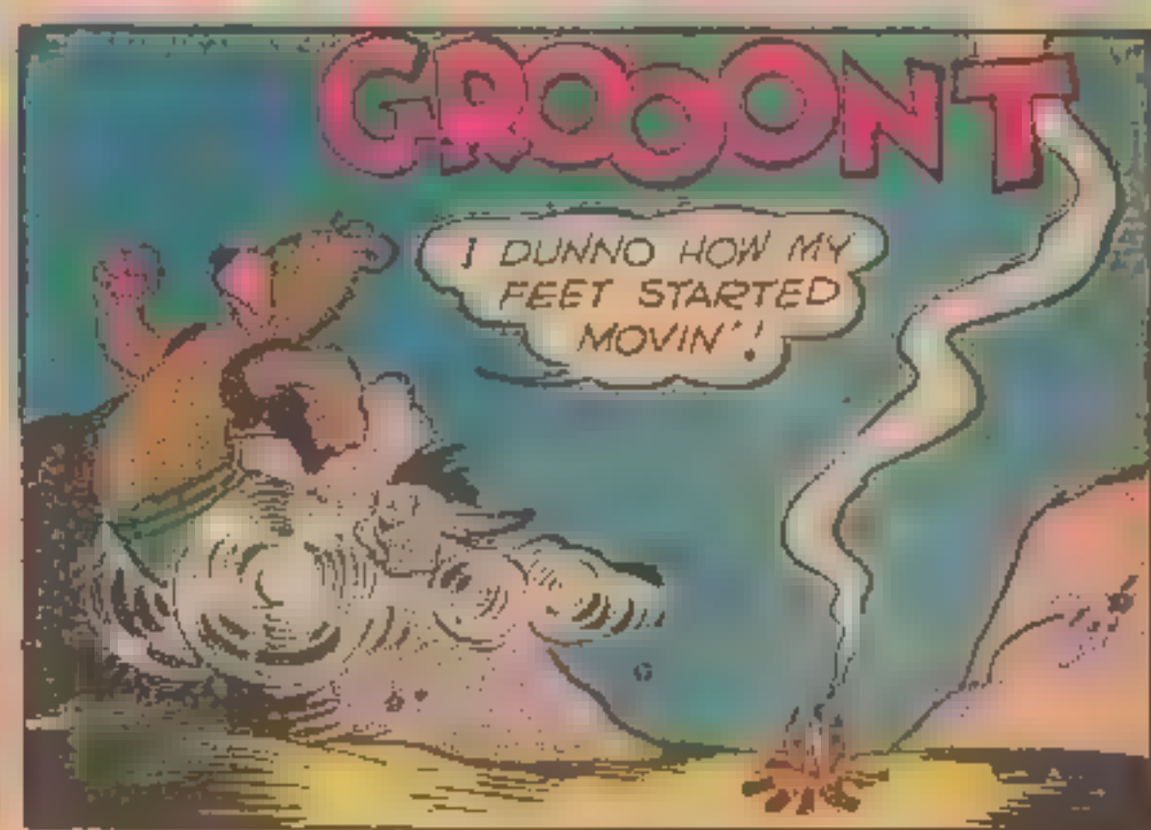

THERE'S GHOST DESERT! I CAN HEAR GROANS ALREADY – CAN YOU?
I SHOULD! I'M THE GUY THAT'S GROANIN'!

BARNEY AND BENNY MAKE AN EARLY CAMP IN THE DESERT, AND AFTER A VERY, VERY HEARTY MEAL THEIR COURAGE BECOMES FRIGHTFUL!

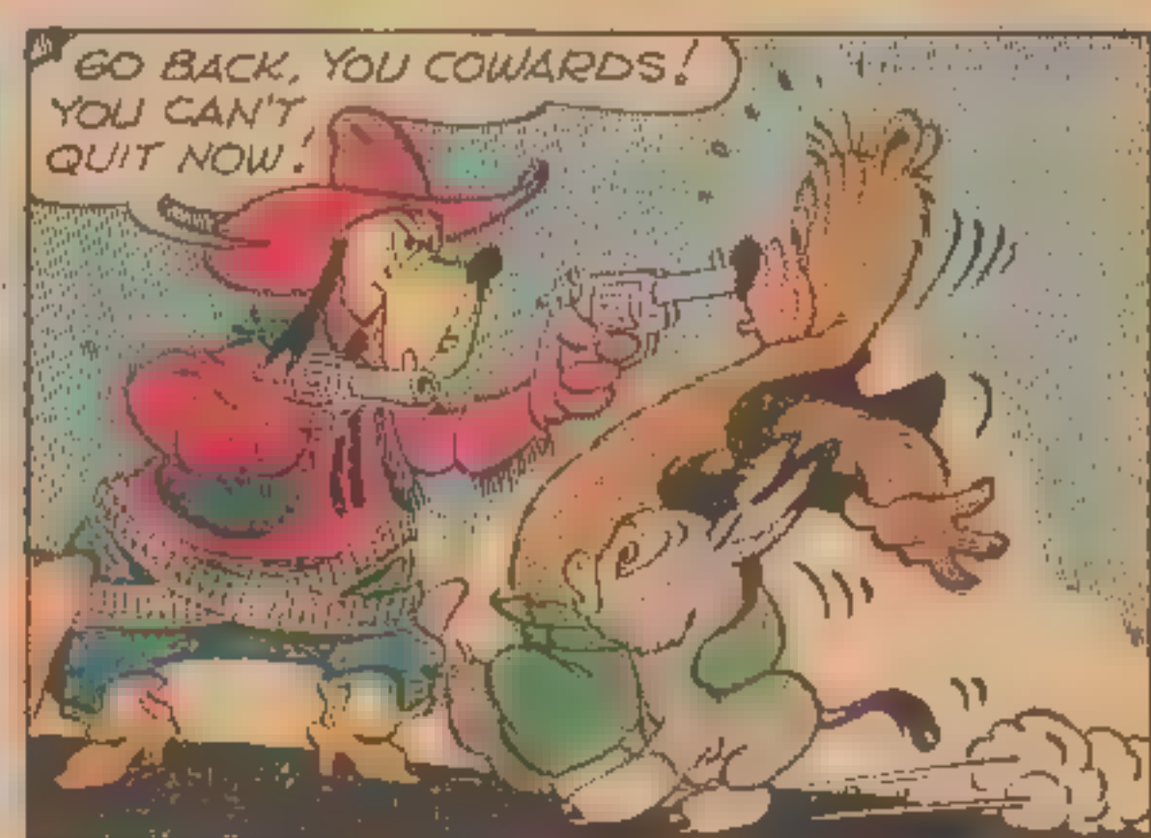

IMAGINE PEOPLE BEIN' SCARED OF SOME FEEBLE GROANS!
SILLIEST THING I EVER HEARD OF!

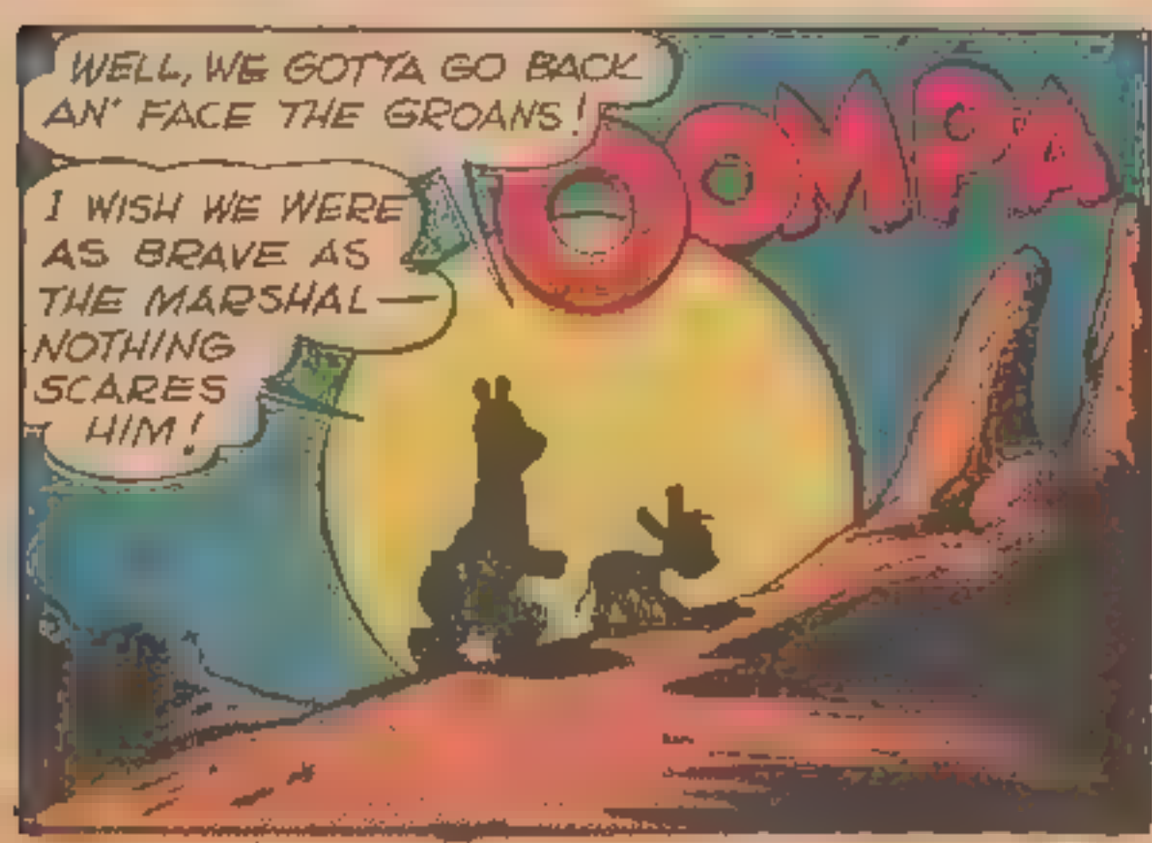

GROUMP

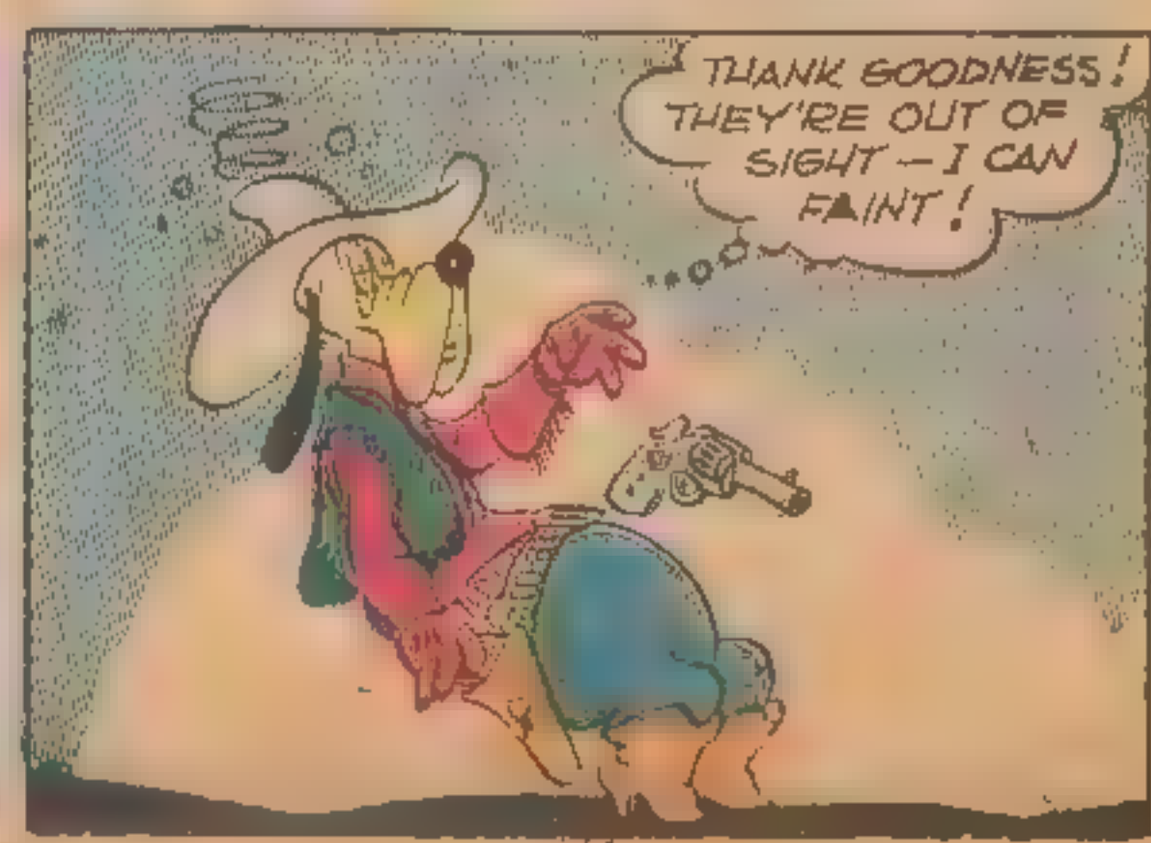

FUNNY-SOUNDIN' THUNDERCLAP — WASN'T IT?
Y-YEAH! SOUNDED L-LIKE A GROAN!

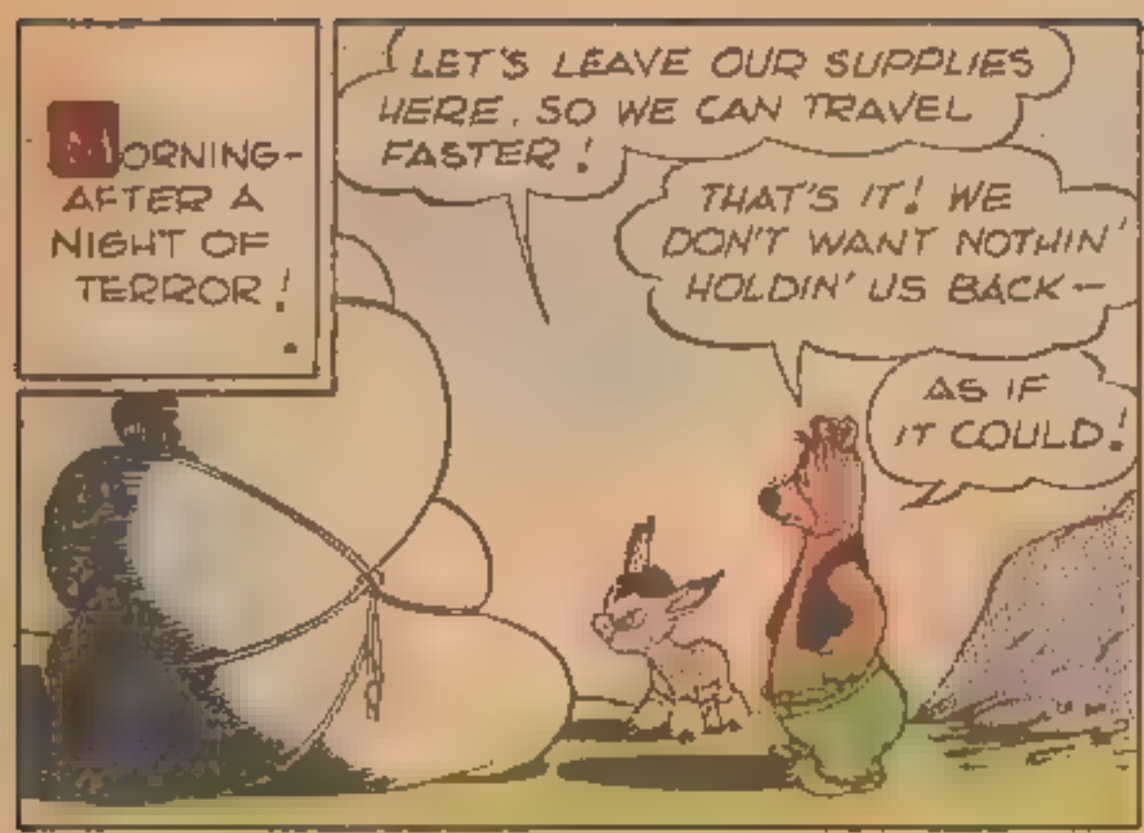

GROOONT
I DUNNO HOW MY FEET STARTED MOVIN'!

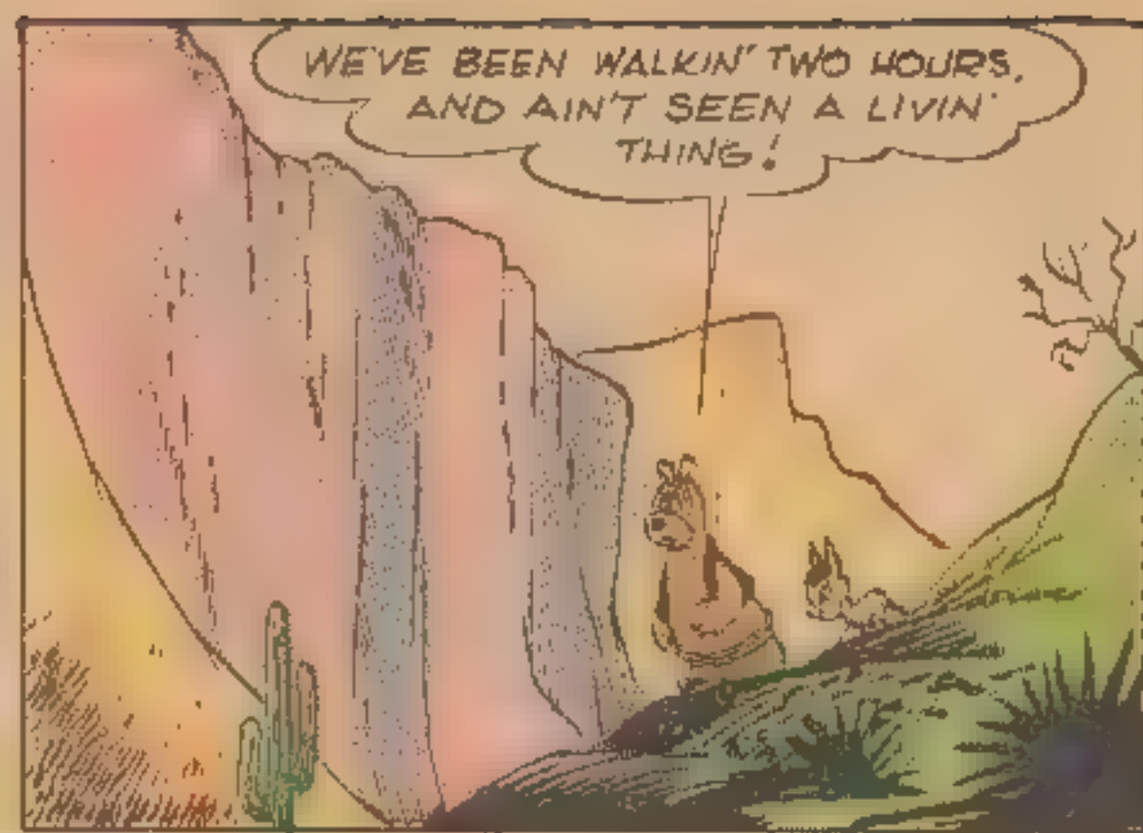
WE MUST BE ALMOST BACK TO TOWN!
WE WON'T STOP THERE!

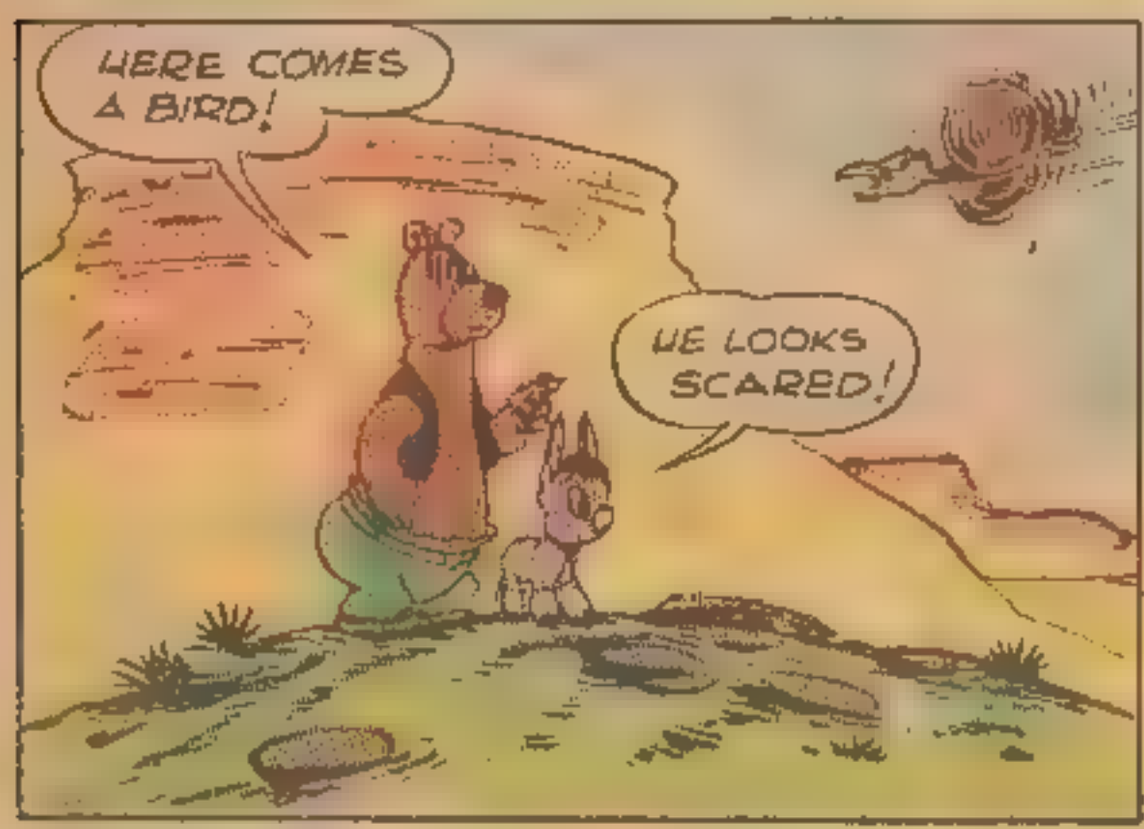

GO BACK, YOU COWARDS! YOU CAN'T QUIT NOW!


WELL, WE GOTTA GO BACK AN' FACE THE GROANS!
I WISH WE WERE AS BRAVE AS THE MARSHAL — NOTHING SCARES HIM!
OOMPA

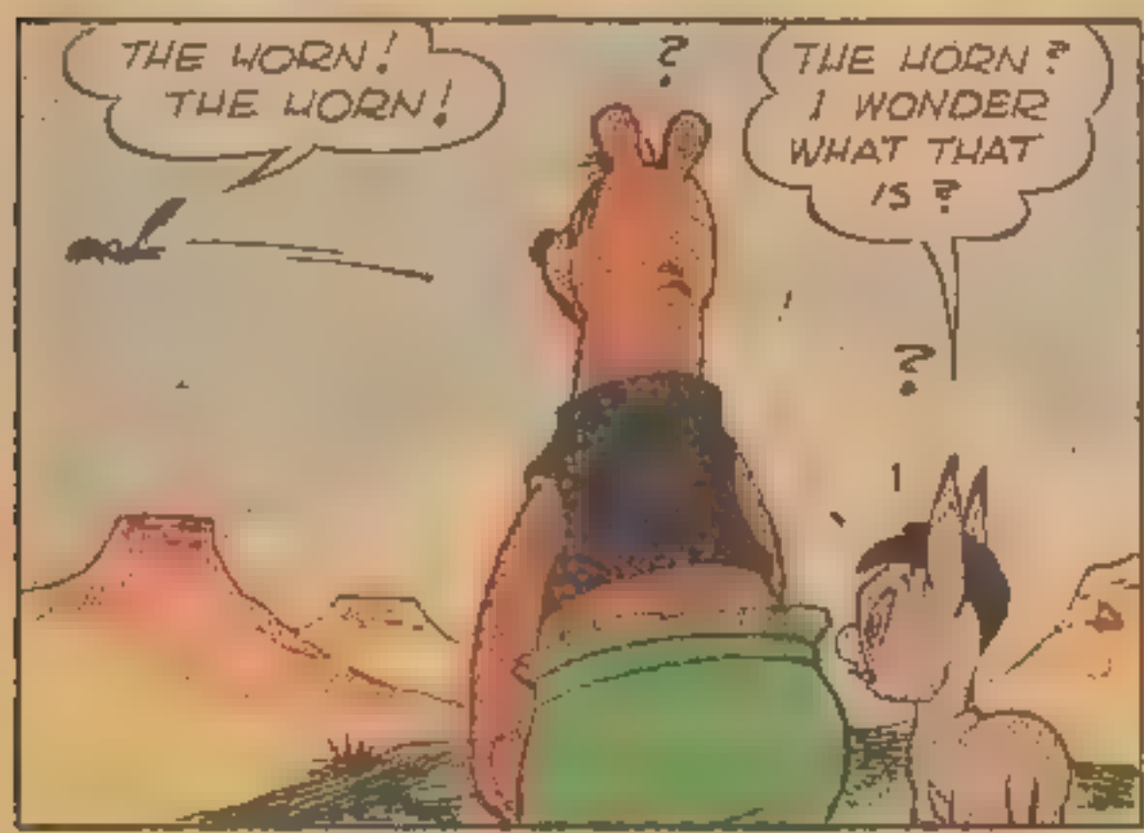

THANK GOODNESS! THEY'RE OUT OF SIGHT — I CAN FAINT!

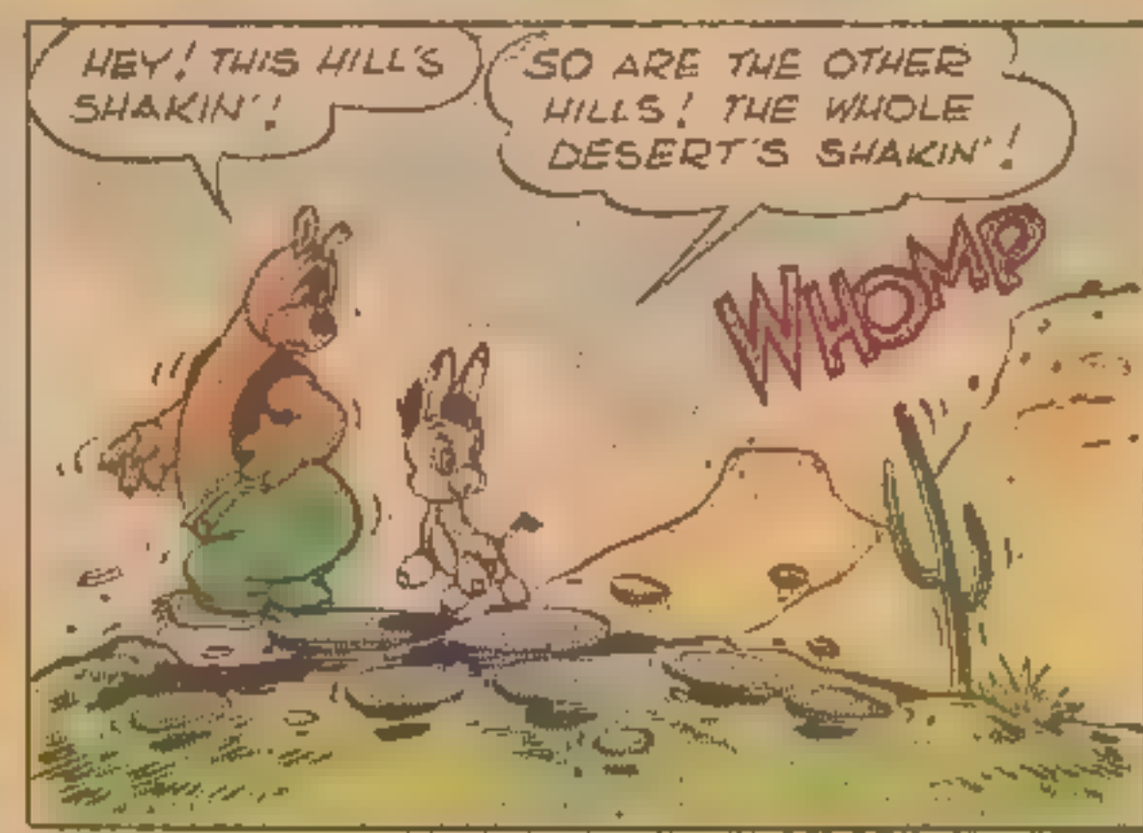

MORNING-AFTER A NIGHT OF TERROR!
LET'S LEAVE OUR SUPPLIES HERE, SO WE CAN TRAVEL FASTER!
THAT'S IT! WE DON'T WANT NOTHIN' HOLDIN' US BACK—
AS IF IT COULD!

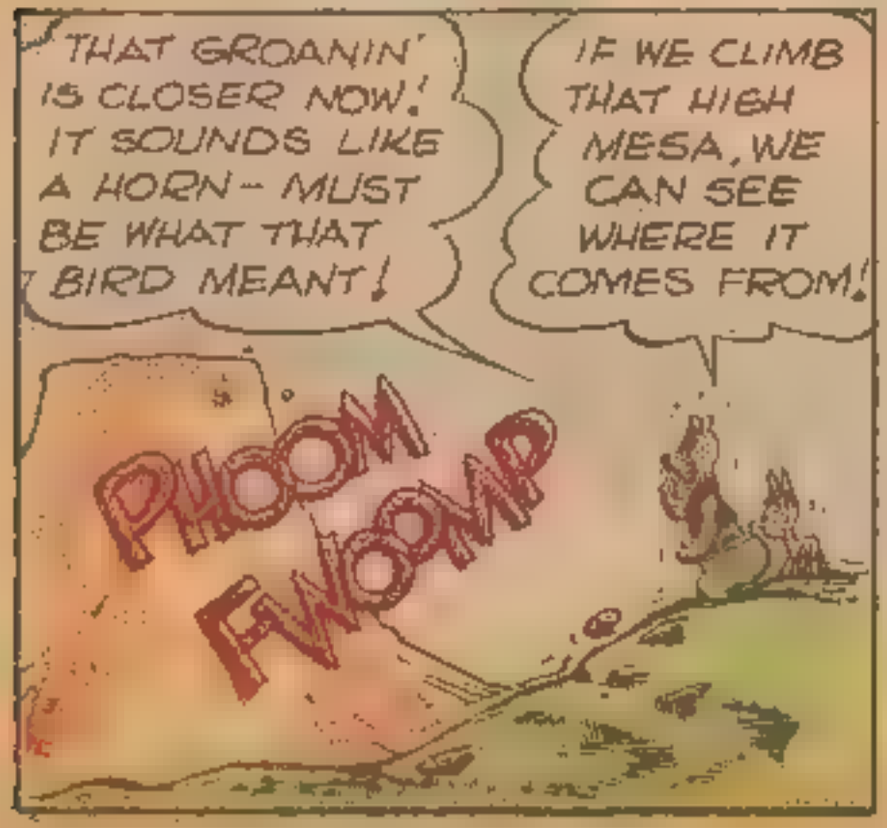

WE'VE BEEN WALKIN' TWO HOURS, AND AIN'T SEEN A LIVIN' THING!


HERE COMES A BIRD!
HE LOOKS SCARED!

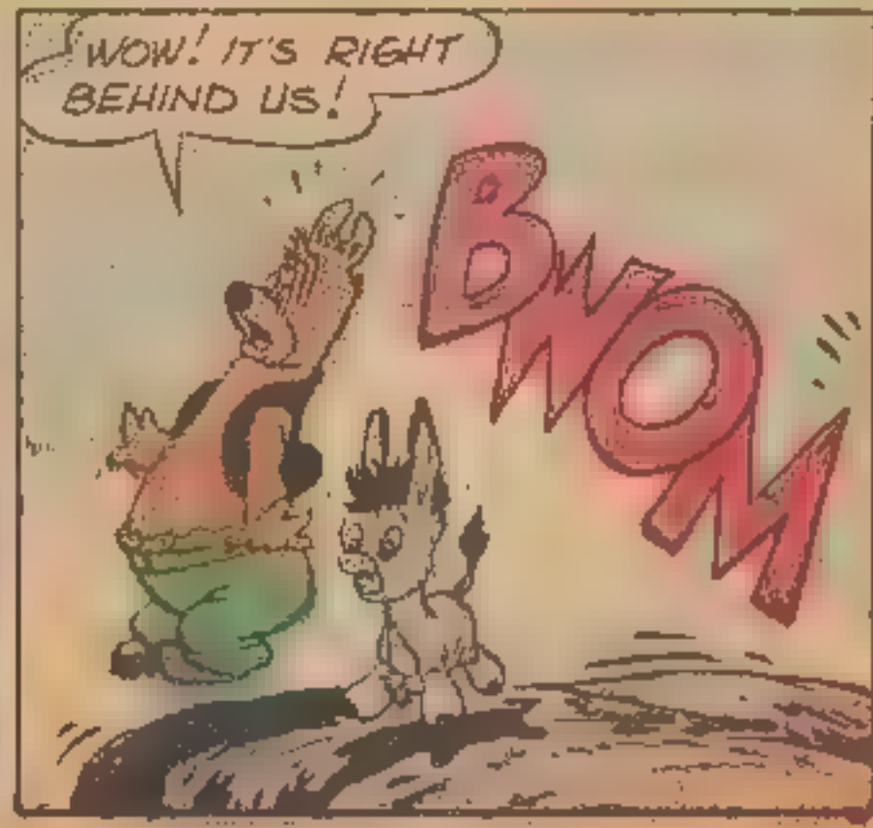
FLY FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S COMIN' AGAIN!
WH-WHAT'S COMIN'?

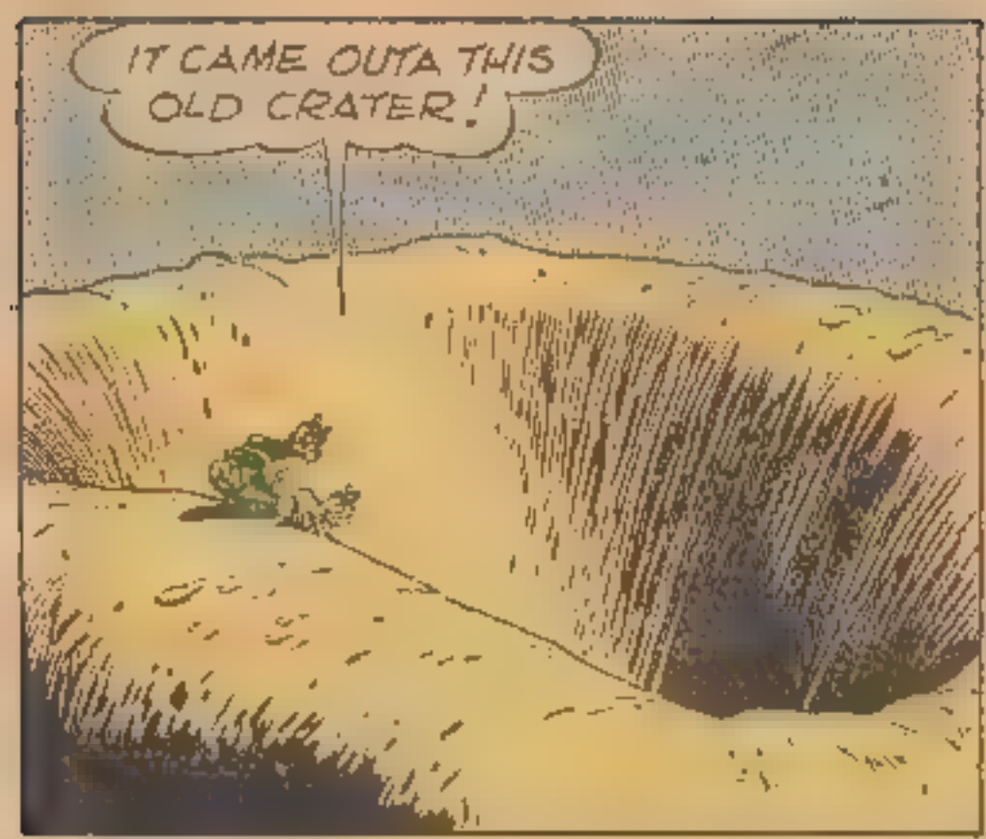

THE HORN! THE HORN!
?
THE HORN? I WONDER WHAT THAT IS?
?

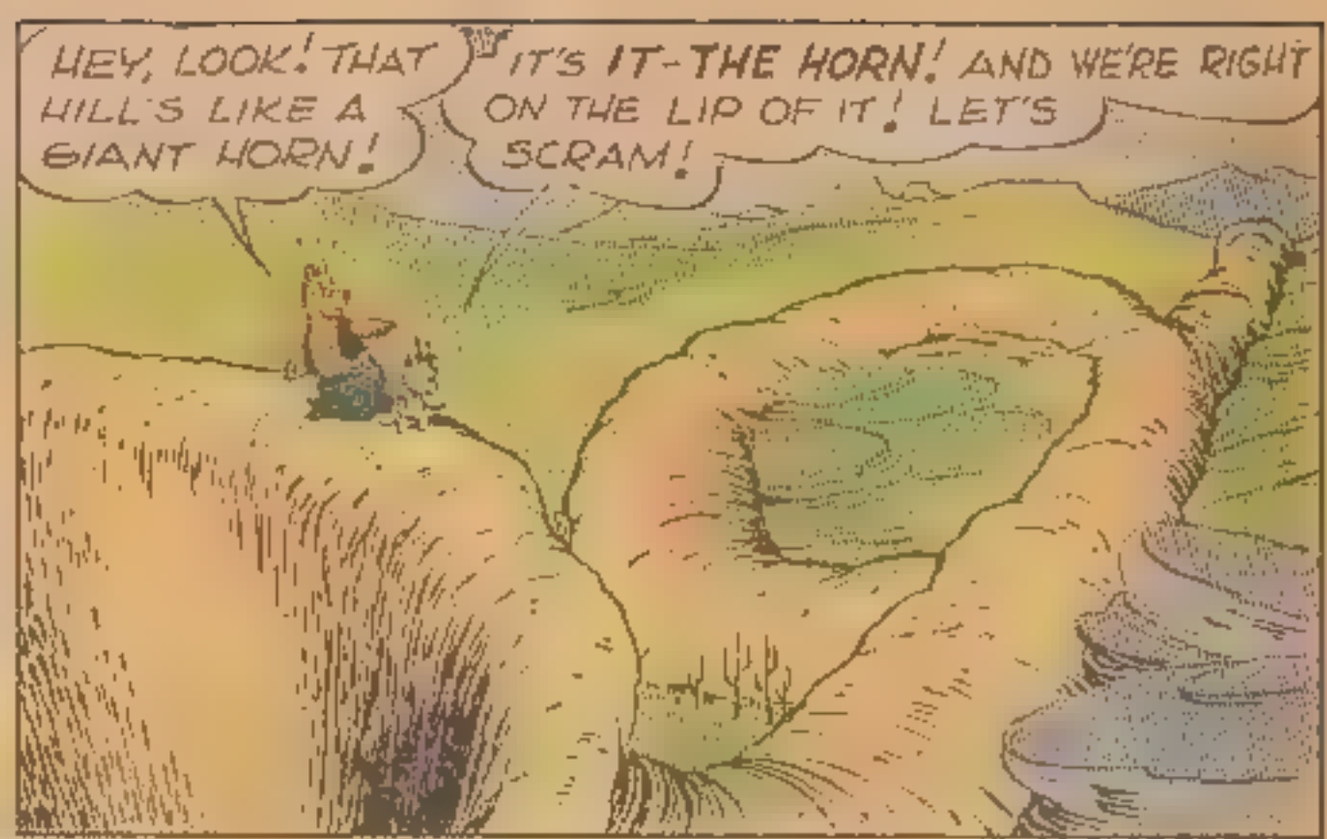

HEY! THIS HILL'S SHAKIN'!
SO ARE THE OTHER HILLS! THE WHOLE DESERT'S SHAKIN'!
WHOMP

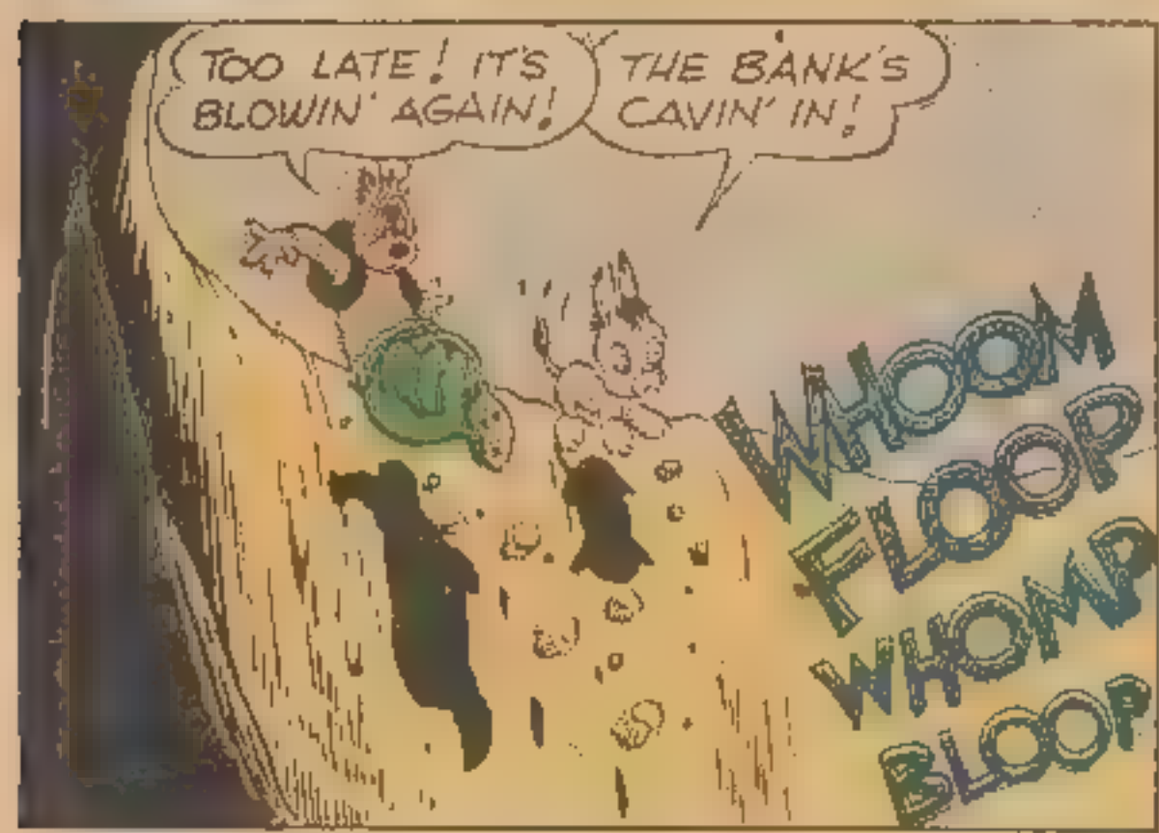

THAT GROANIN' IS CLOSER NOW! IT SOUNDS LIKE A HORN—MUST BE WHAT THAT BIRD MEANT!
IF WE CLIMB THAT HIGH MESA, WE CAN SEE WHERE IT COMES FROM!
PHOOM FWOOMP

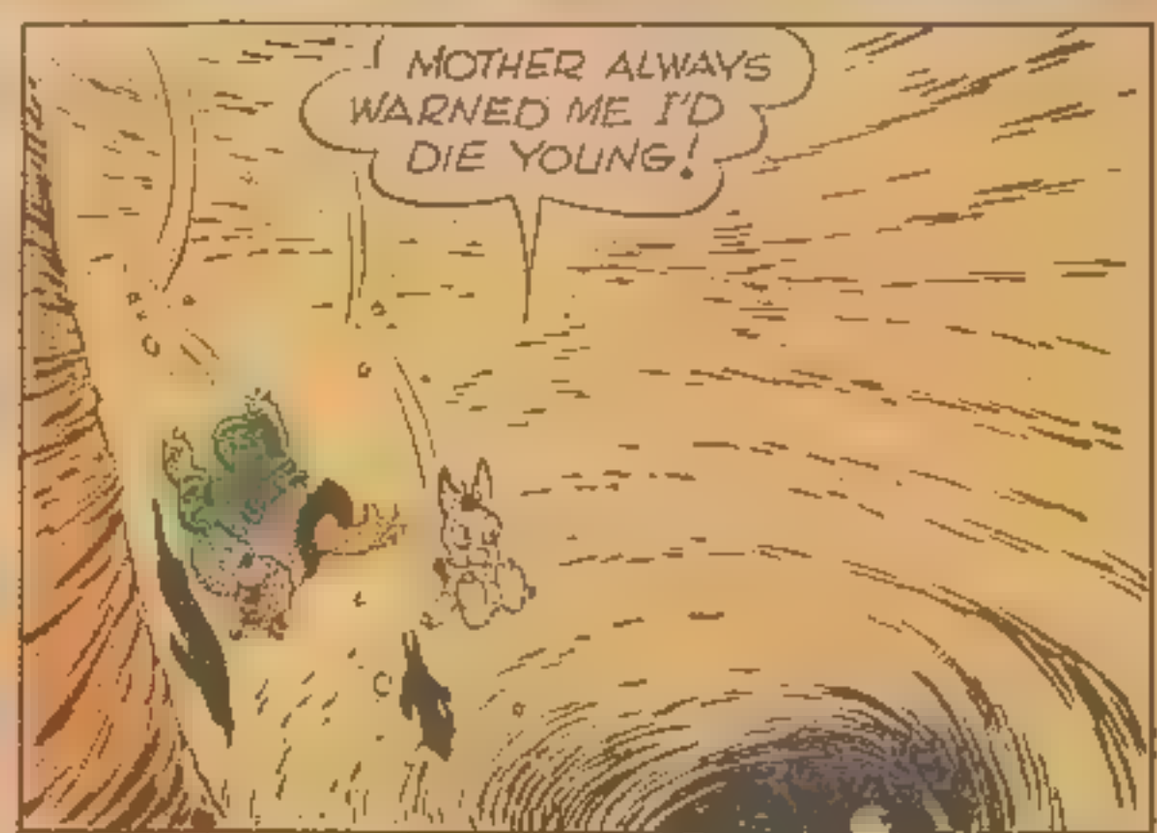
I FEEL A LOT SAFER UP HERE!
SO DO I!

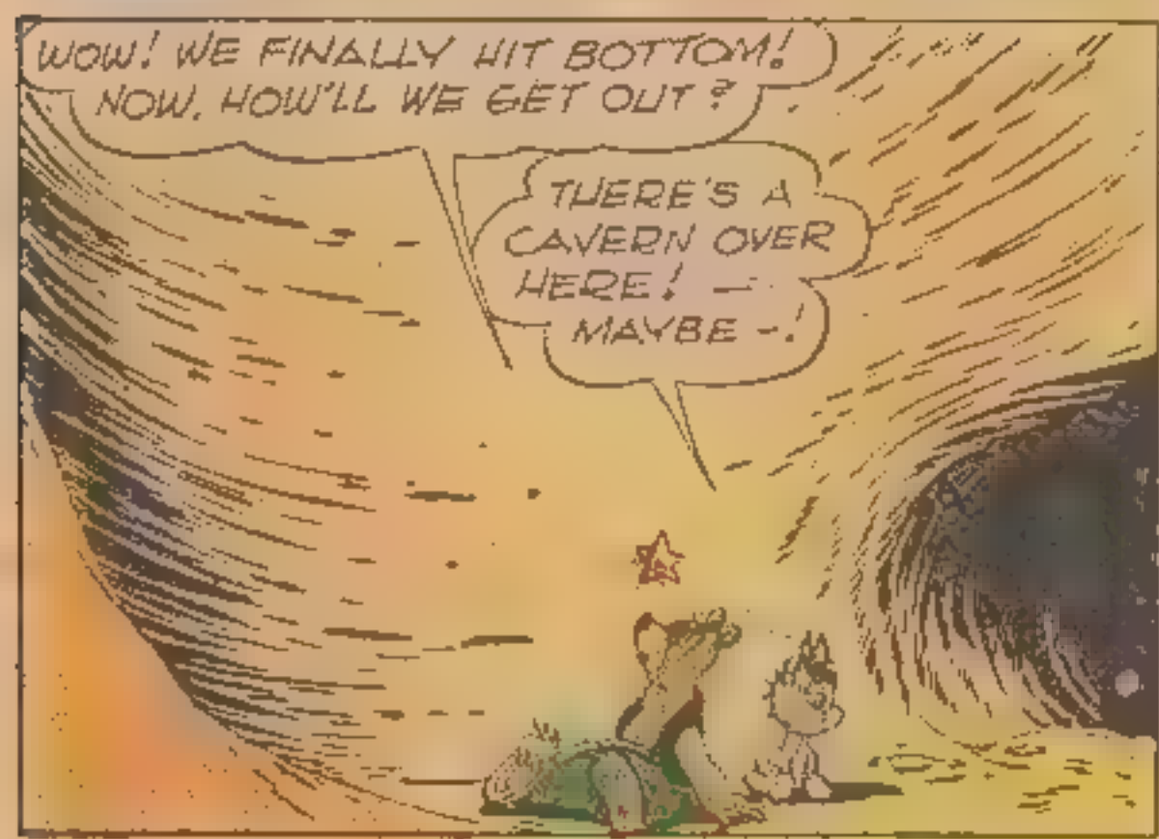

WOW! IT'S RIGHT BEHIND US!
BWOM

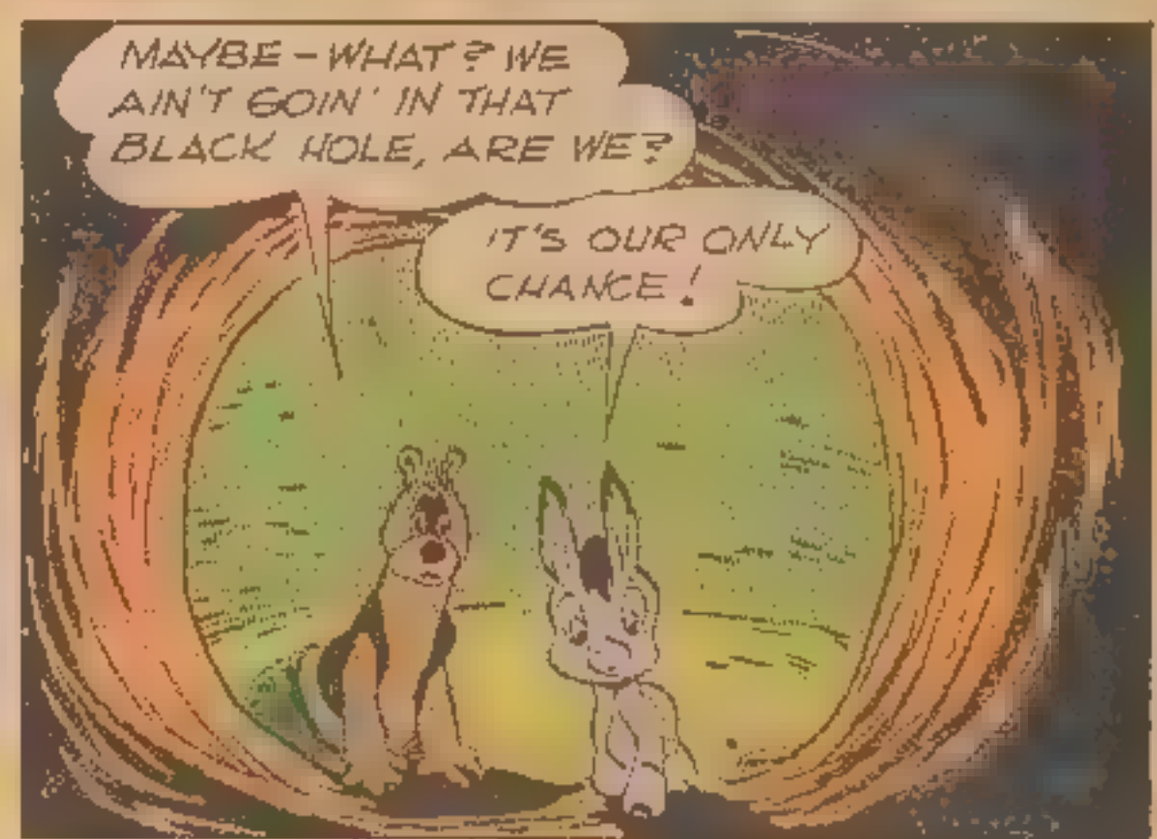

IT CAME OUTA THIS OLD CRATER!


HEY, LOOK! THAT HILL'S LIKE A GIANT HORN!
IT'S IT-THE HORN! AND WE'RE RIGHT ON THE LIP OF IT! LET'S SCRAM!


TOO LATE! IT'S BLOWIN' AGAIN!
THE BANK'S CAVIN' IN!
WHOOM
FLOOP
WHOMP
BLOOP


MOTHER ALWAYS WARNED ME I'D DIE YOUNG!

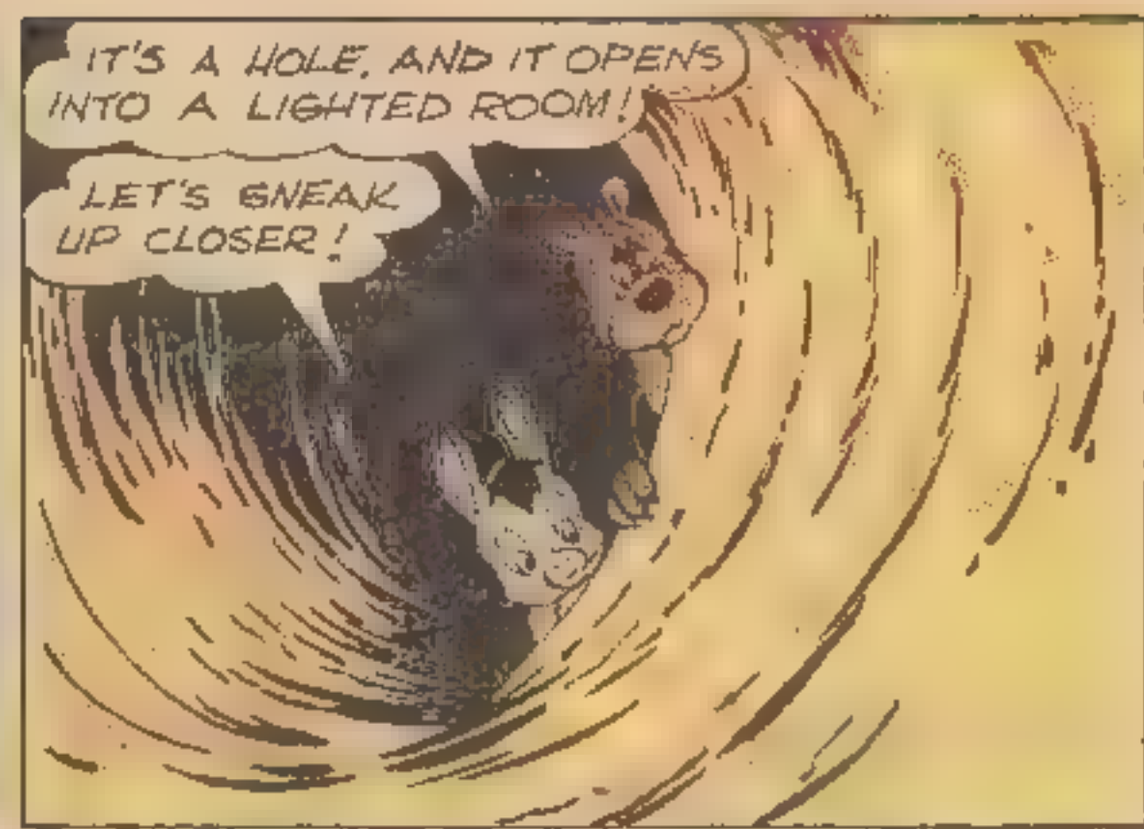

WOW! WE FINALLY HIT BOTTOM! NOW, HOW'LL WE GET OUT?
THERE'S A CAVERN OVER HERE! — MAYBE —!

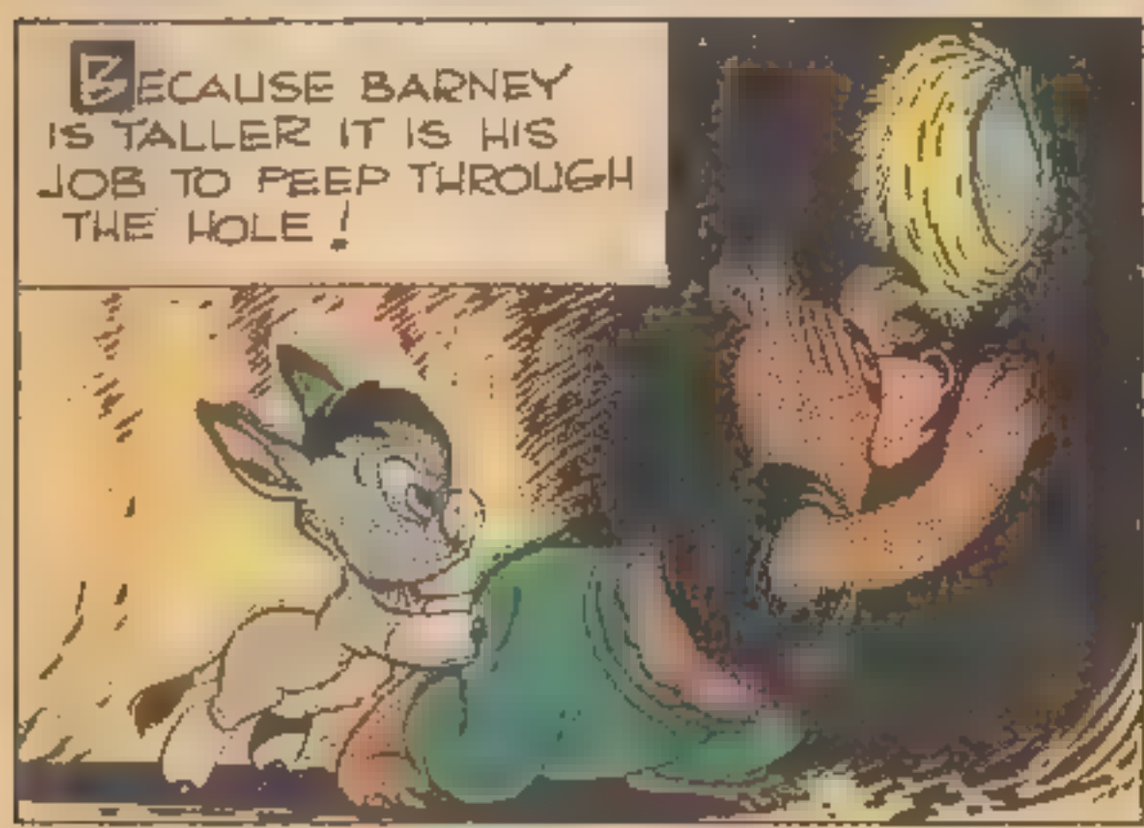

MAYBE — WHAT? WE AIN'T GOIN' IN THAT BLACK HOLE, ARE WE?
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

WHAT IF IT ENDS IN A BLANK WALL?
IT WON'T! THIS THING'S A HORN — AND A HORN'S GOTTA HAVE TWO ENDS!

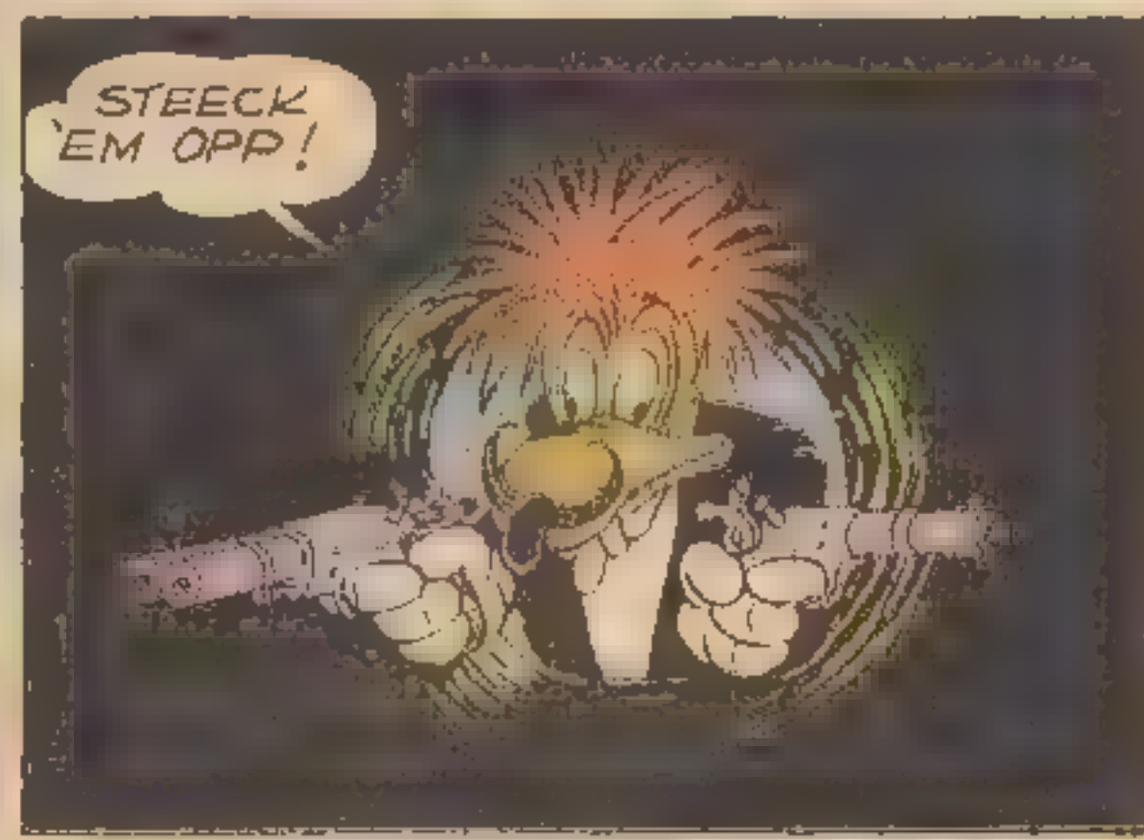
WHAT DYUH FIGGER WE'LL FIND AT THE OTHER END?
I DON'T KNOW — A GIANT, MAYBE!

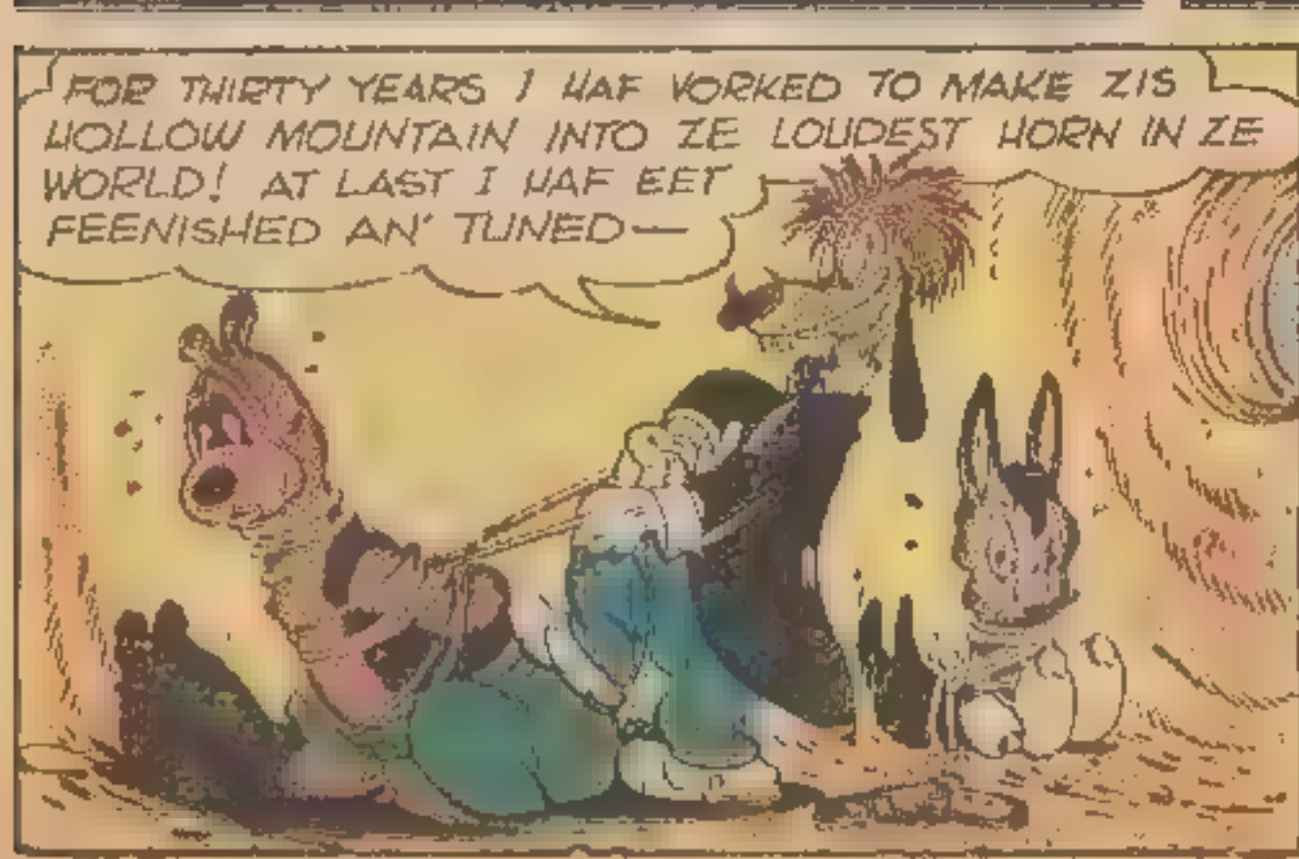
SHH! THERE'S A SPOT OF LIGHT AHEAD!

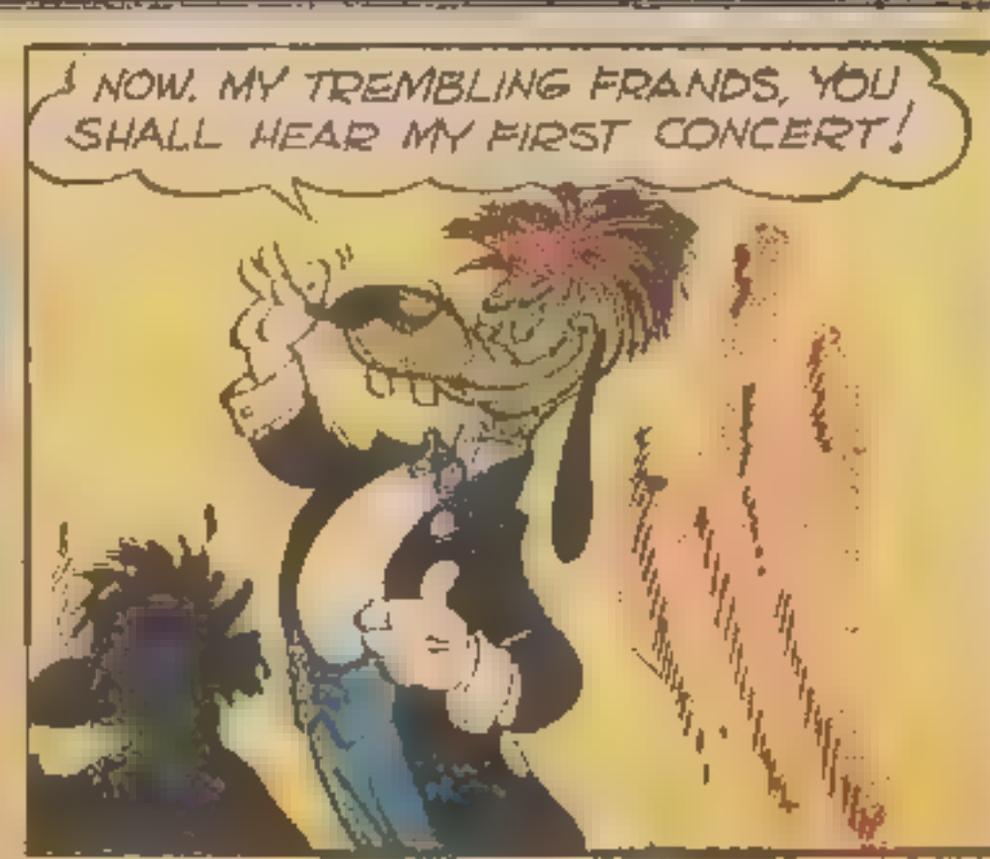

IT'S A HOLE, AND IT OPENS INTO A LIGHTED ROOM!
LET'S SNEAK UP CLOSER!

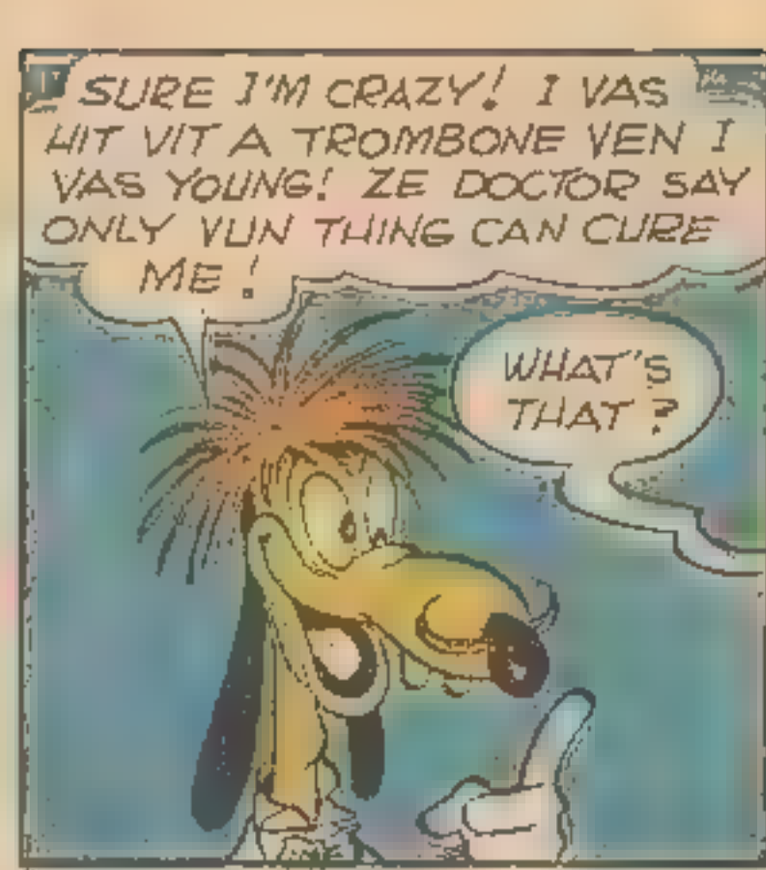

BECAUSE BARNEY IS TALLER IT IS HIS JOB TO PEEP THROUGH THE HOLE!

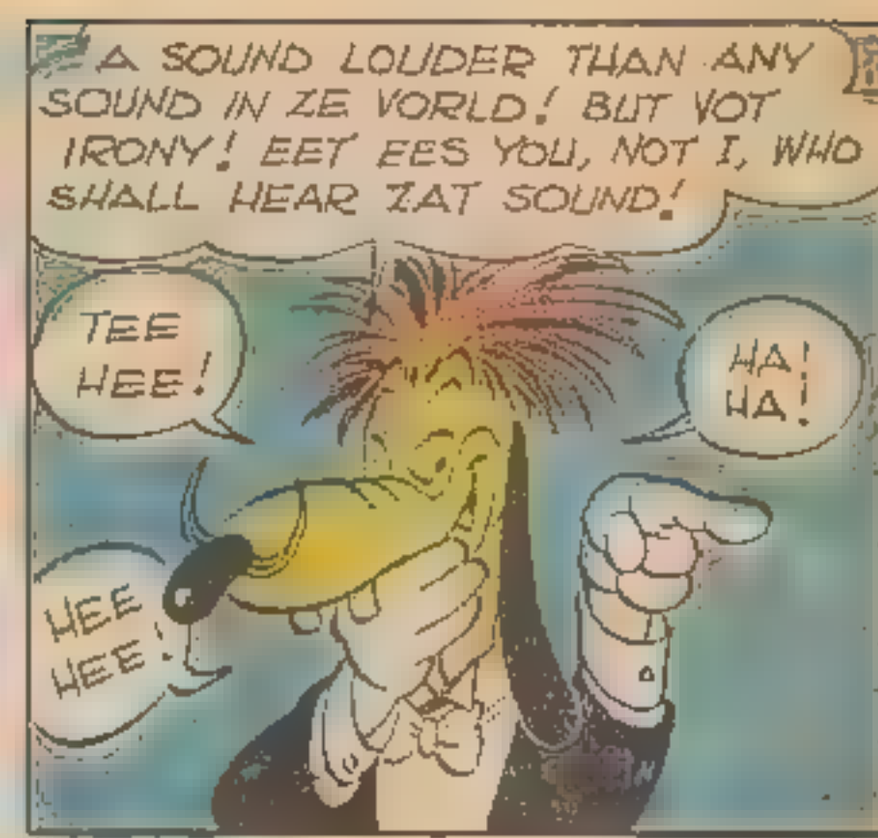
VOT EES ?
HA! VEESITORS!
SO GEEFS!
HA!
HA! HA!
HEE! HEE!

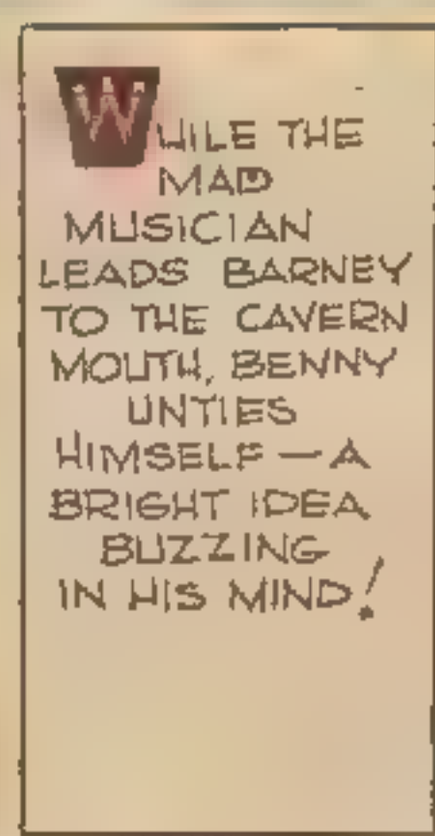

STEECK 'EM OPP!

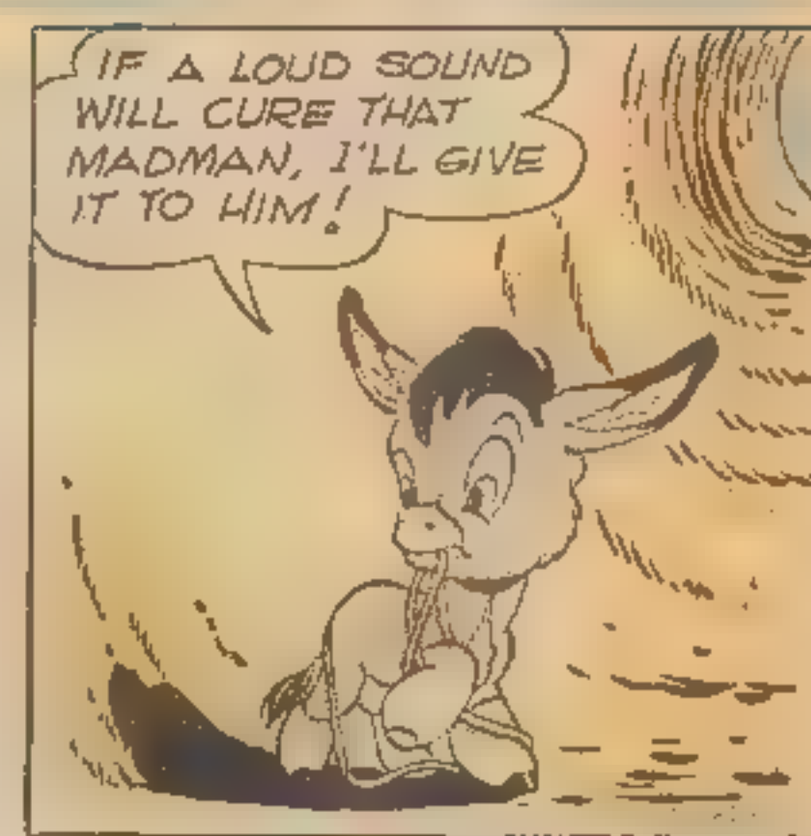

FOR THIRTY YEARS I HAF VORKED TO MAKE ZIS HOLLOW MOUNTAIN INTO ZE LOUDEST HORN IN ZE WORLD! AT LAST I HAF EET FEENISHED AN' TUNED—

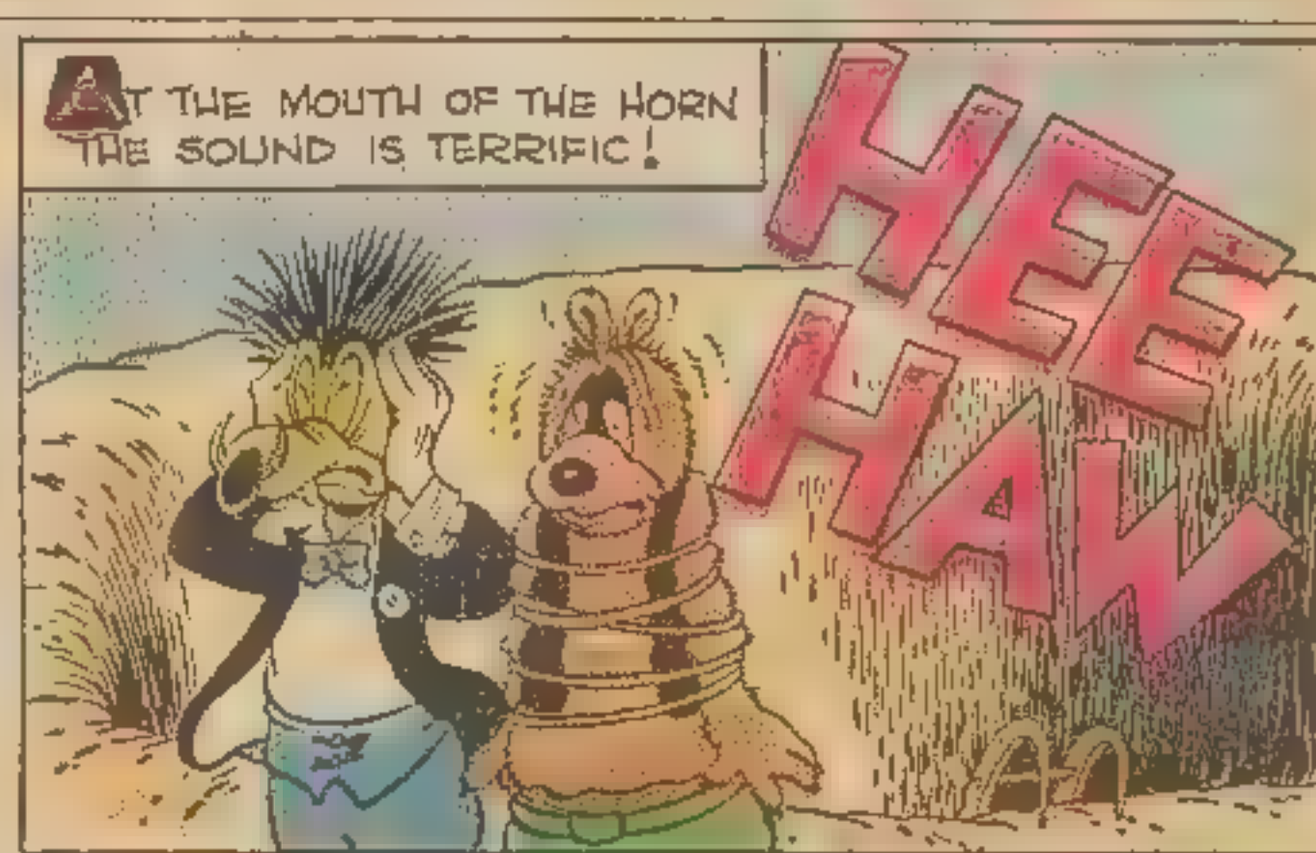

NOW, MY TREMBLING FRANDS, YOU SHALL HEAR MY FIRST CONCERT!

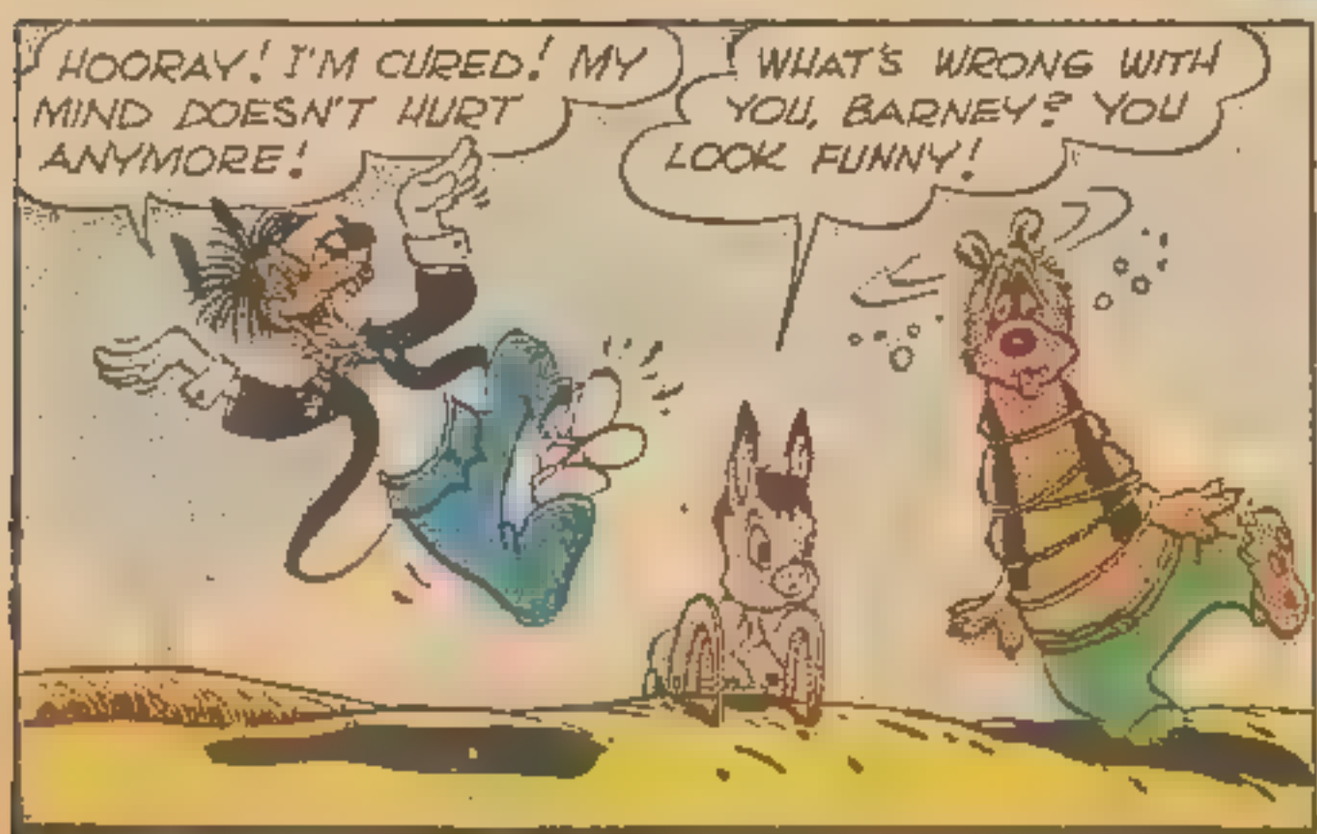


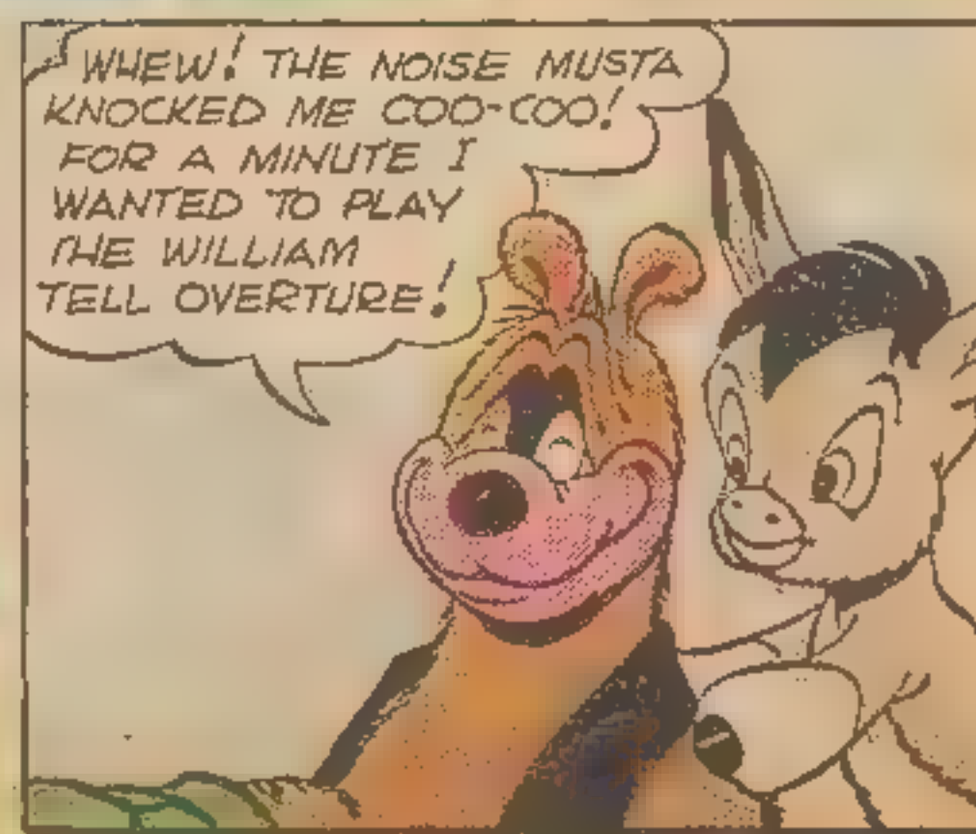












M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

WANTED — A MASTER!

RETOLD FROM THE PETE SMITH M-G-M SPECIALTY

Kiwi awakened far too early that morning. An old, battered automobile seat in a junk yard isn't a very comfortable bed; so Kiwi hadn't slept very well.

"Maybe I'll find some extra good food today or a nice warm place to sleep," Kiwi thought hopefully as he trotted down the dingy street, looking for breakfast. Kiwi was usually cheerful, even if he didn't have a home or family.

Then he saw the big, black headlines in the newspaper on the rack in front of the little store. "City Council Bans Stray Dogs!"

Kiwi groaned little worried "Yips" as he read the story. At three o'clock that afternoon all homeless dogs would be picked up by the dog catcher!

Now Kiwi was only a little dog. But he was smart. He knew that he must find a master and a home before three o'clock that afternoon!

He decided to try his own neighborhood first. That neighborhood was down by the water front.

Kiwi's eyes brightened when he saw the fishing boat tied up to the wharf. That meant Men. If luck were with him, he might find a fisherman master.

Hopefully he ran from one man to another. But they were busy. They didn't pay any attention to him. The ones who noticed him at all only pushed him away.

So Kiwi gave up that hope and trotted on along the water front. He quickened his steps when he saw an old fisherman mending a pile of heavy nets. The old man had a wrinkled, friendly face, and Kiwi felt new hope.

But, just as he had almost reached the fisherman, a huge, tawny Great Dane rose up from behind the pile of nets. The Great Dane scowled at Kiwi and growled. With a little yelp, Kiwi skidded to a stop, turned and ran back the way he had come.

He ran and ran until he had left the water front and was in a dingy, little park, squeezed in between narrow streets and high buildings. The long benches in the little park were filled with forlorn, tired-looking people.

Kiwi wandered hopefully from one bench-sitter to another. Some of them didn't even see him. Others shoved him away. Still others smiled at him and even patted him. But they all looked so shabby and hungry that Kiwi knew they probably couldn't even feed themselves, much less a dog.

Finally Kiwi sat down on a square of grass and thought hard. Time was passing! The smart thing to do was to go to a neighborhood where people who could afford a dog lived.

He'd been on the Boulevard a few times. So he knew the way. But it was a long way and Kiwi was tired when he finally reached its wide, clean sidewalks. The Boulevard was exciting, with its whizzing rush of long, sleek cars. The shiny buildings were exciting, with their gleaming windows. The people were exciting, with their good-looking clothes and polished shoes.

But Kiwi couldn't stop to enjoy the excitement. He must find a master!

A haughty, little Pekinese minced past him, walking at the end of a leash. The other end of the leash was held by the gloved hand of a pretty girl.

"It would be wonderful," Kiwi thought, "to have an owner like that." So he fell in step with the Pekinese and tried to start a conversation.

"I beg your pardon," Kiwi said in his most polite tones, "I wonder if you could tell me how to go about finding a swell boss like yours."

But the Pekinese did not deign to answer. It tossed its little snub nose in the air and marched straight ahead, muttering something about "common mongrels."

That was the first of many snubs Ki-

wi received, as he wandered up and down the Boulevard. All the people were in too big a hurry to notice his pleading eyes and eager little face. And the dogs on their leashes were in a hurry, too, rushing along at the heels of their owners.

Finally Kiwi decided to try still another neighborhood. He crossed some railroad tracks and found himself in a strange Shantytown.

A little boy with a pleasant face was bouncing a ball. The ball flew out of his hands. Kiwi raced after it, caught it, and returned it to its owner. Then, his heart beating fast with hope, Kiwi tried a few of his tricks. He jumped through the boy's legs and cavorted like a little clown.

The boy was delighted. "You're the smartest dog I ever saw!" he said. "I'm going to take you home."

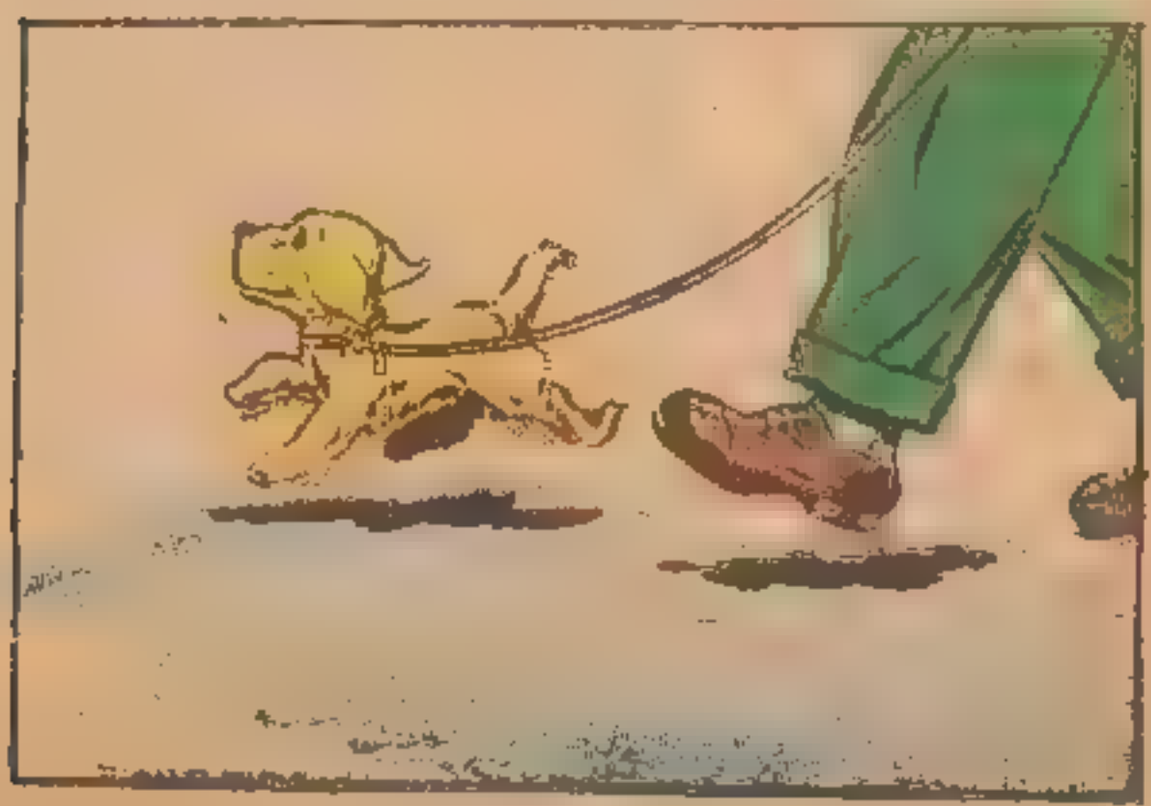
Happily Kiwi followed him to his ramshackle, dilapidated house. But, when the boy's father saw Kiwi, he angrily ordered him to go away. Kiwi took one last look at the boy's sad, disappointed face. Then he raced away.

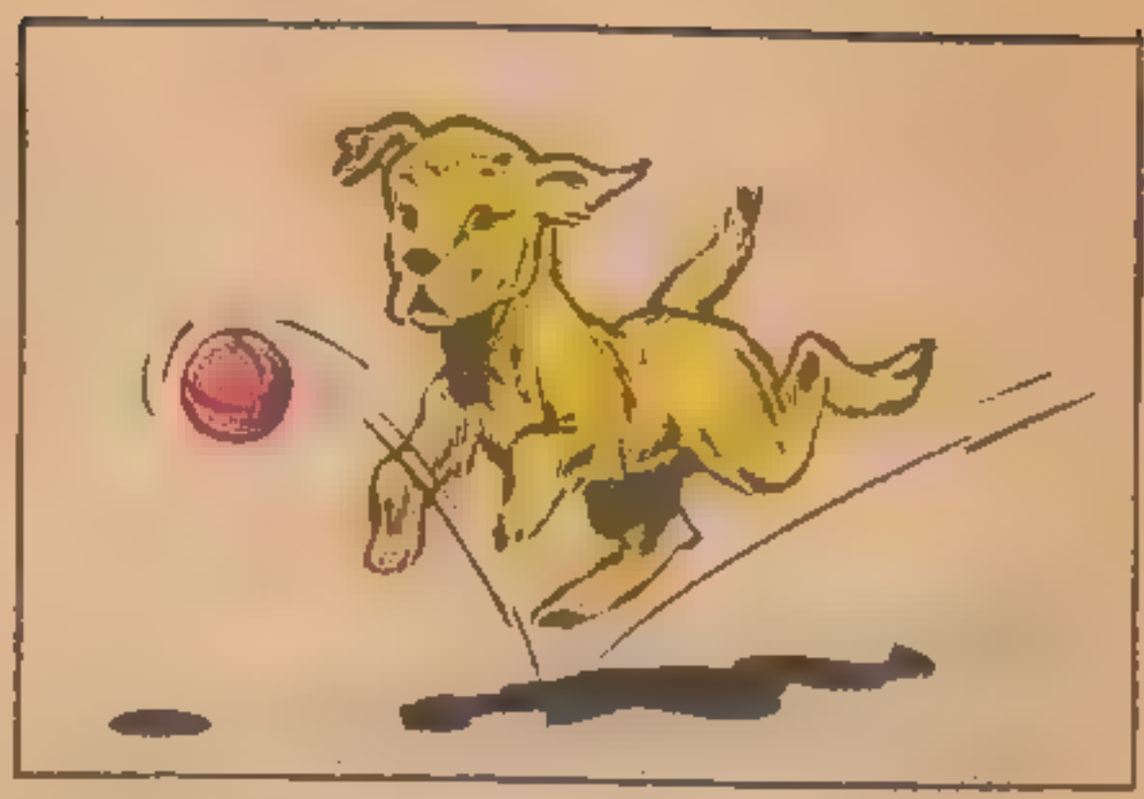
When he finally stopped running to catch his breath, he was in front of a grocery store. The door was open and Kiwi saw a clock on the wall.

It was fifteen minutes after two! He had only forty-five minutes left to find a master!

Now he was really worried. He ran frantically up and down the streets, searching for someone, anyone. But he found no one.

At last he was so tired he couldn't run another step. He stopped. He sniffed the air. Food! Suddenly he realized





how hungry he was. So he followed the delicious smell into a cheap, little restaurant.

Then he saw THE MAN. He was shabbily dressed, but his face was kind and he smiled when Kiwi walked up to him. Eagerly Kiwi romped through his little tricks. The man laughed and tossed him some scraps of food.

When the man left the restaurant, Kiwi followed him. He stopped in front of a tawdry theatre and pulled one coin from his torn pocket. Kiwi was sure that this was his only coin and that he was trying to decide whether or not to spend it at the theatre.

Kiwi knew that this was his last chance. It must be almost three o'clock. If the man went into the theatre, he was lost.

He stood in front of the man and looked pleadingly up into his face.

"Please take me home with you. Please be my master," Kiwi begged silently.

The man must have understood. Because suddenly he smiled and turned away from the theatre. "C'mon, little fella," he said.

Joyfully Kiwi followed him. His heart sang with gladness when the man bent and tied a long piece of string around his neck. Now he had a leash.

The man walked into a store. "I want some dog food," he said and put his one coin down on the counter.

As they walked out of the store, a clock in a tower boomed three times.

Kiwi was the happiest dog in town as he pranced at the end of his string leash. No longer was he friendless and homeless. He had found a master!

JOHNNY MOLE

IN A COZY LITTLE HOUSE UNDER THE GROUND LIVES THE MOLE FAMILY — MR. AND MRS. MOLE AND THEIR SON JOHNNY...

YOU'RE GETTING TO BE A BIG BOY NOW, JOHNNY. SO I'M GOING TO LET YOU TAKE YOUR FATHER'S LUNCH TO HIM!

WHERE'S HE DIGGING NOW, MOM?

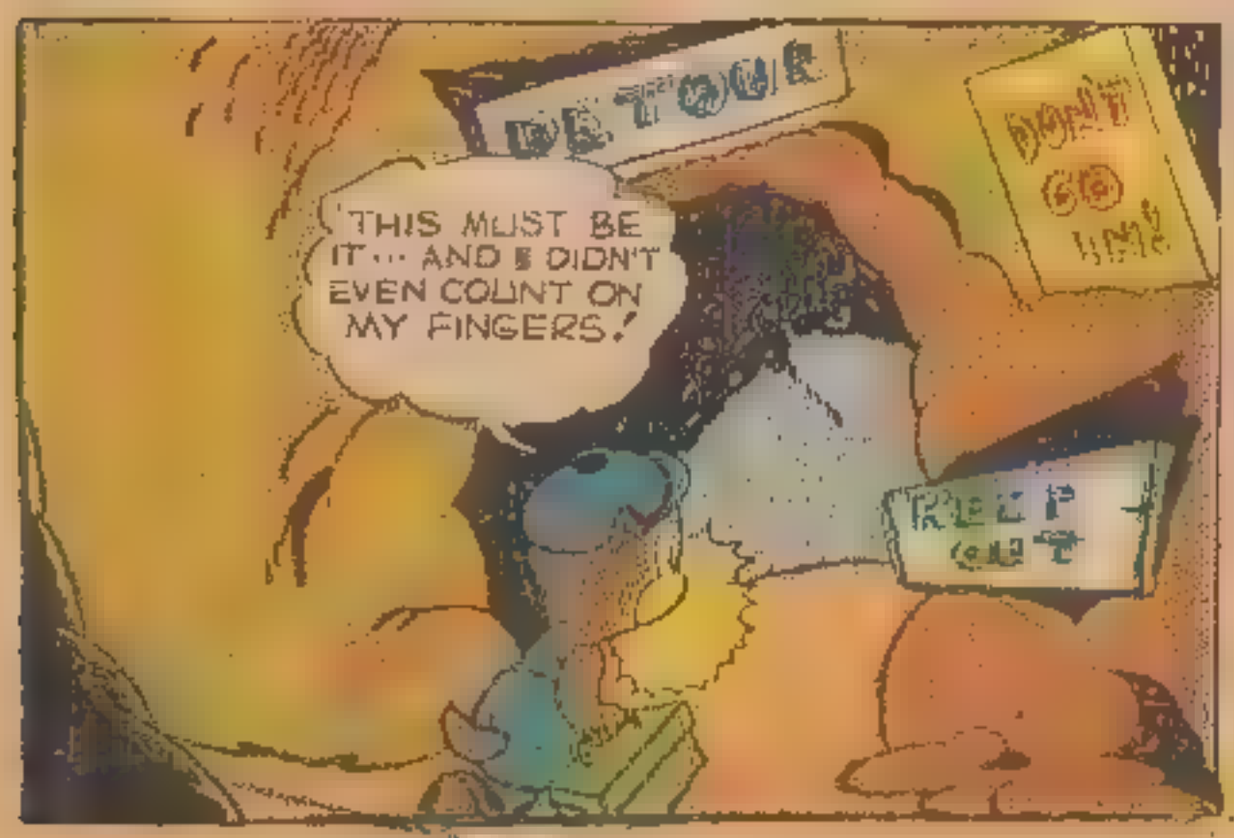
IN TUNNEL SEVEN -- JUST COUNT SEVEN AND GO STRAIGHT THROUGH!

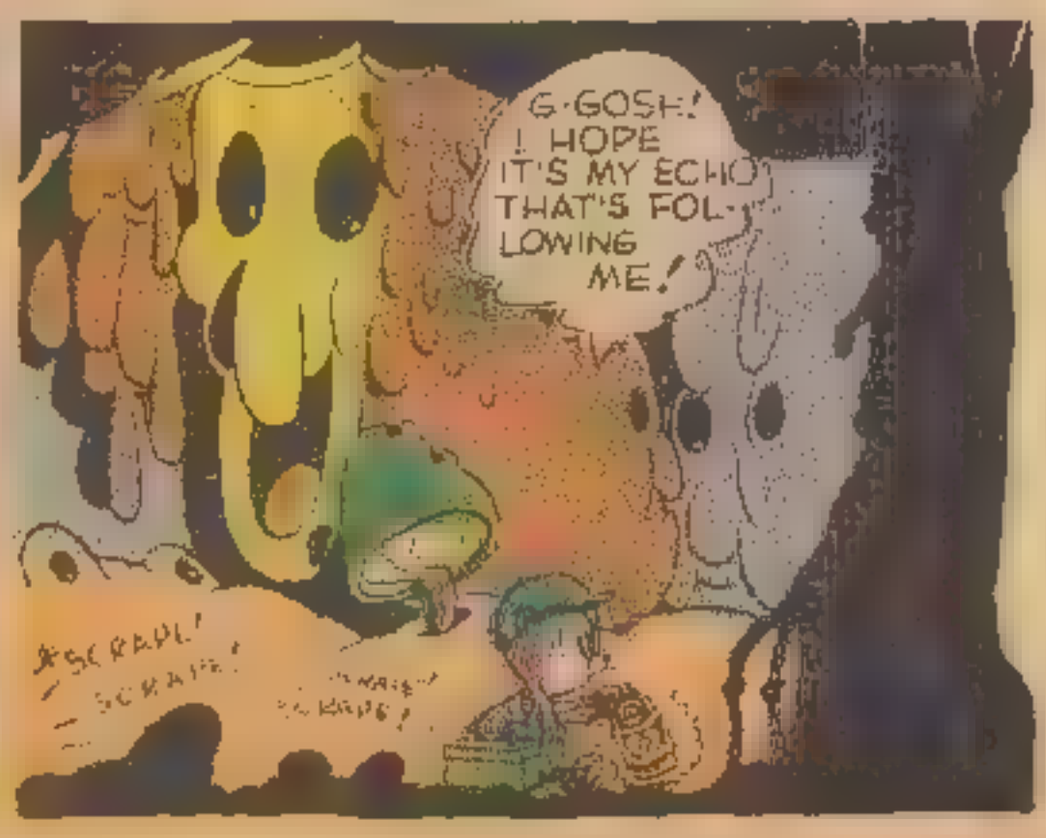
IS SEVEN MORE THAN ELEVENTEEN?

NO! SEVEN COMES AFTER SIX -- REMEMBER! WATCH OUT FOR MR. WEASEL -- HE EATS MOLES!

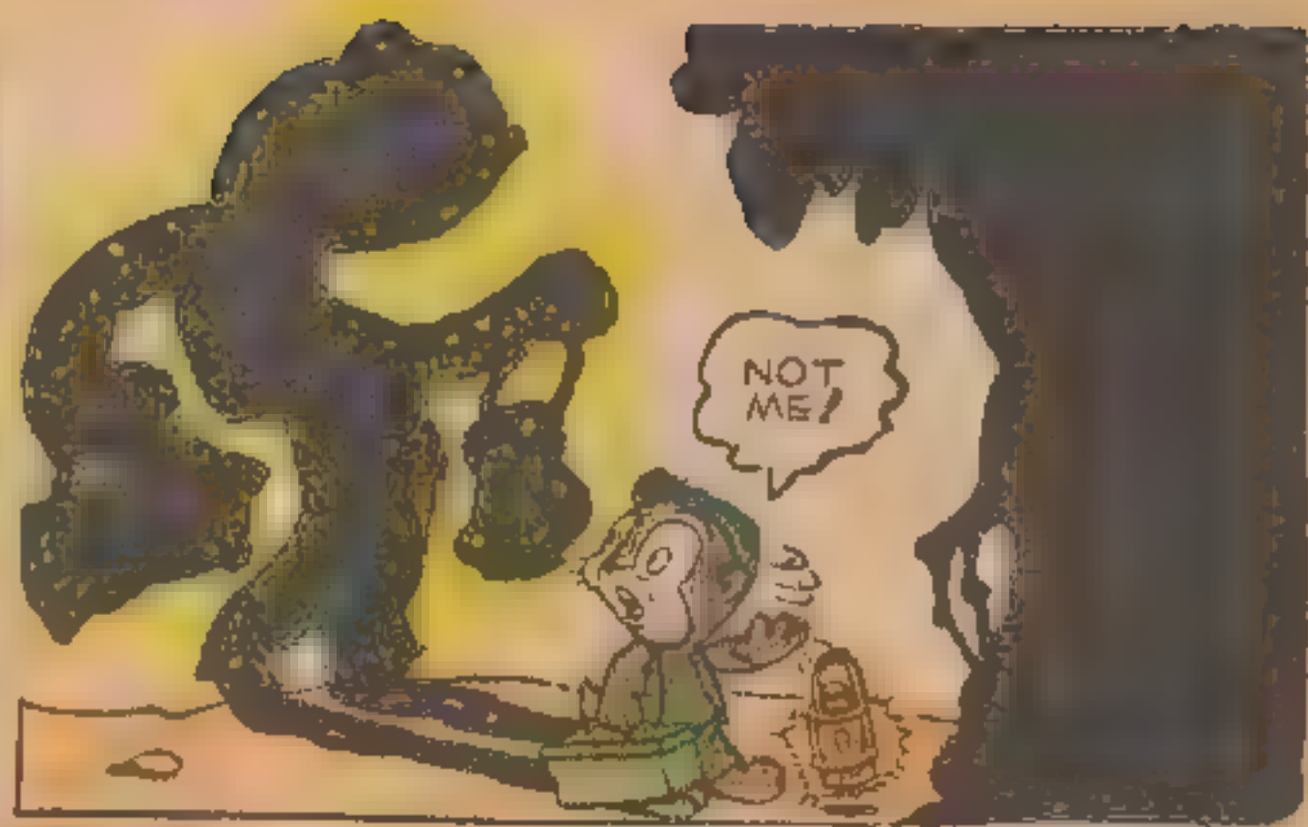
I'M NOT AFRAID OF A WEASEL.

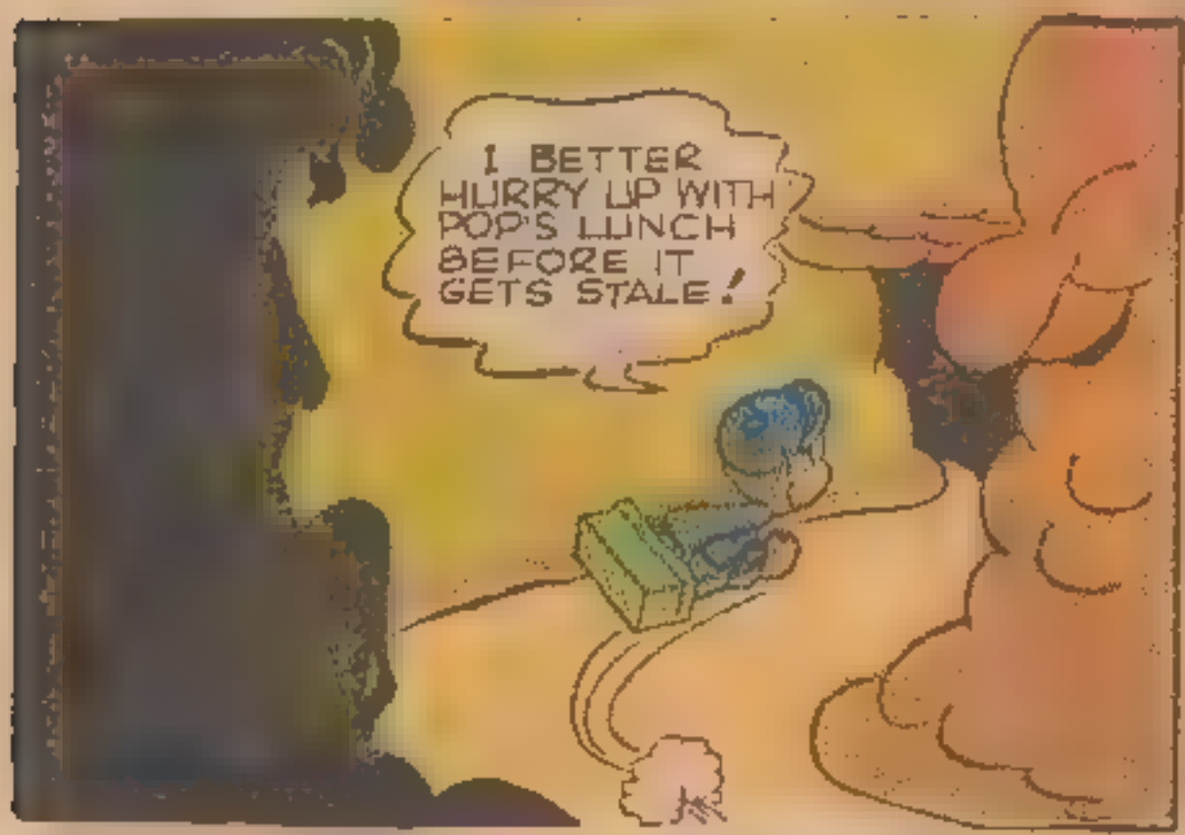
NOW LET ME SEE! ONE AND ONE IS TWO AND TWO TIMES TWO IS SIX! CARRY THE ONE MAKES SEVEN!

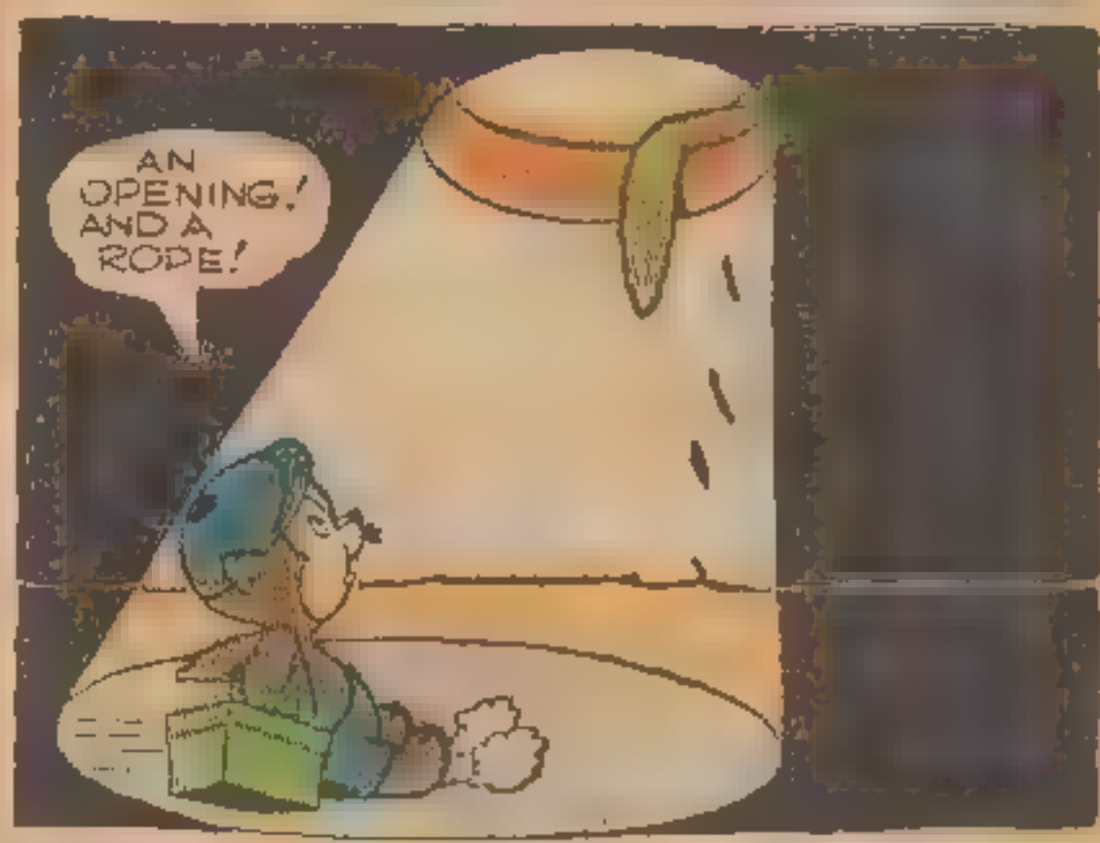




WHO?

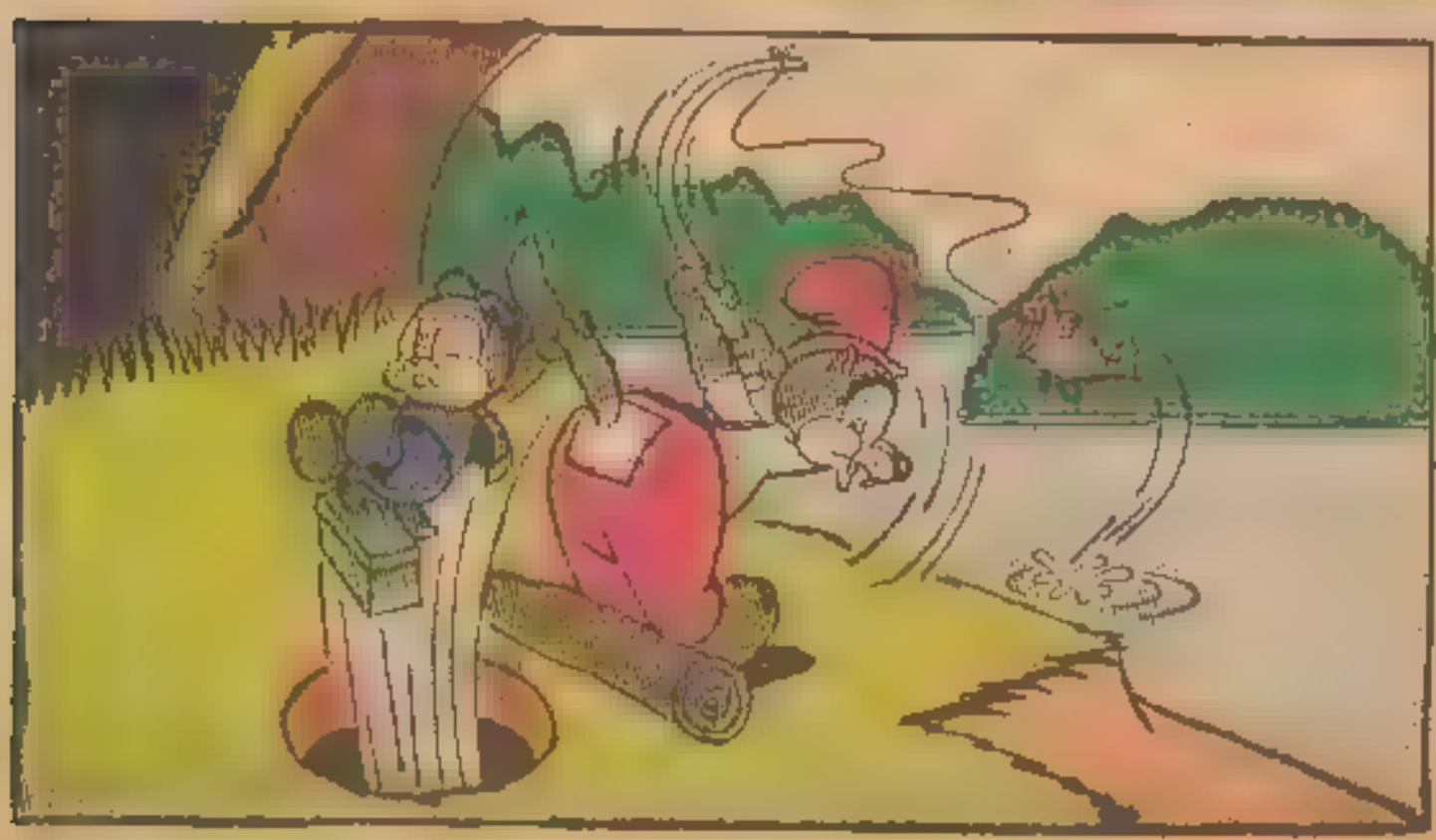

NOT ME!

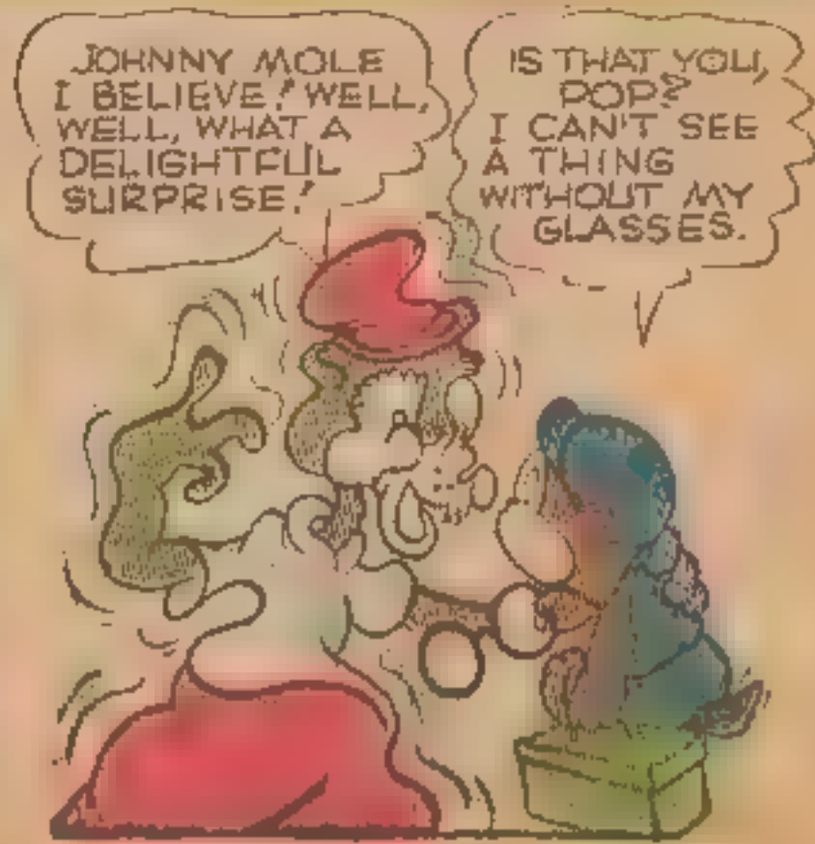

I BETTER HURRY UP WITH POP'S LUNCH BEFORE IT GETS STALE!

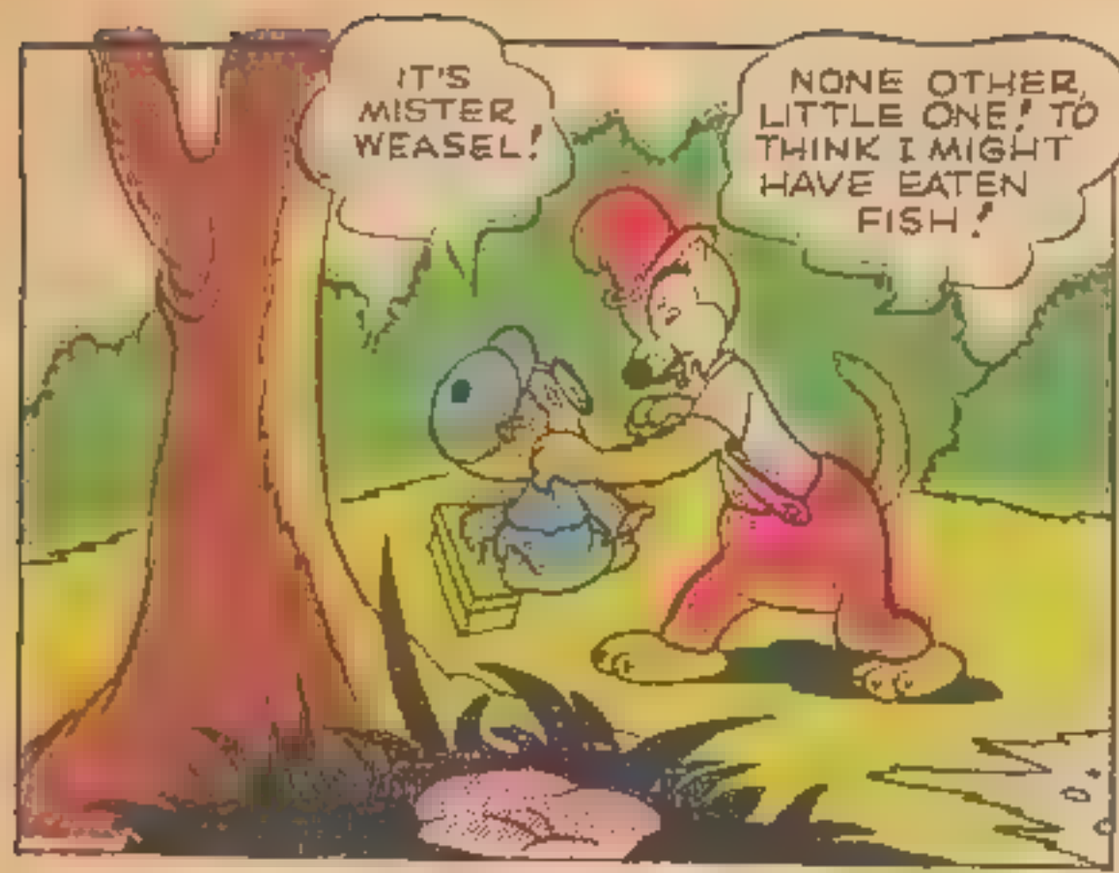

AN OPENING! AND A ROPE!

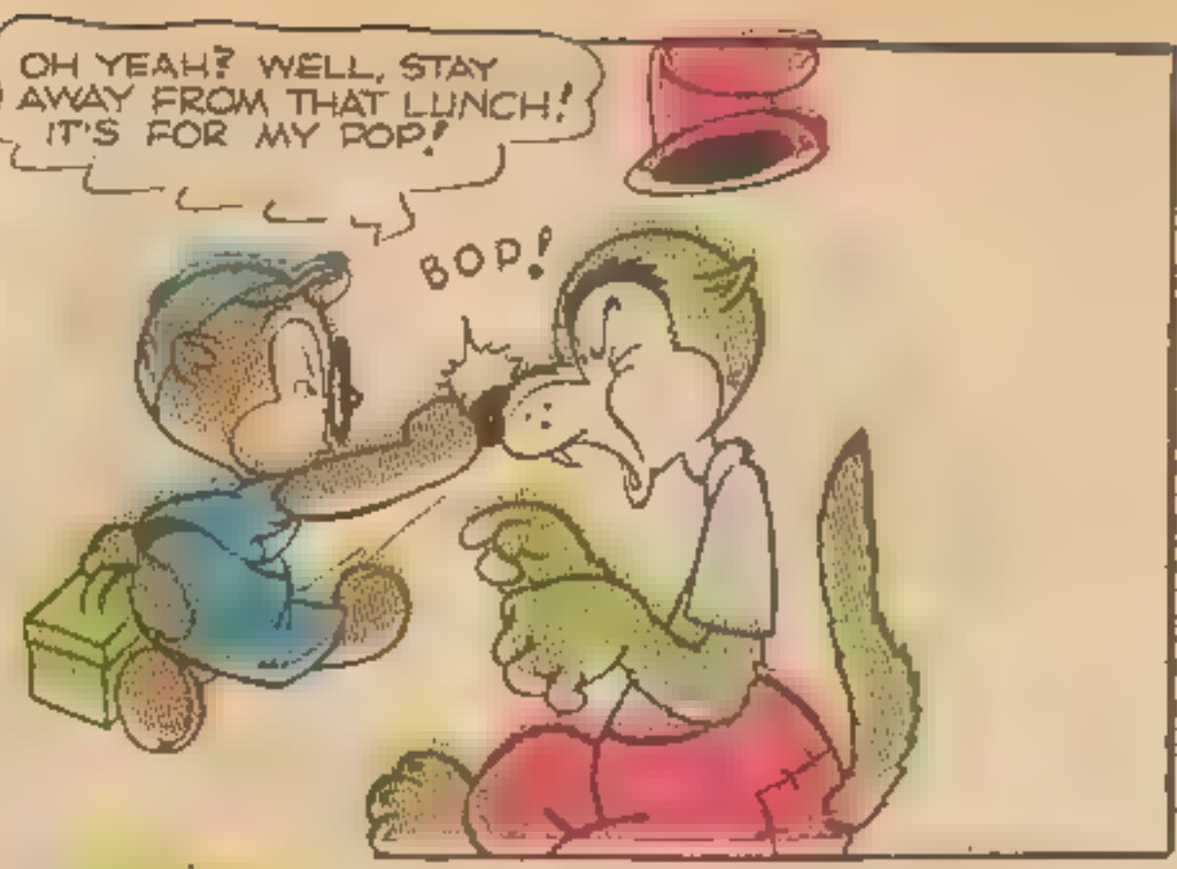
MAYBE I OUGHT TO GET OUT AND TAKE A LOOK 'ROUND!

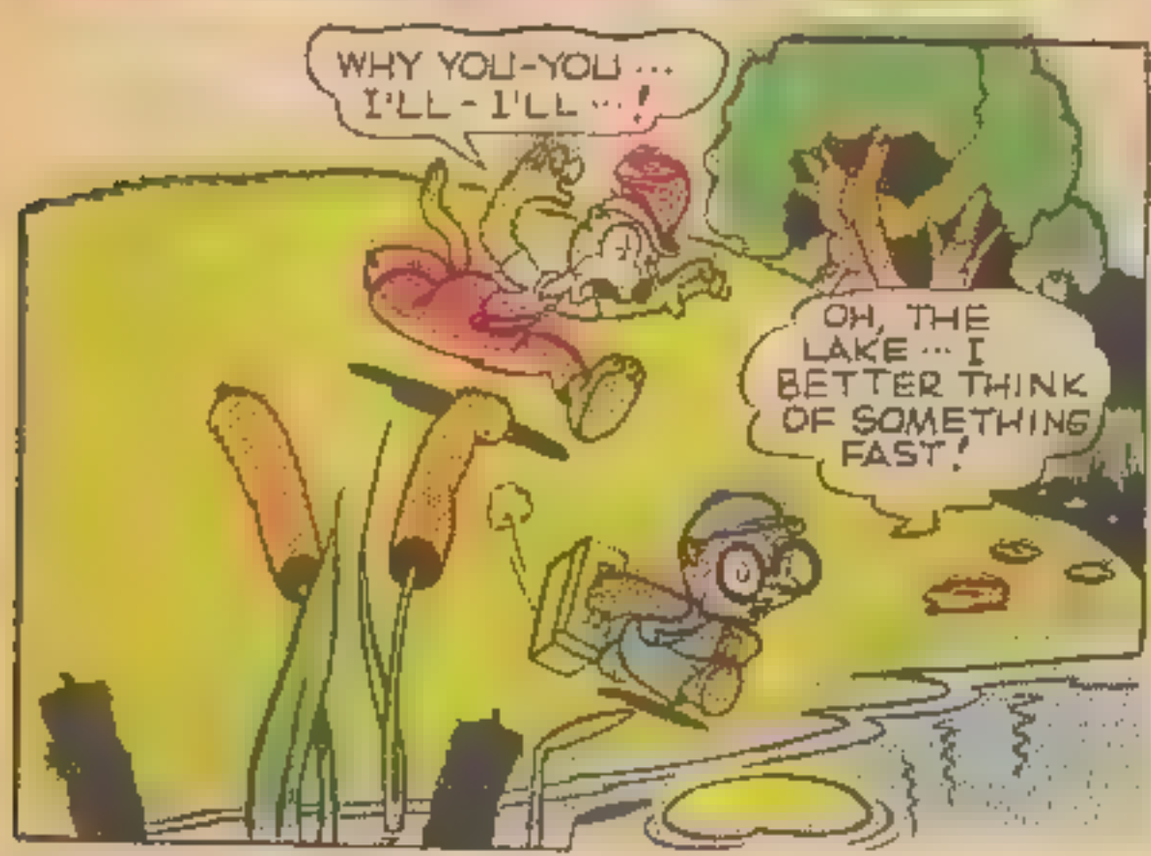
OHO! A BITE!

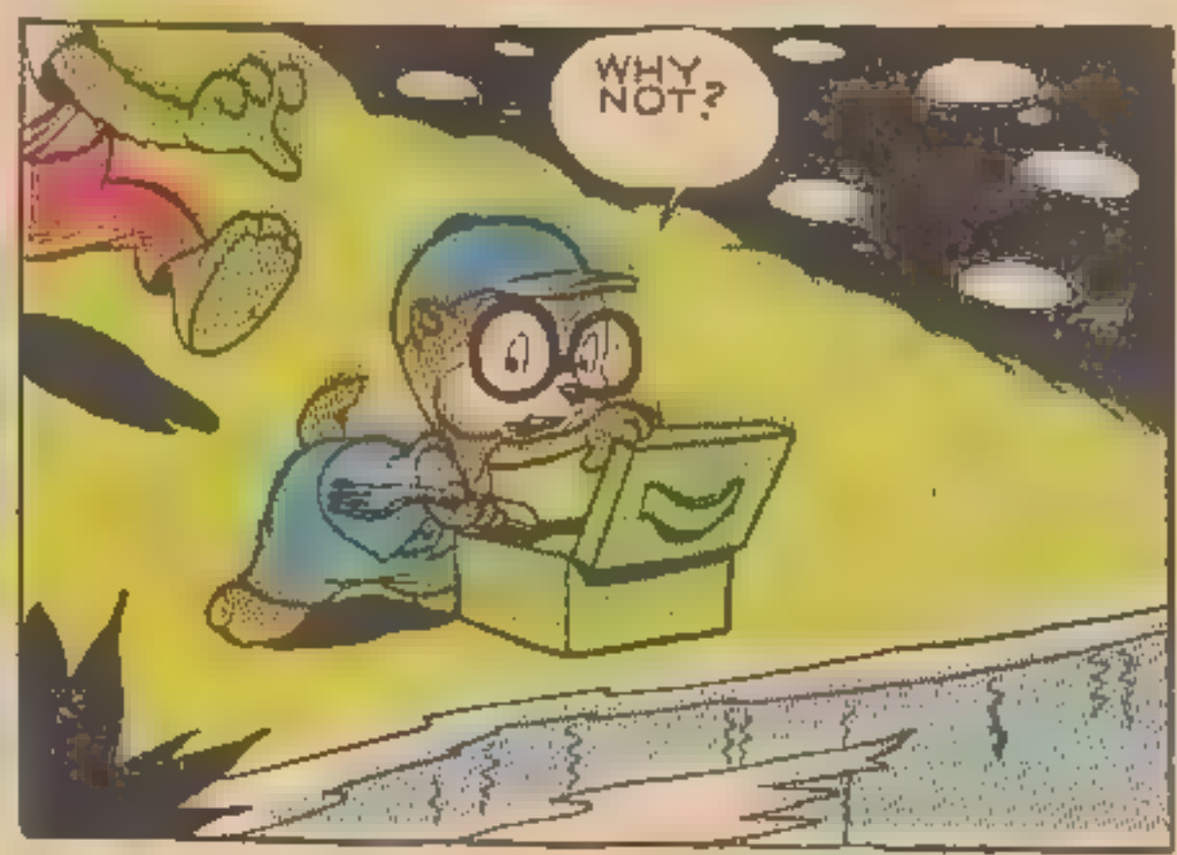


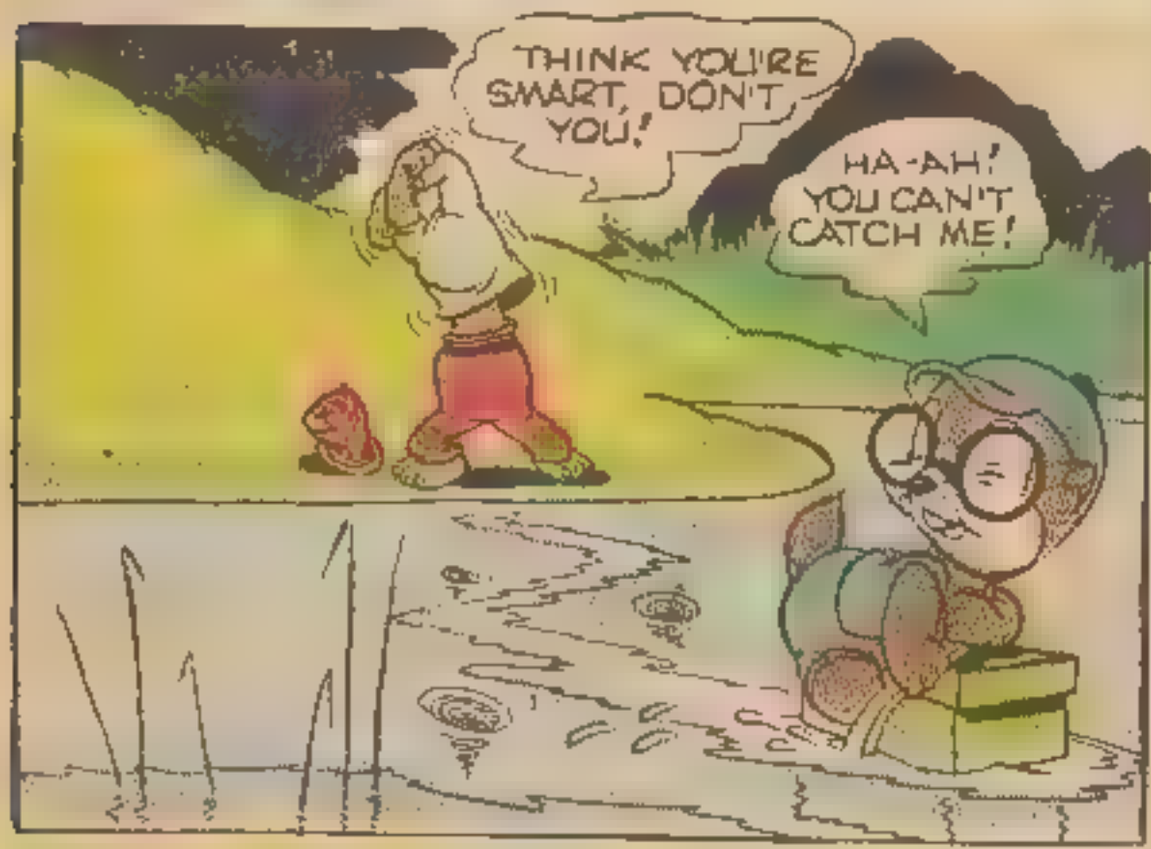

JOHNNY MOLE I BELIEVE! WELL, WELL, WHAT A DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE!
IS THAT YOU, POP? I CAN'T SEE A THING WITHOUT MY GLASSES.

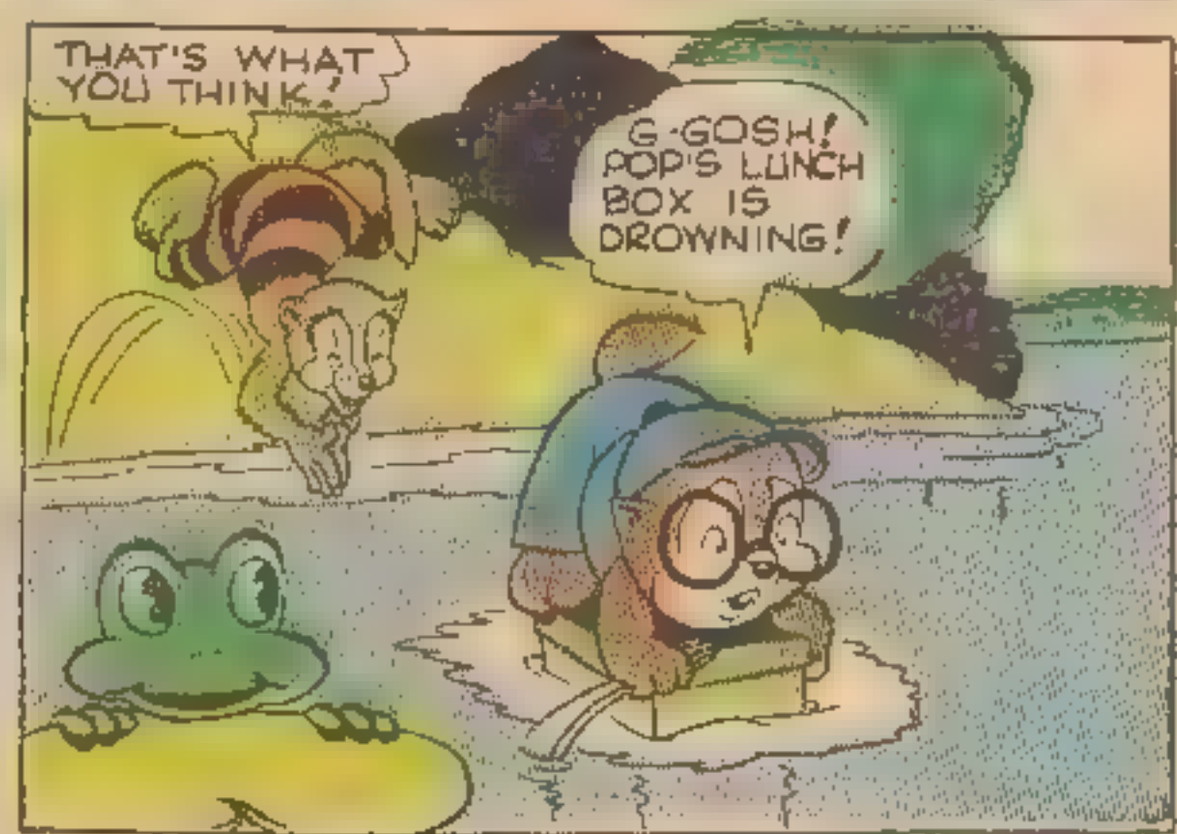

IT'S MISTER WEASEL!
NONE OTHER, LITTLE ONE! TO THINK I MIGHT HAVE EATEN FISH!

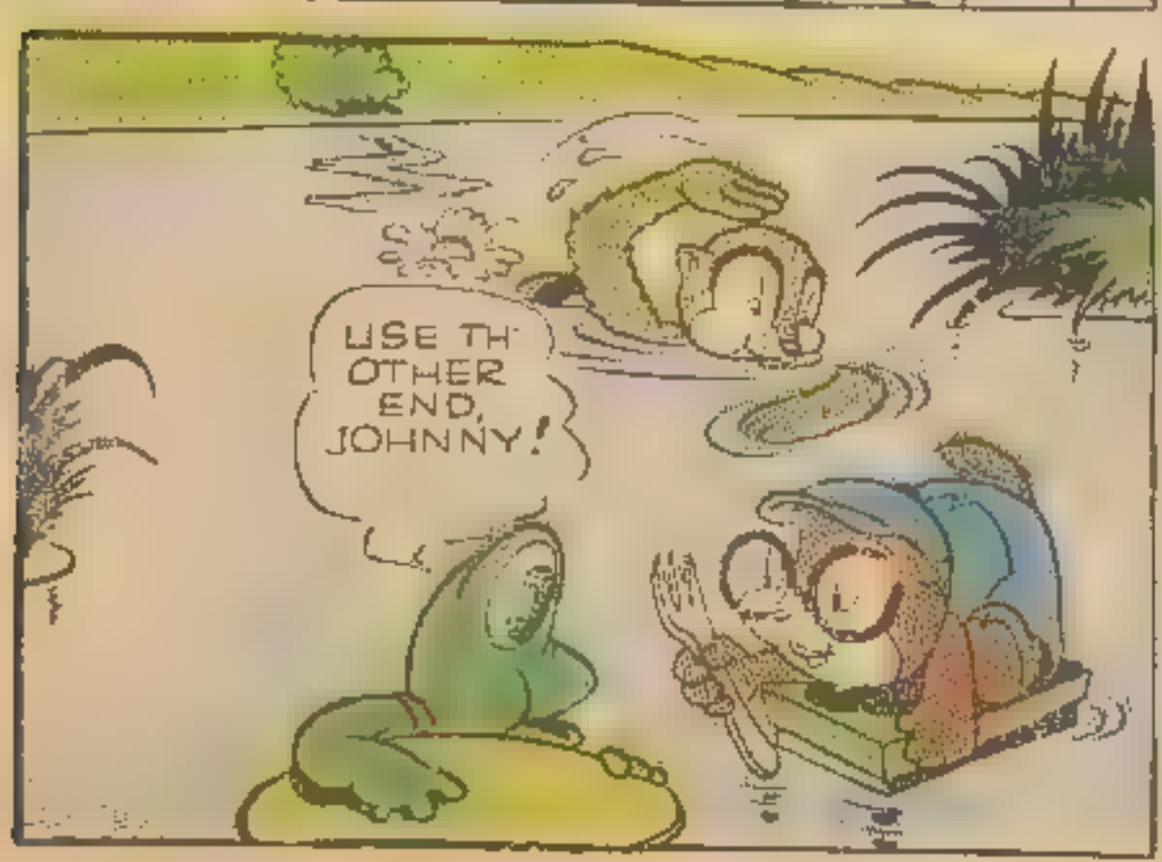

OH YEAH? WELL, STAY AWAY FROM THAT LUNCH! IT'S FOR MY POP!
BOP!

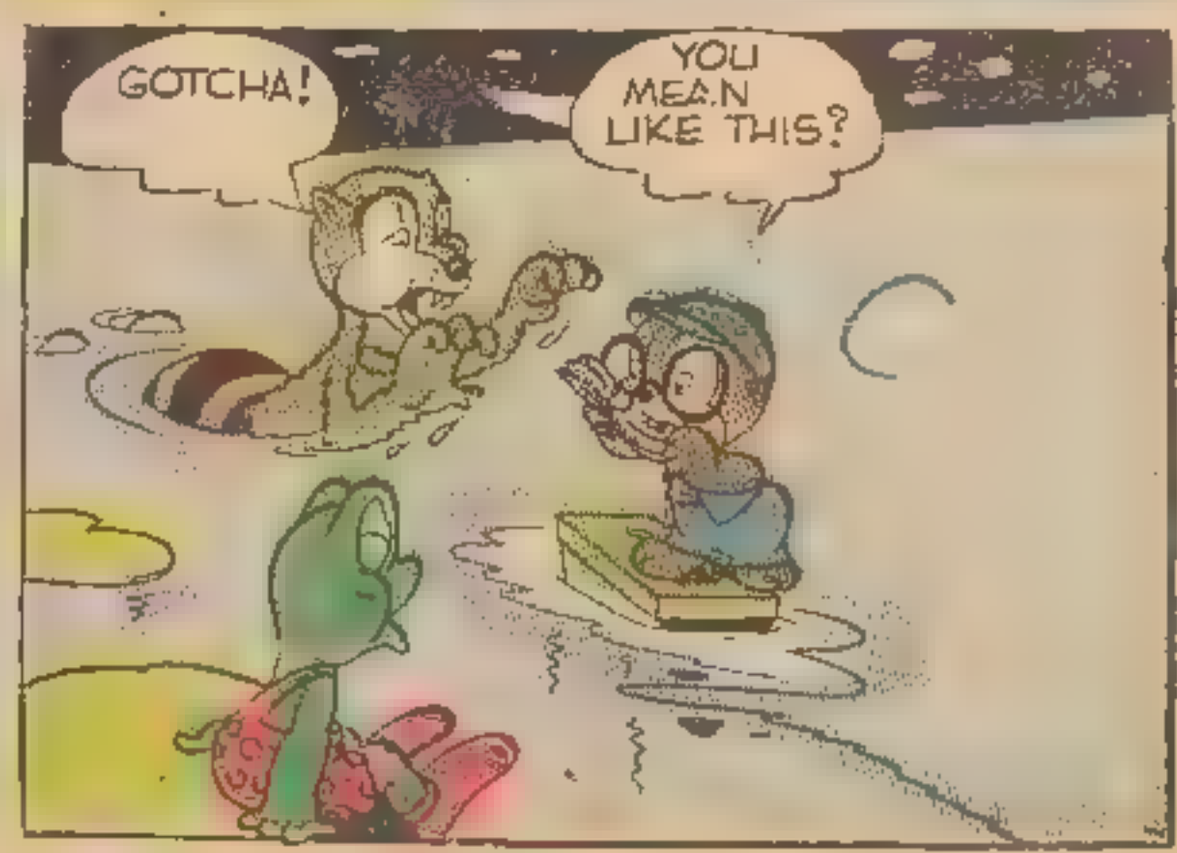

WHY YOU-YOU ... I'LL - I'LL ...!
OH, THE LAKE ... I BETTER THINK OF SOMETHING FAST!

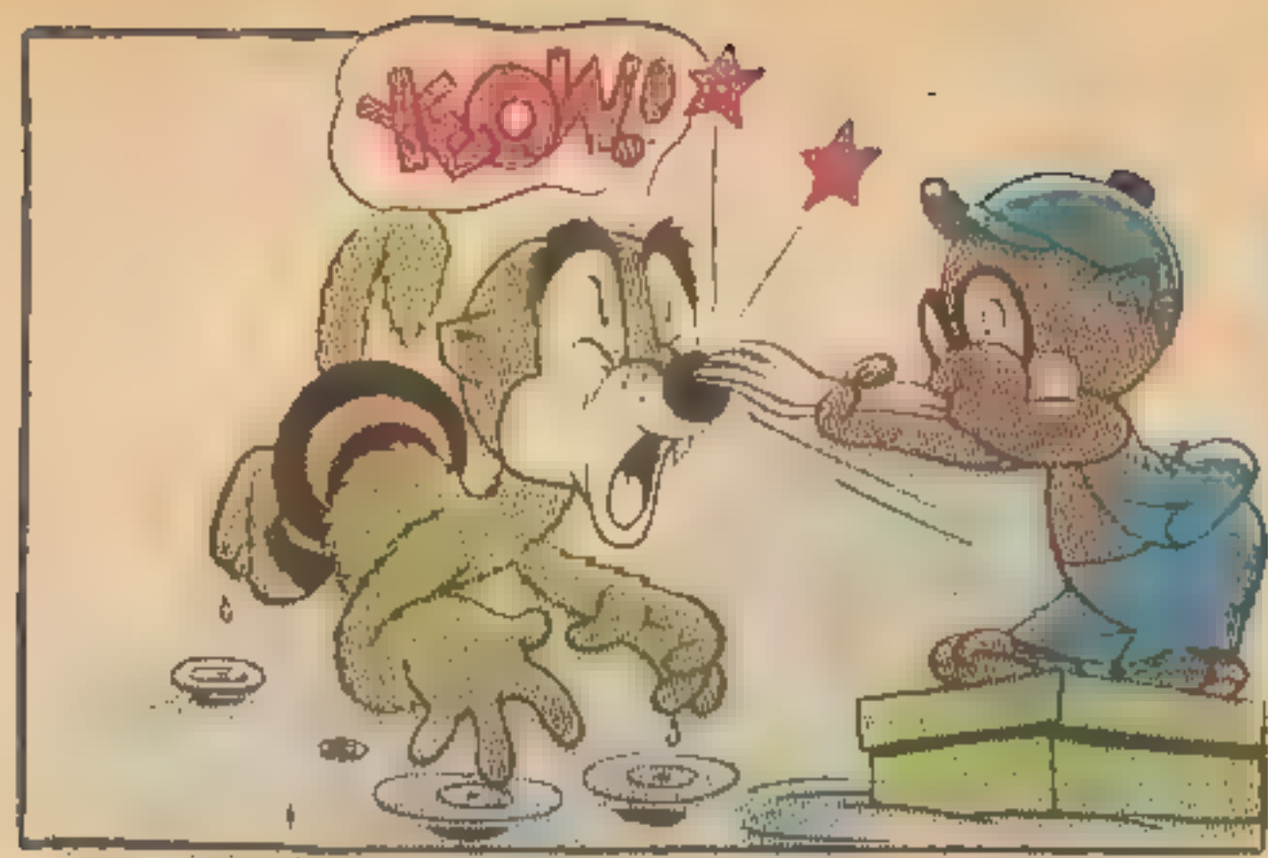

WHY NOT?

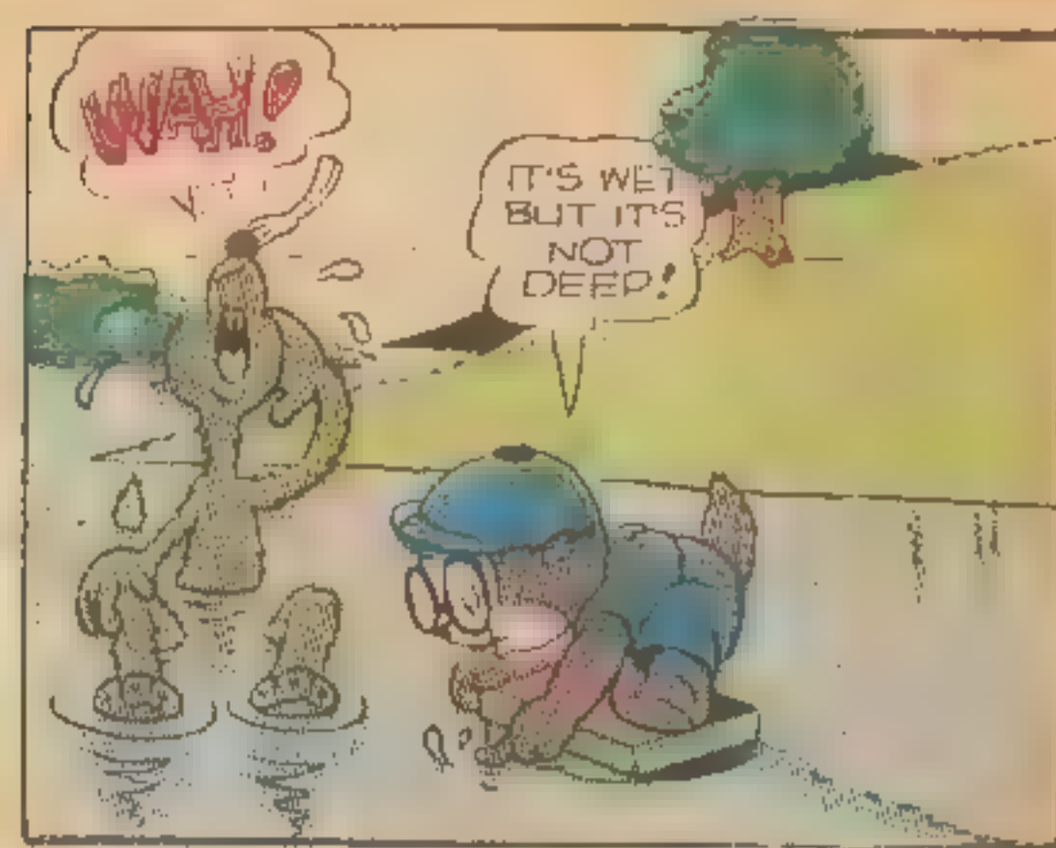

THINK YOU'RE SMART, DON'T YOU!
HA-AH! YOU CAN'T CATCH ME!

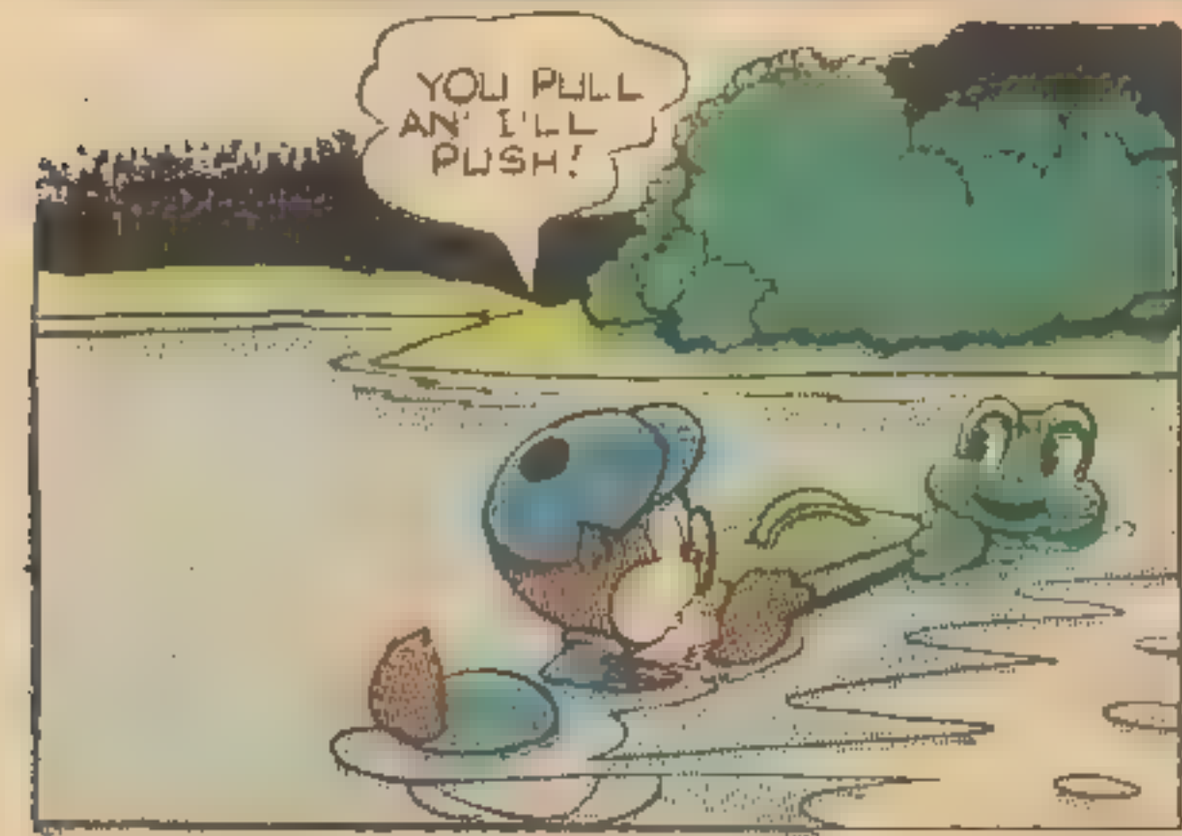

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!
G-GOSH! POP'S LUNCH BOX IS DROWNING!

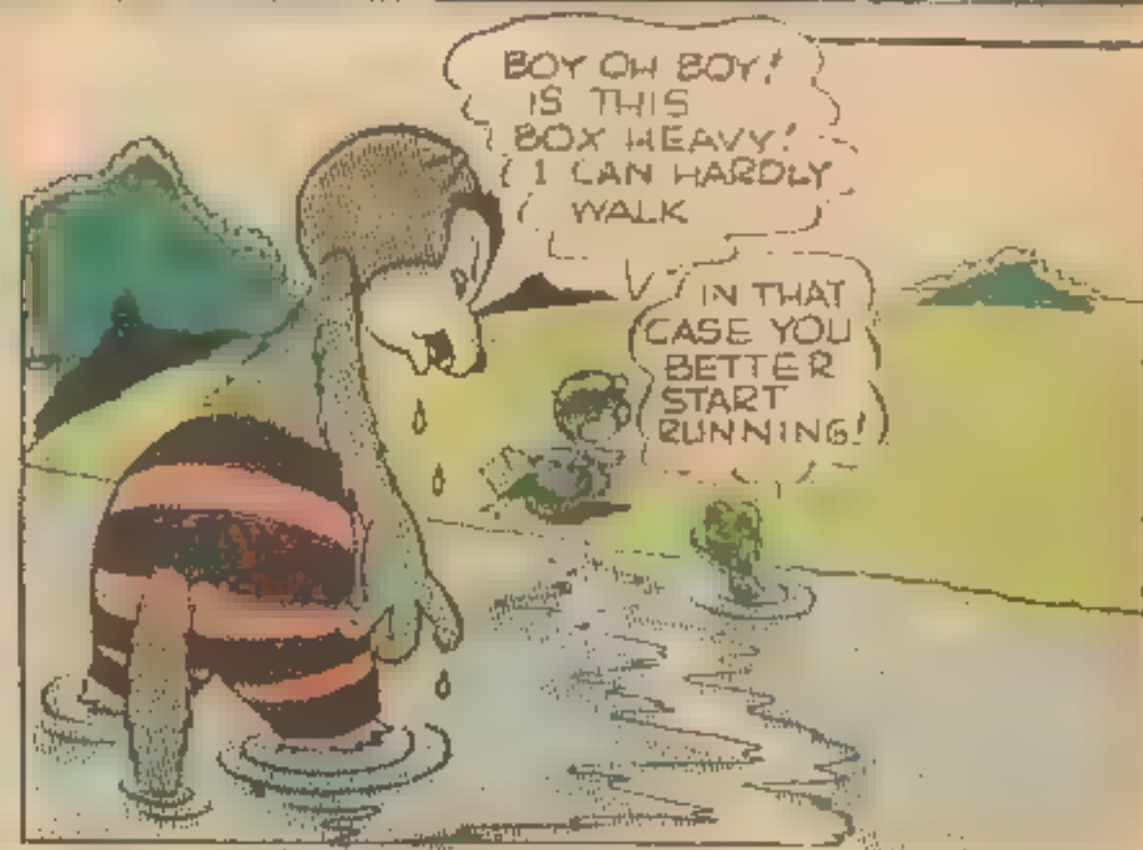

USE TH' OTHER END, JOHNNY!

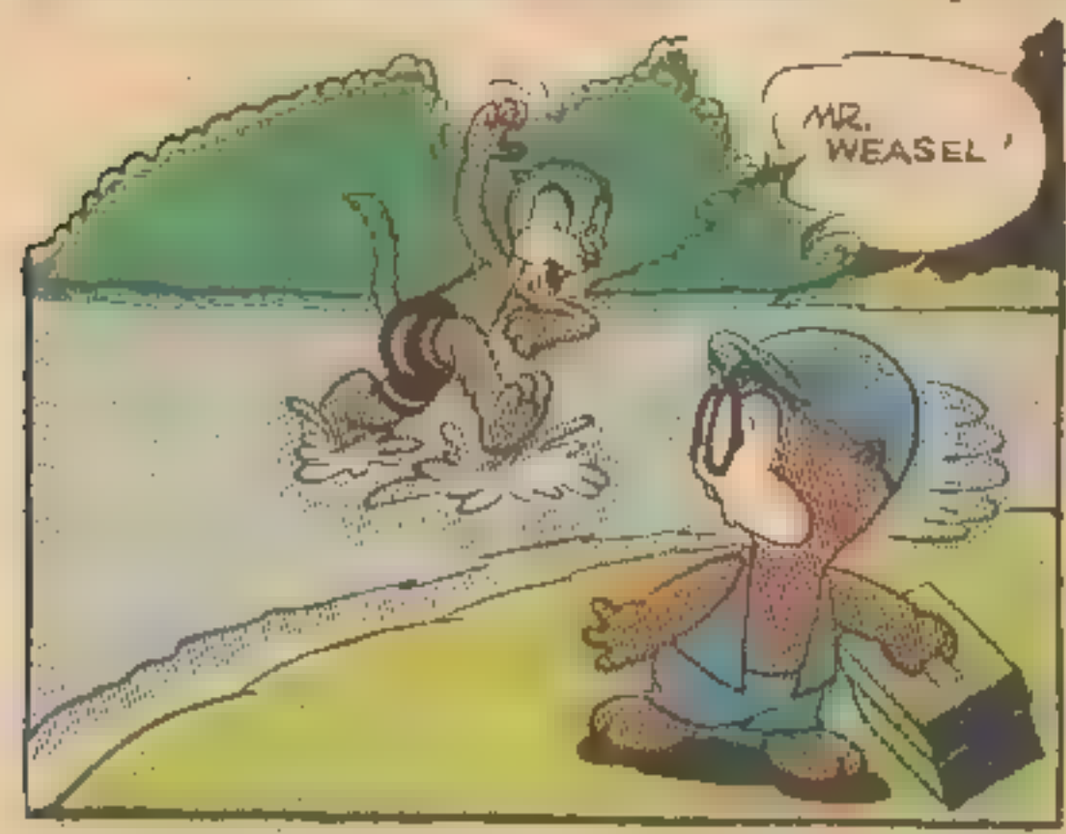

GOTCHA!
YOU MEAN LIKE THIS?

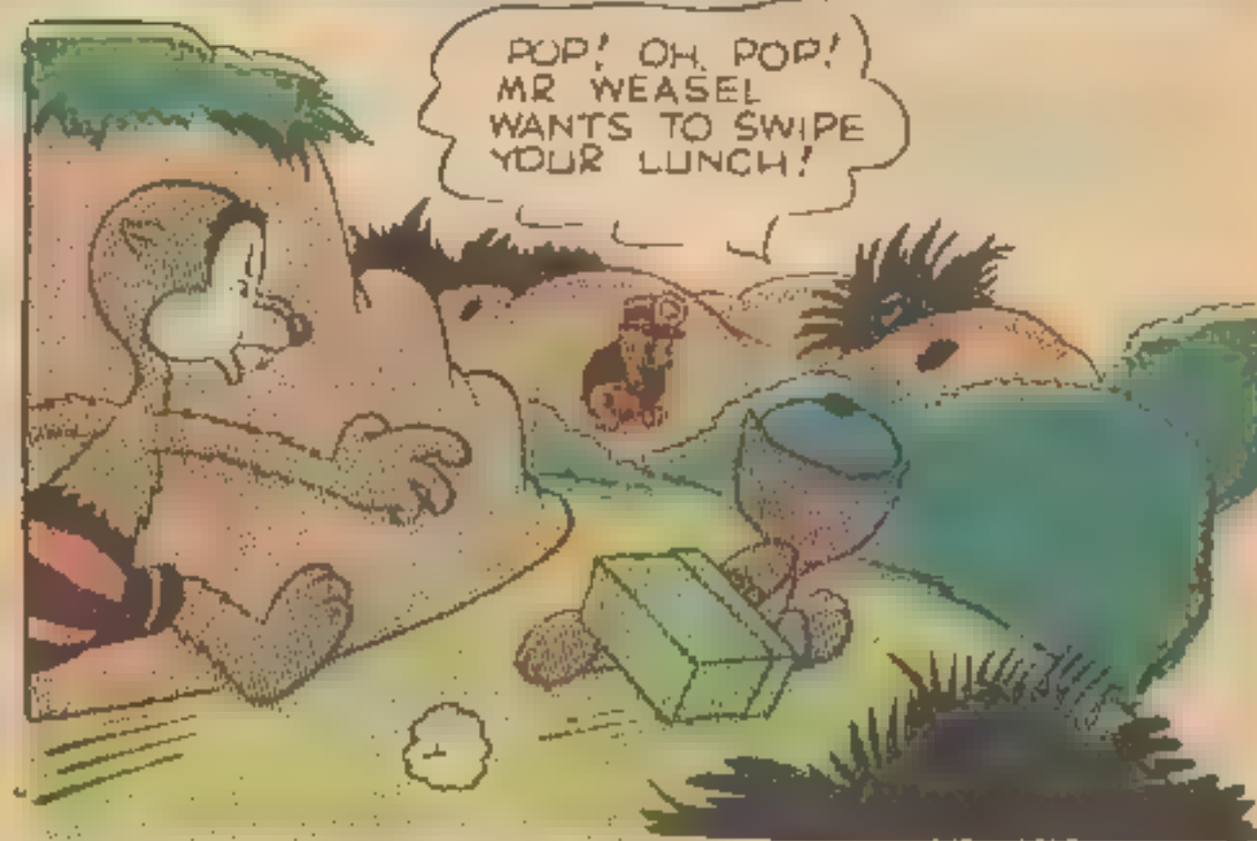

KOW!

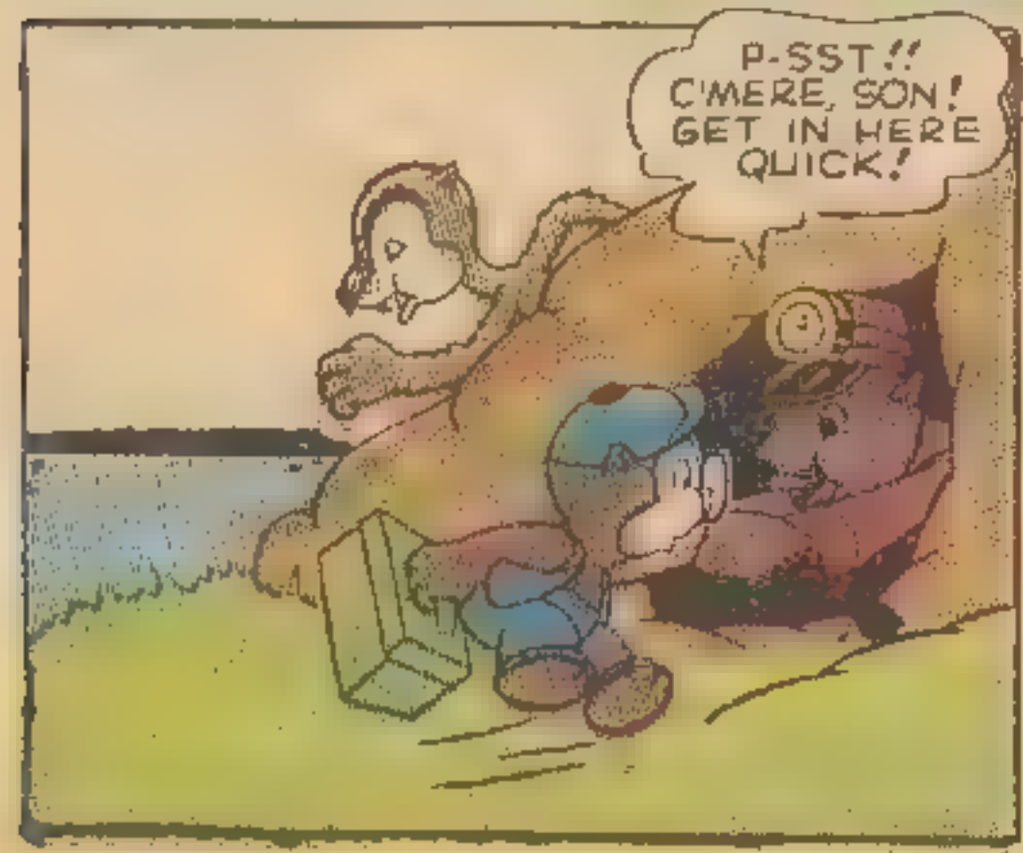

WAH!
IT'S WET BUT IT'S NOT DEEP!

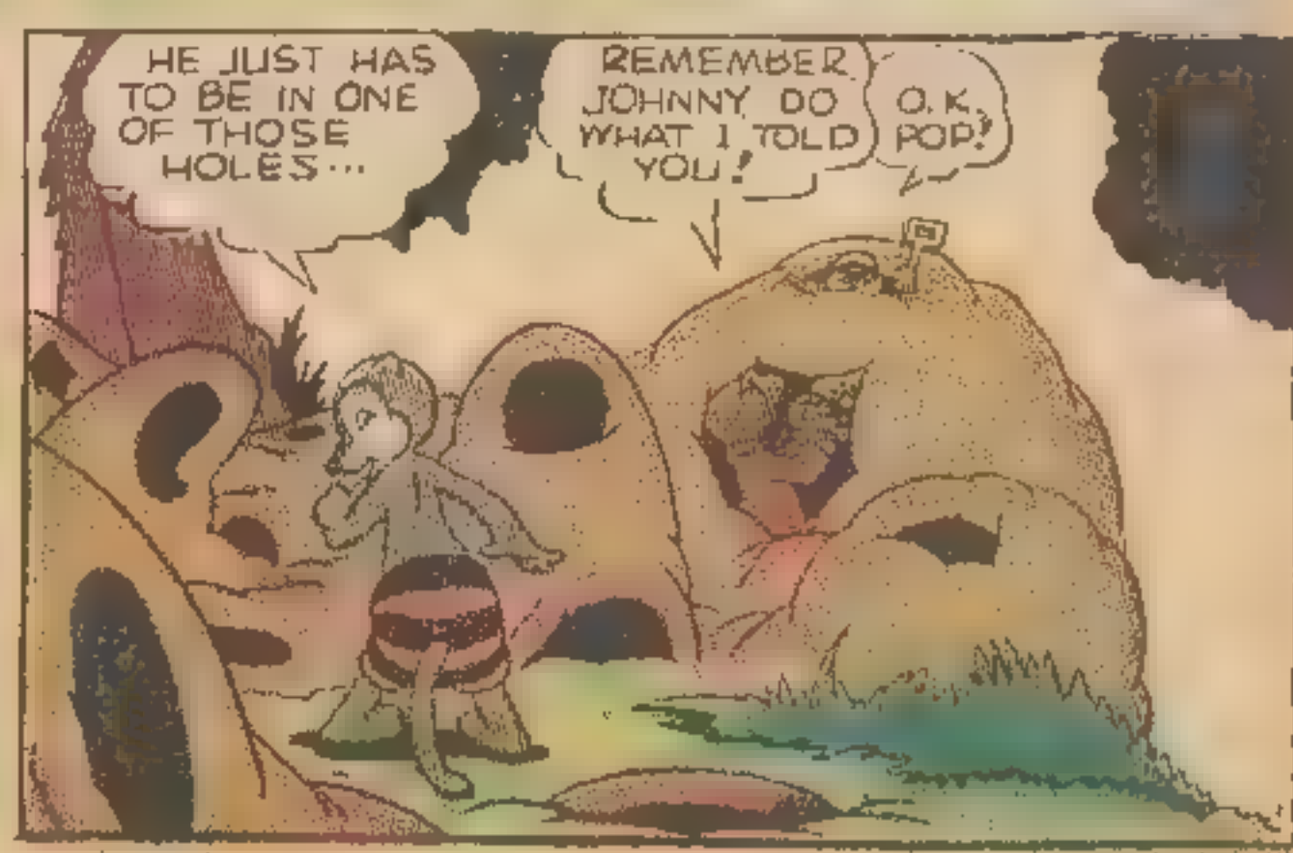

YOU PULL AN' I'LL PUSH!

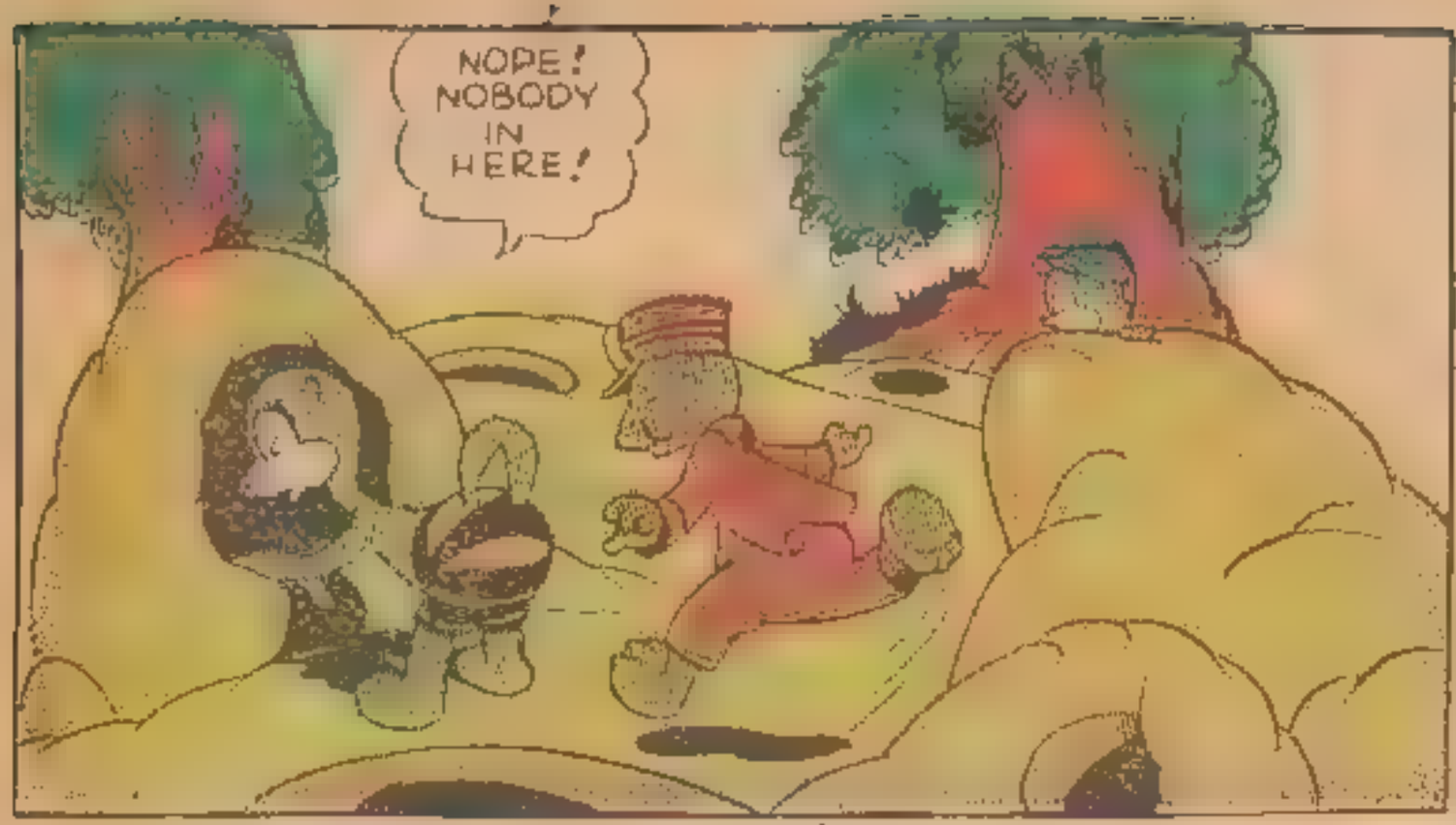

BOY OH BOY! IS THIS BOX HEAVY! I CAN HARDLY WALK
IN THAT CASE YOU BETTER START RUNNING!


MR. WEASEL!

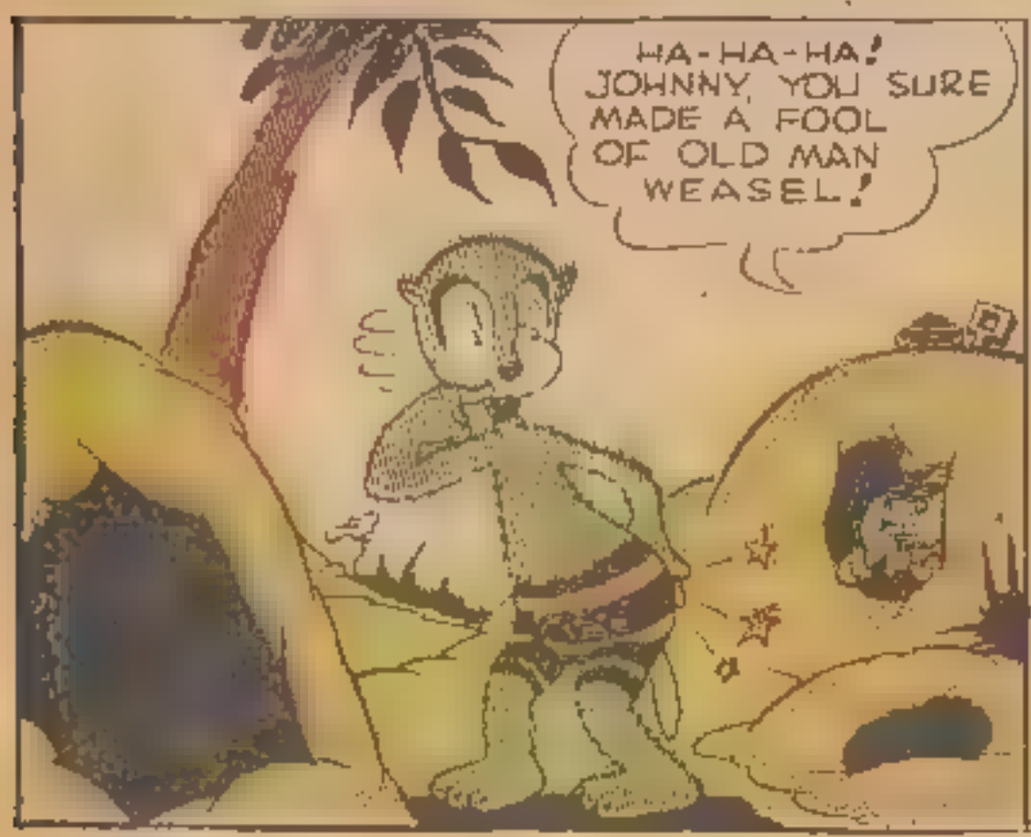

POP! OH, POP! MR WEASEL WANTS TO SWIPE YOUR LUNCH!

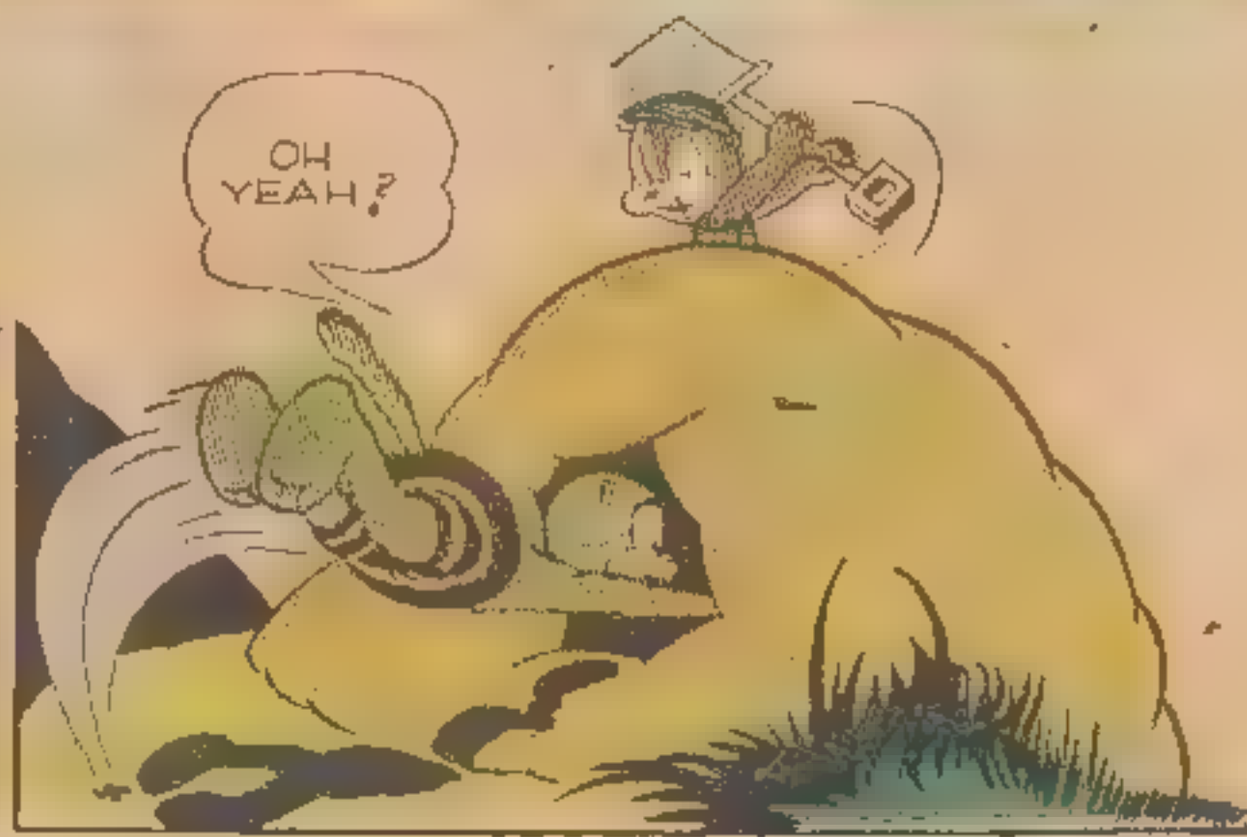

P-SST!! C'MERE, SON! GET IN HERE QUICK!

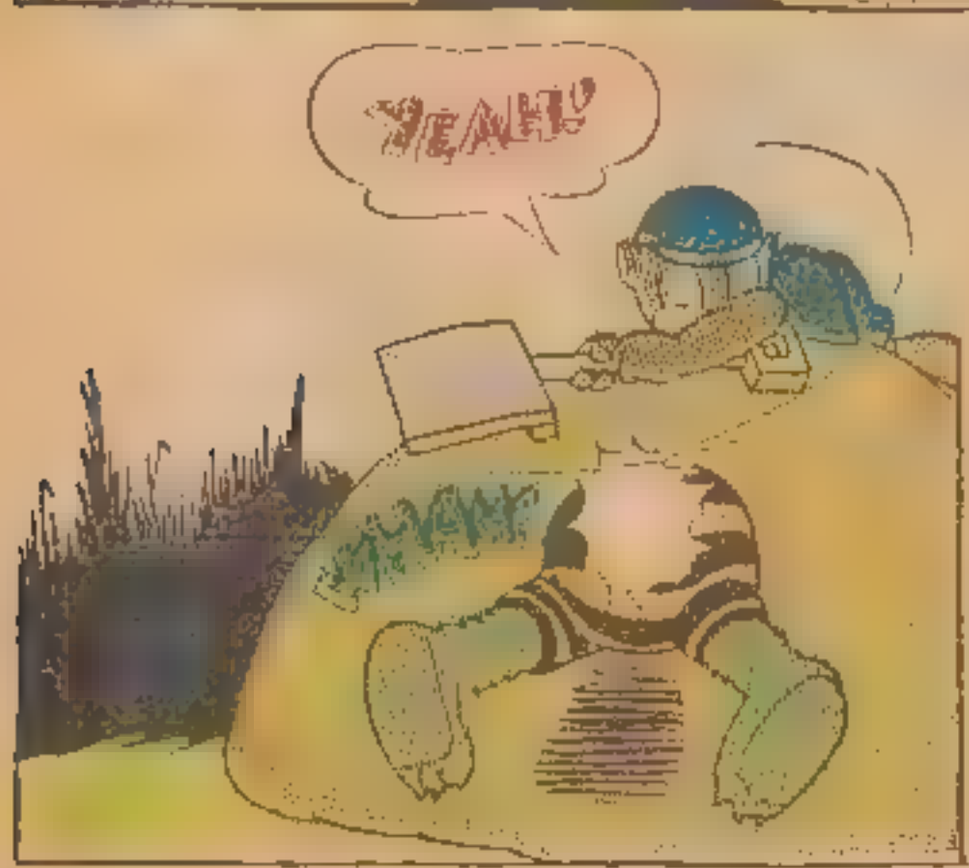

HE JUST HAS TO BE IN ONE OF THOSE HOLES...
REMEMBER JOHNNY DO WHAT I TOLD YOU!
O.K. POP!

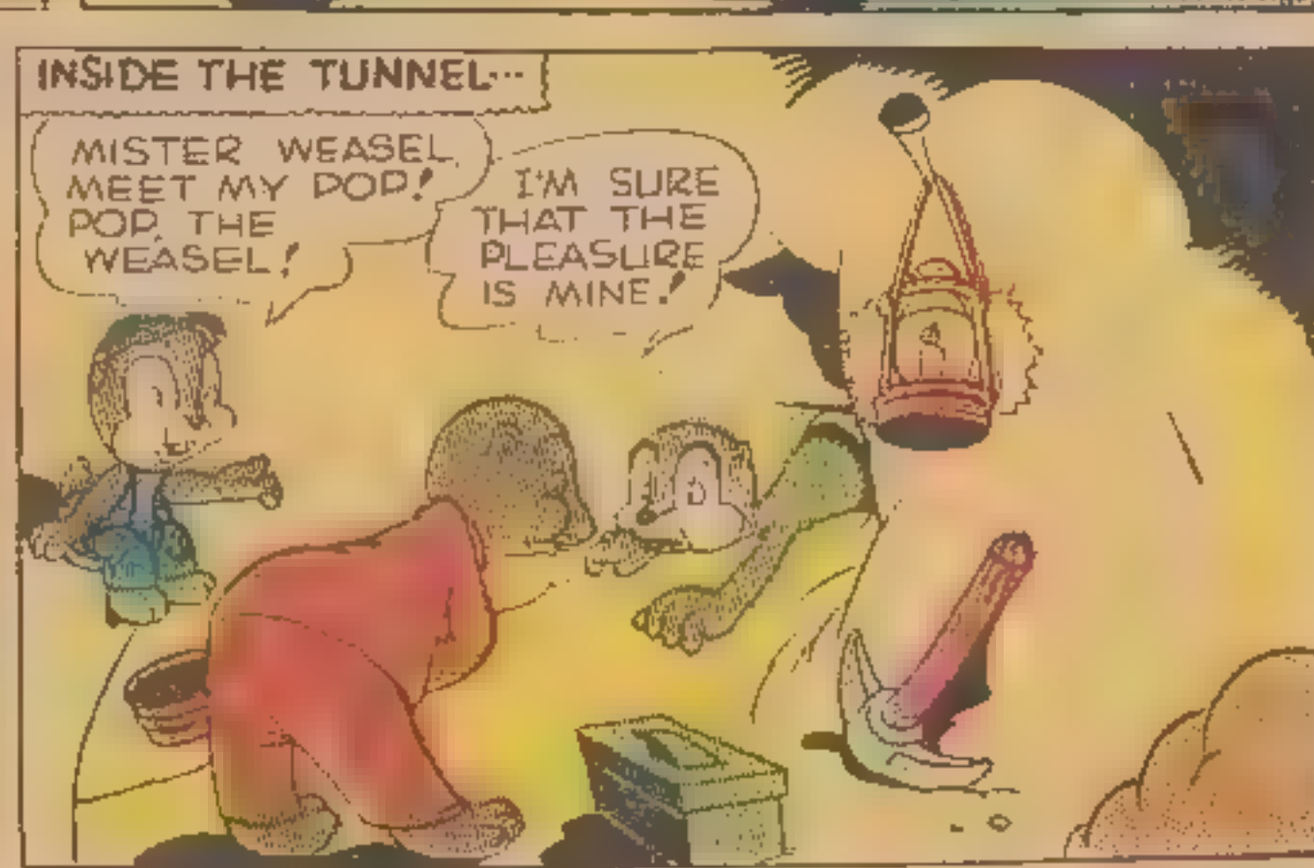

NOPE! NOBODY IN HERE!

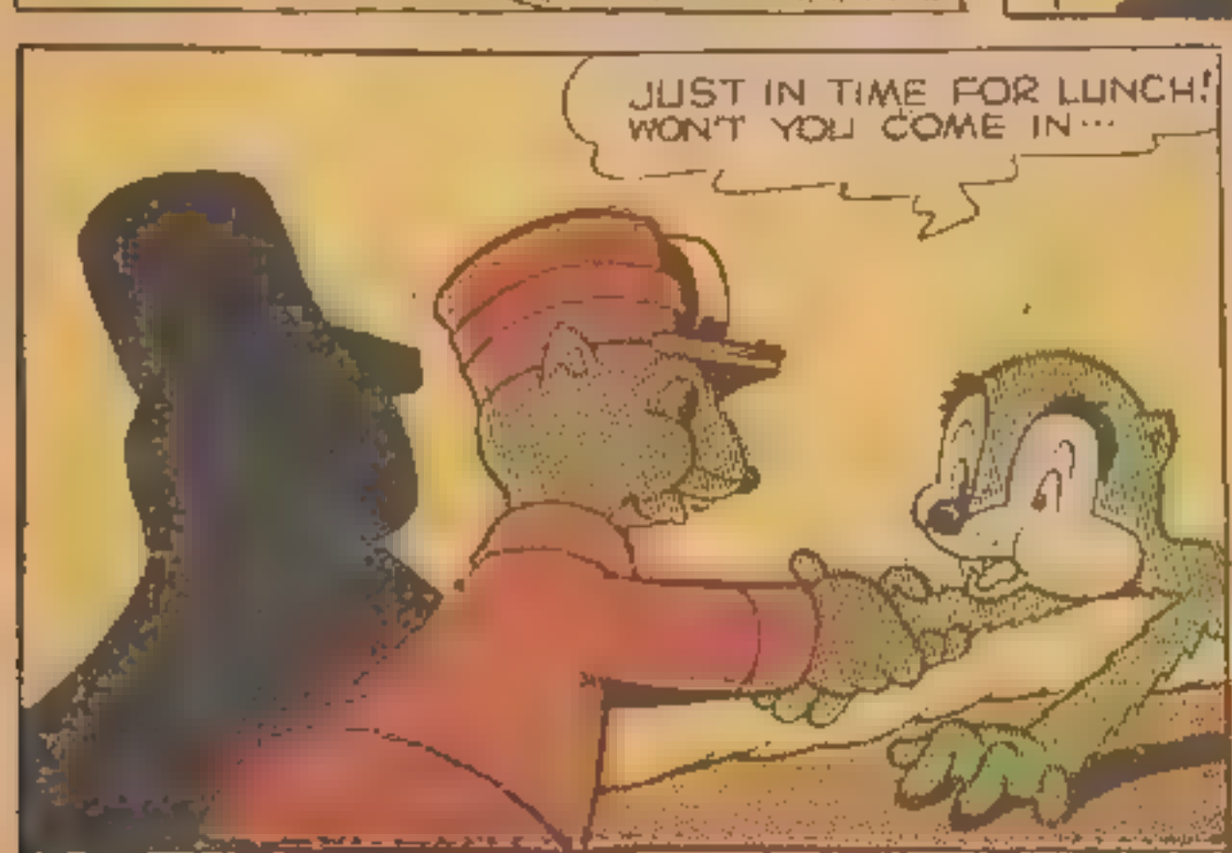
YIPE!
YOU'RE TELLING ME!
BAM!

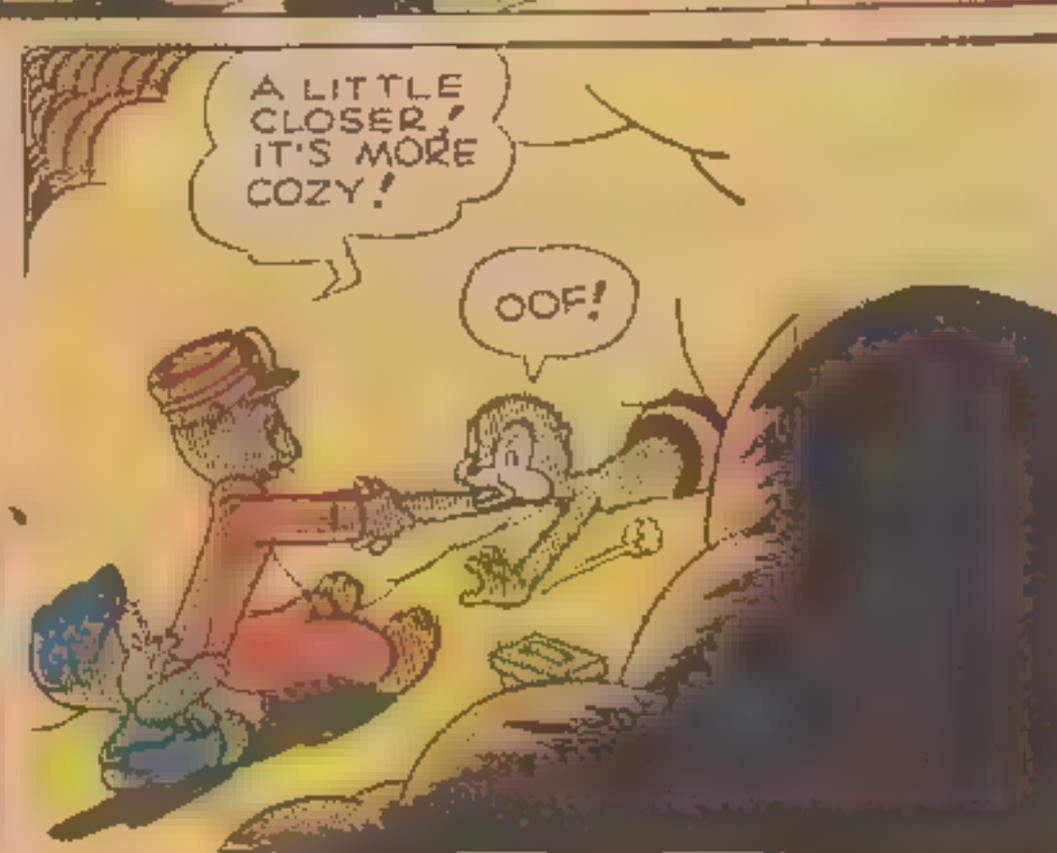

HA-HA-HA! JOHNNY, YOU SURE MADE A FOOL OF OLD MAN WEASEL!


OH YEAH?


YEAH!


INSIDE THE TUNNEL···
MISTER WEASEL, MEET MY POP! POP, THE WEASEL!
I'M SURE THAT THE PLEASURE IS MINE!

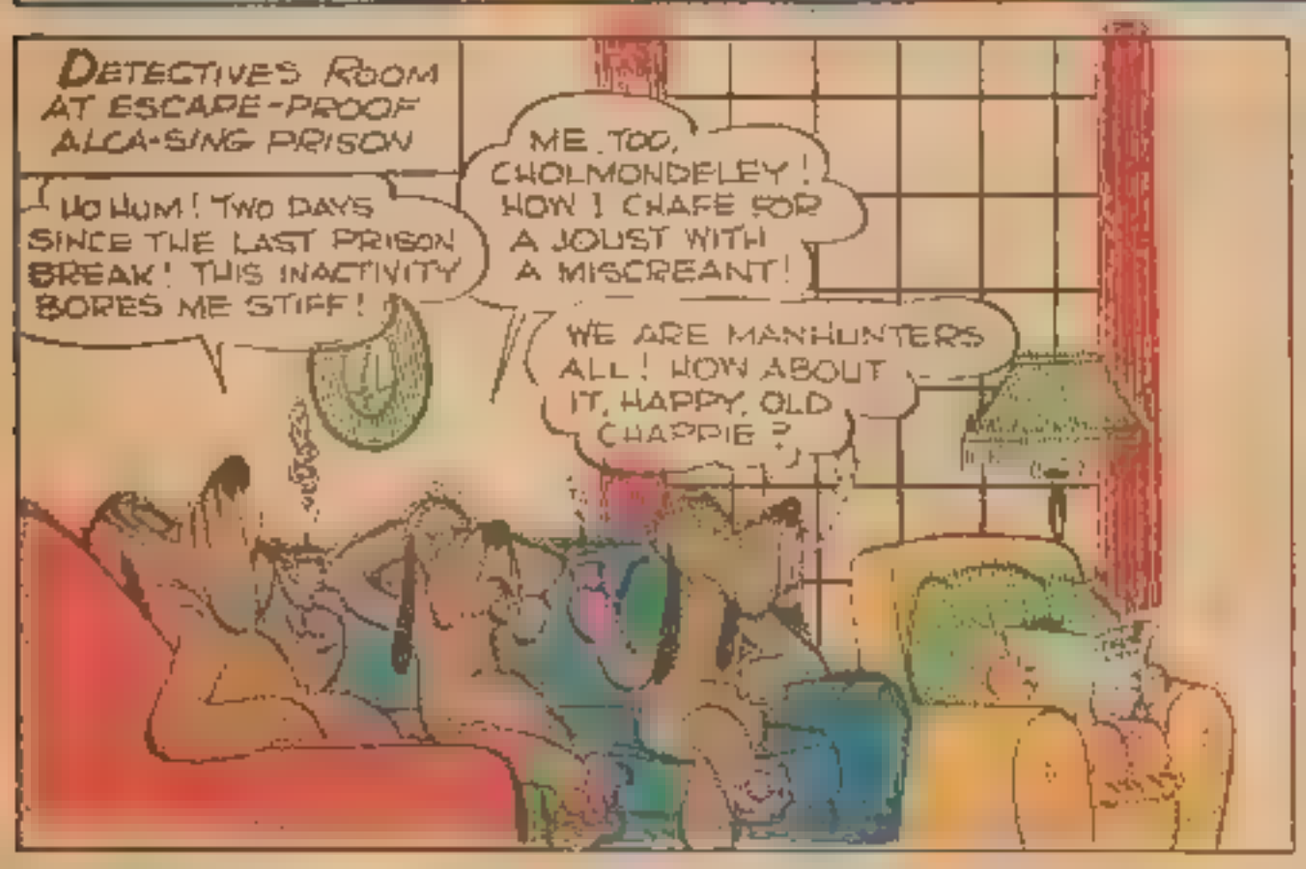

JUST IN TIME FOR LUNCH! WON'T YOU COME IN···

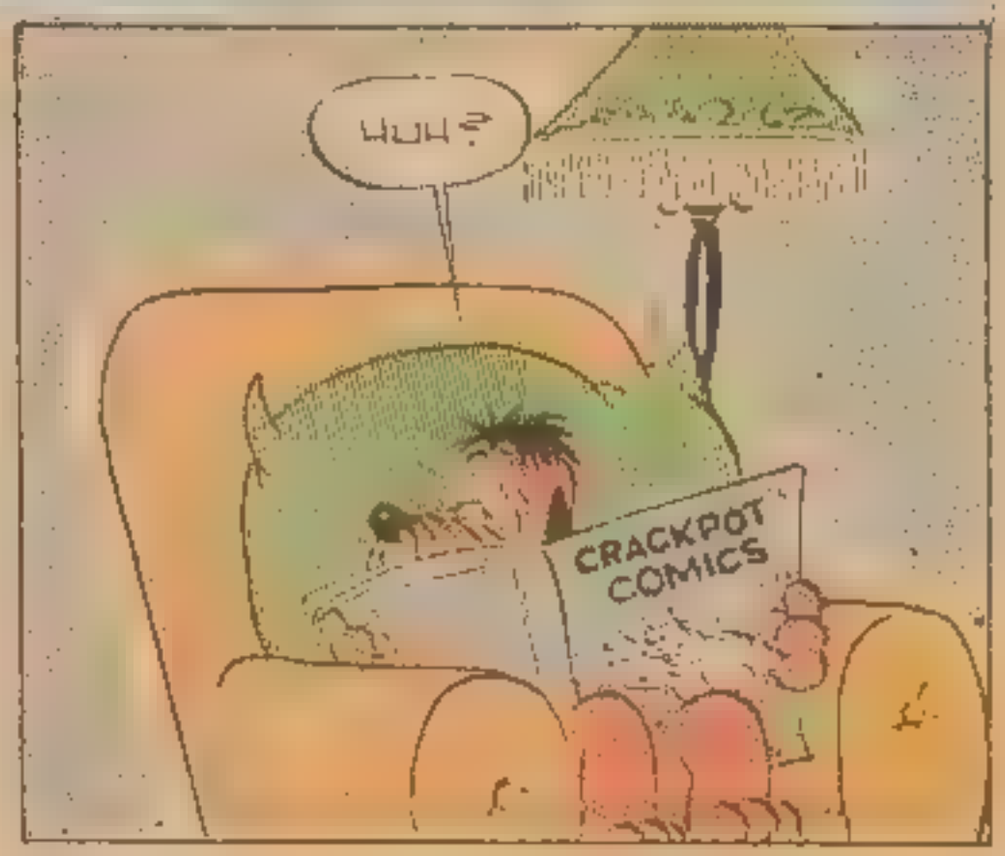

A LITTLE CLOSER, IT'S MORE COZY!
OOF!

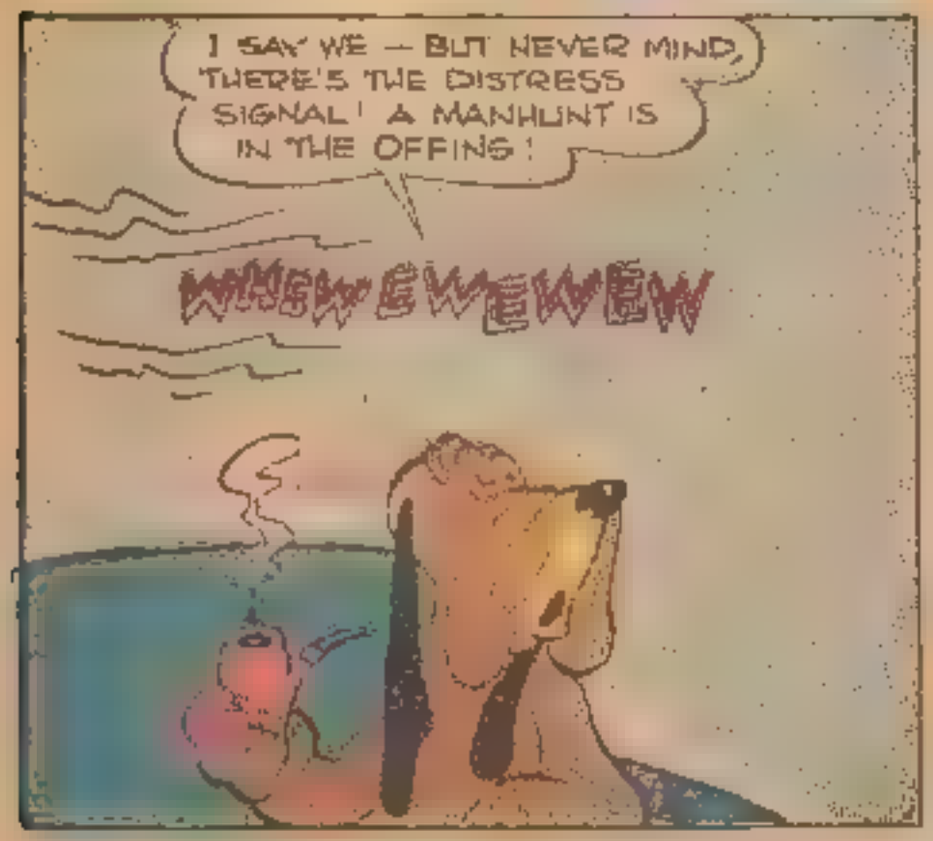
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

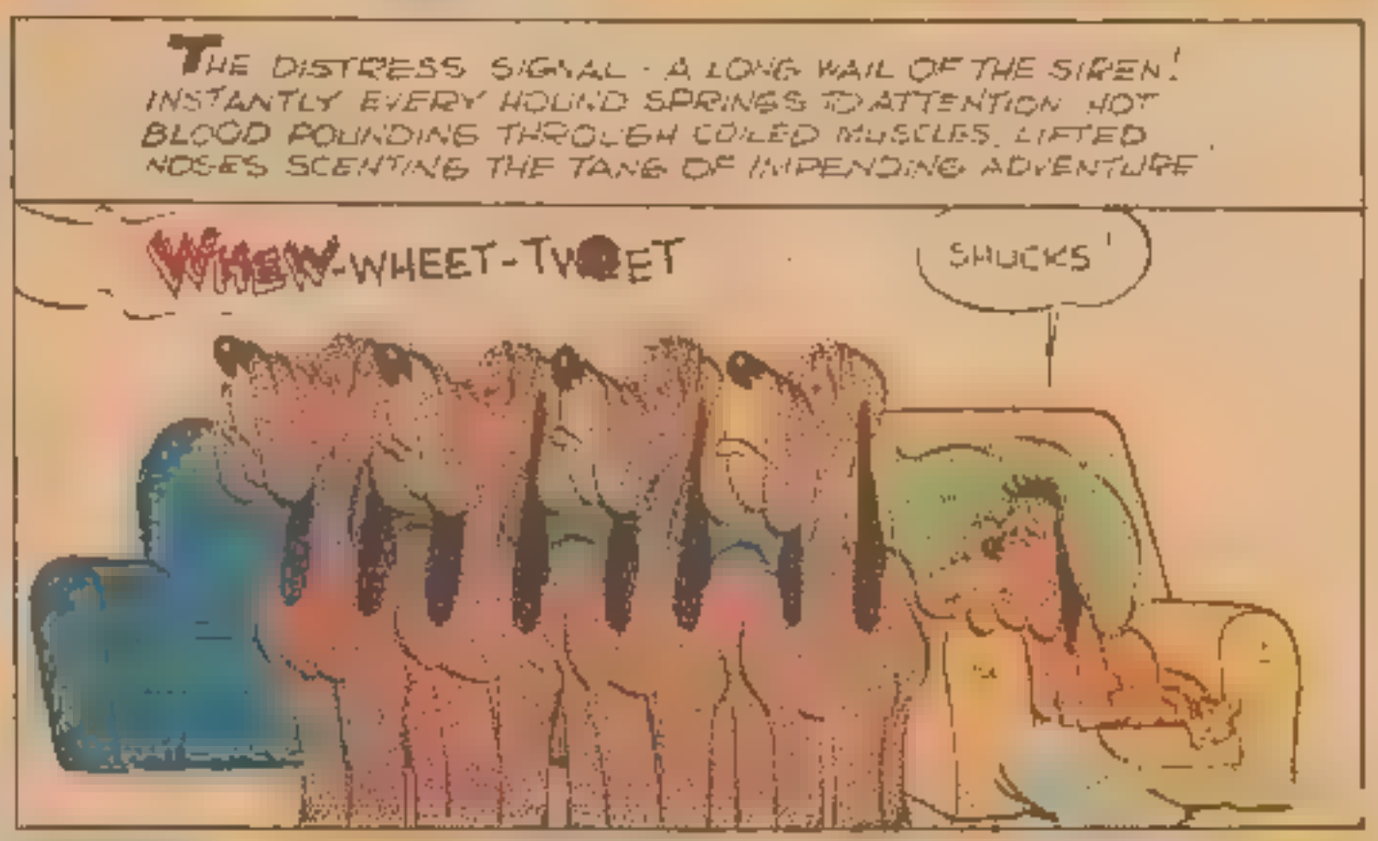
M-G-M CARTOONS presents

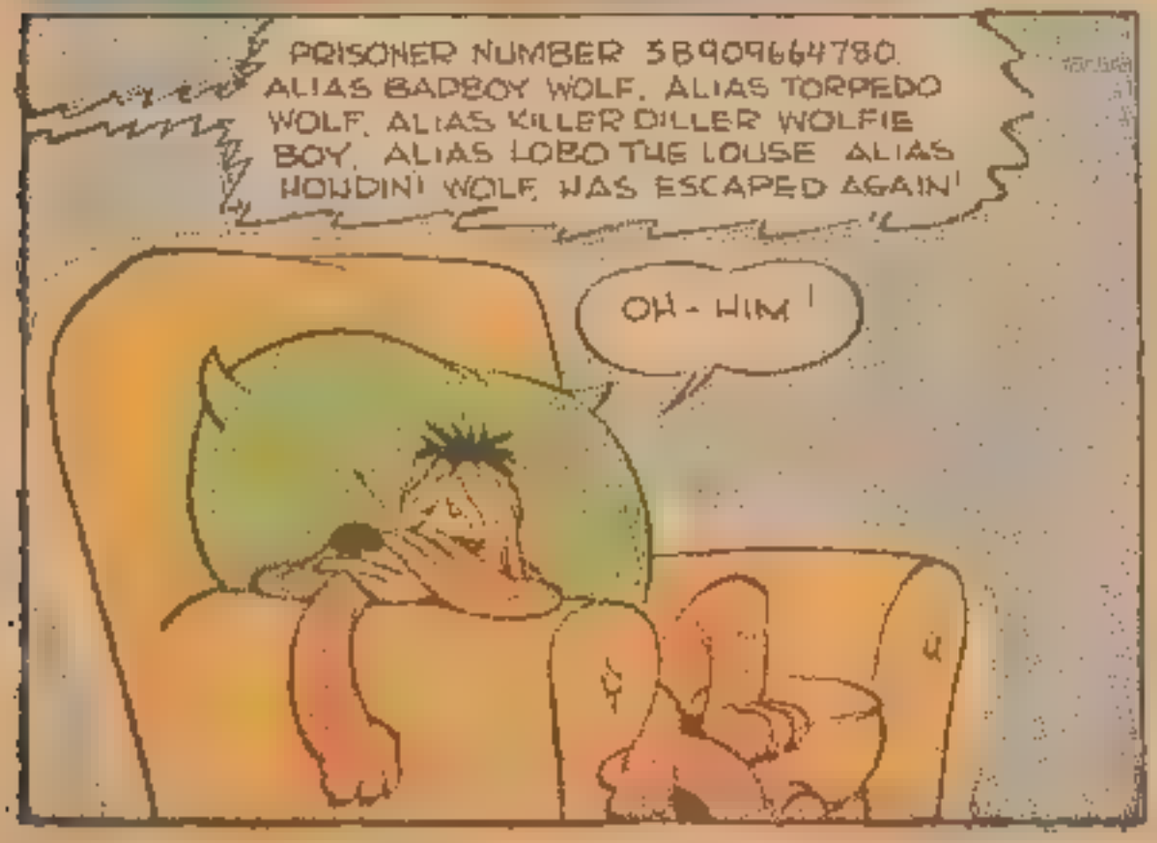
HAPPY Hound

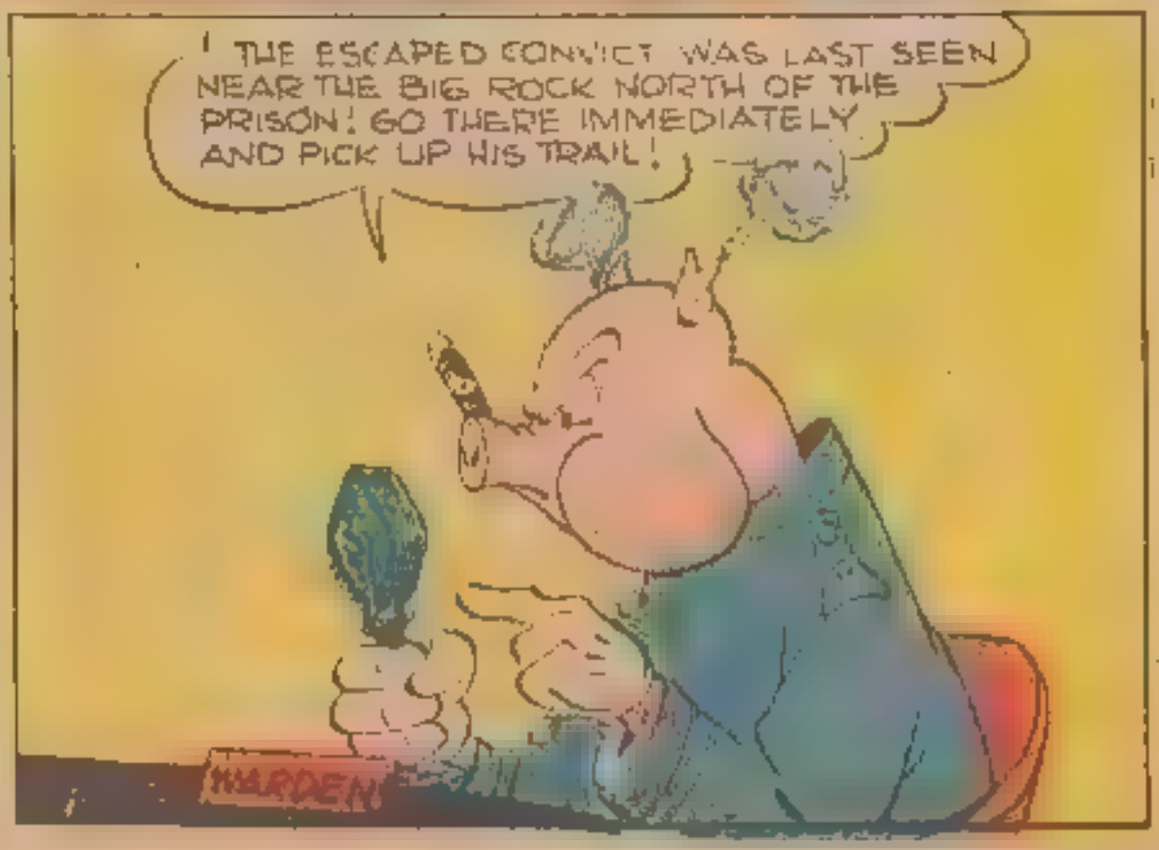


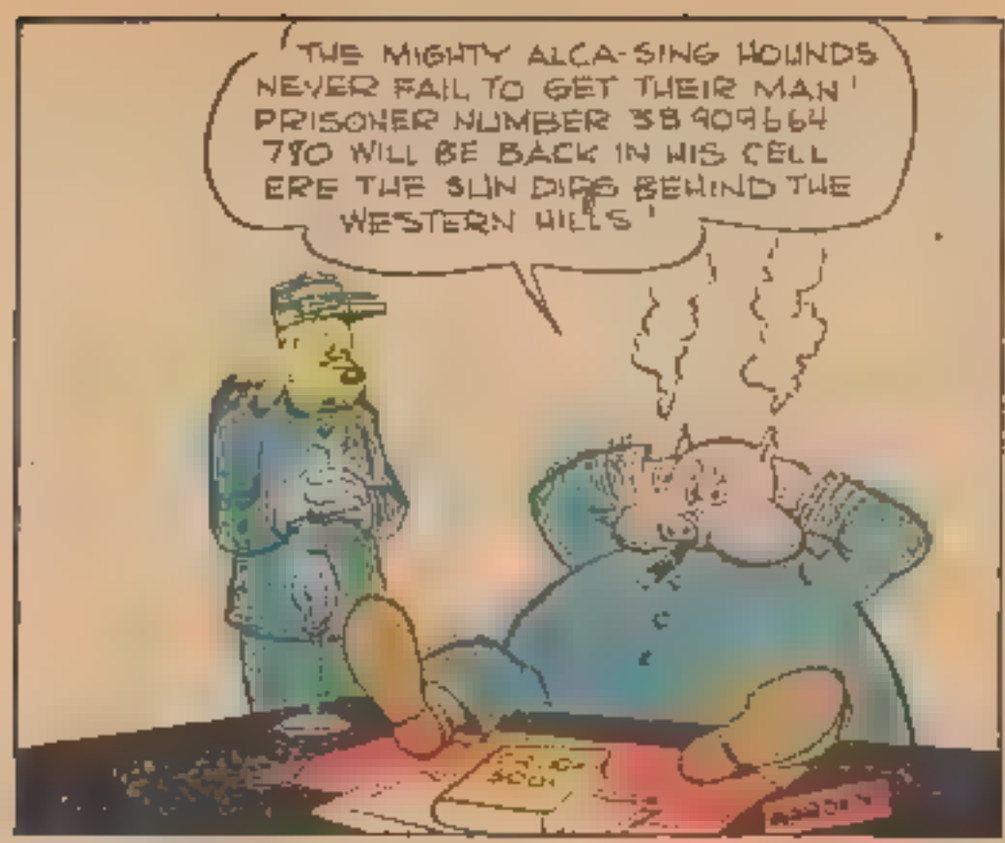


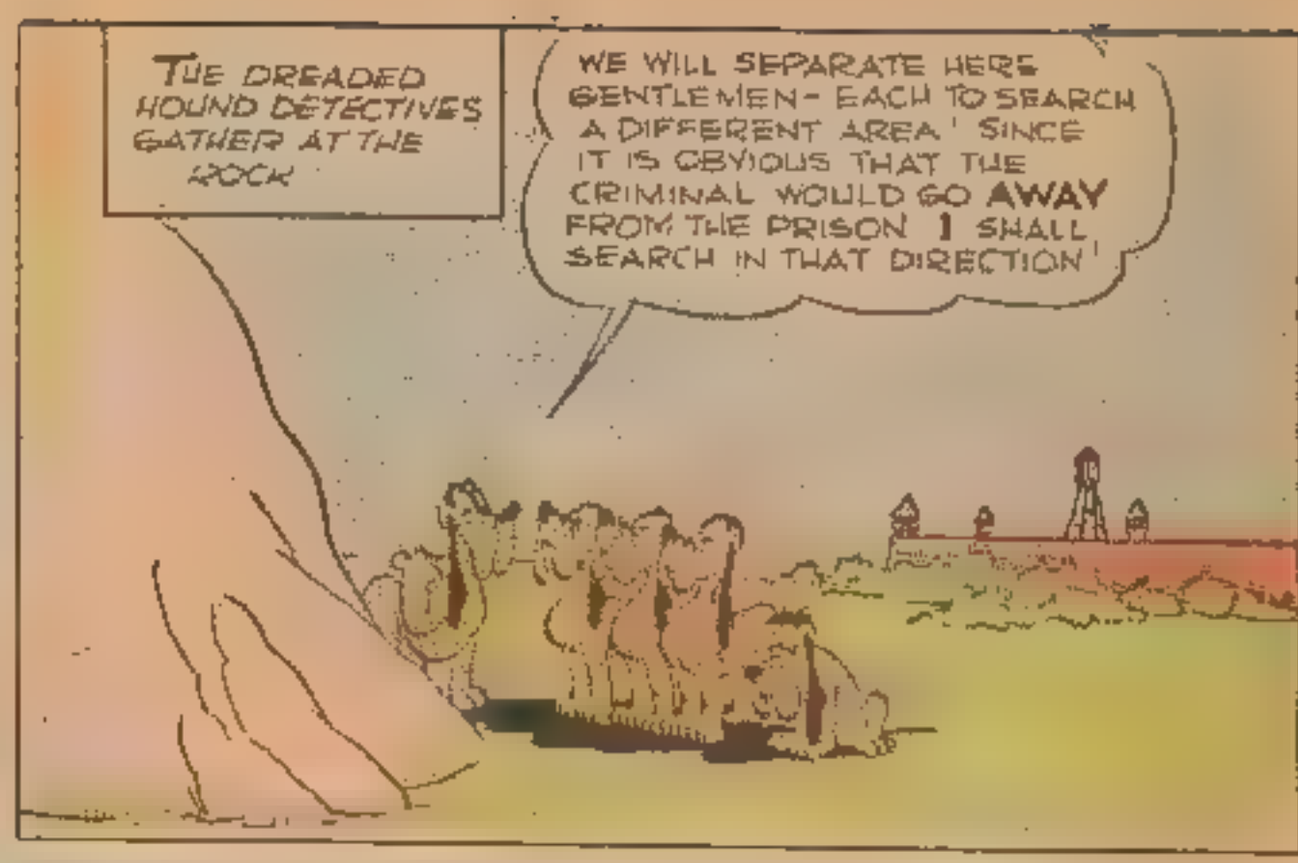


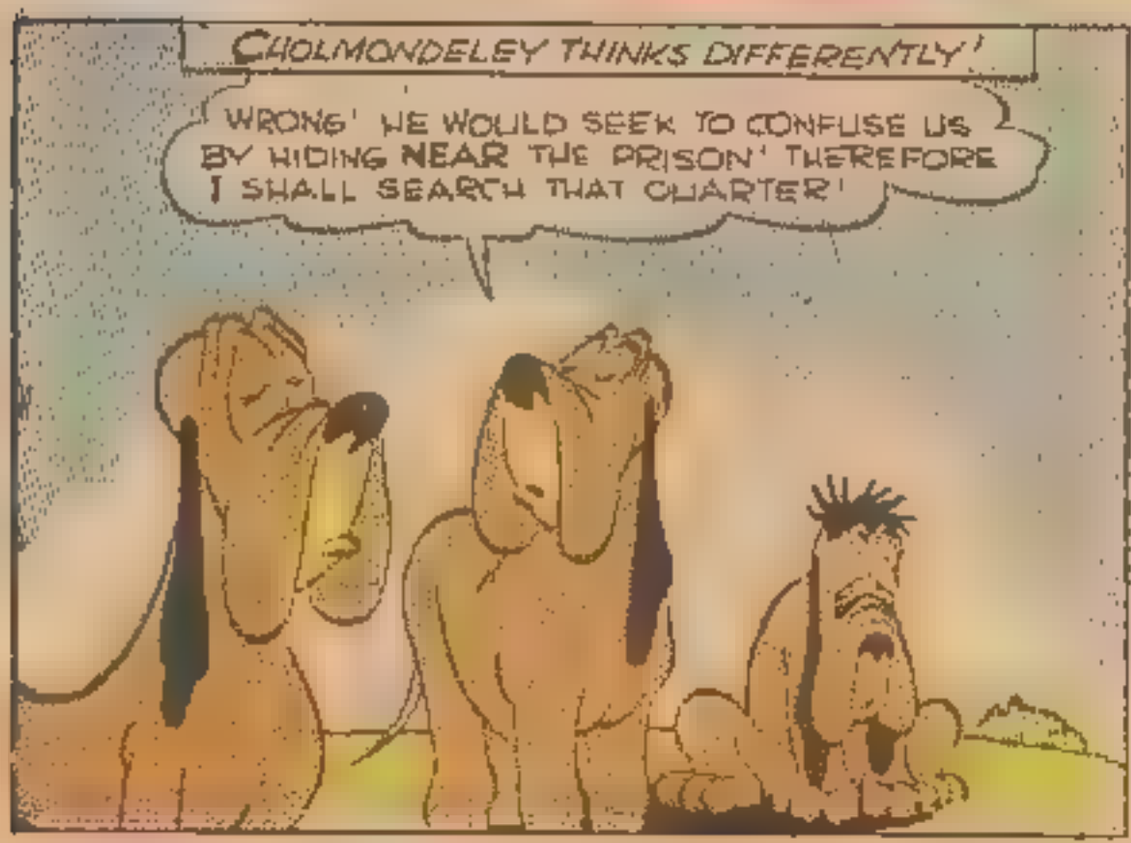


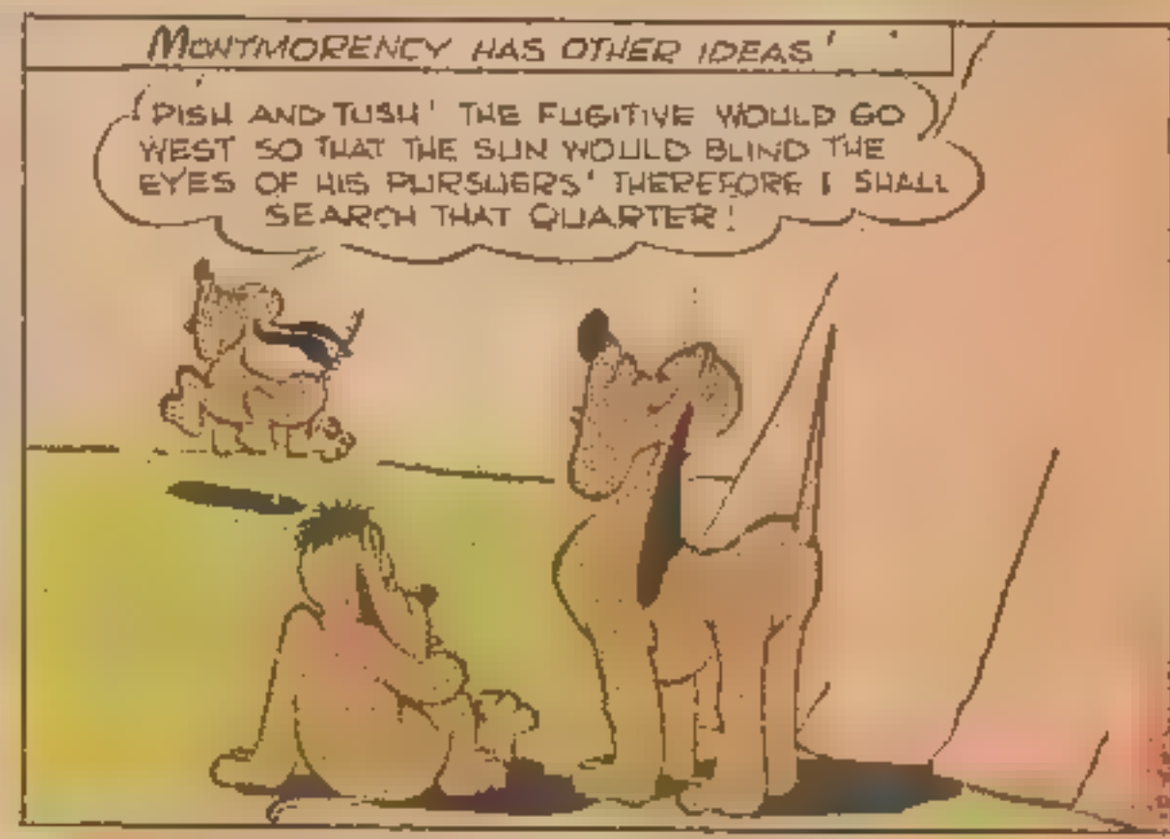


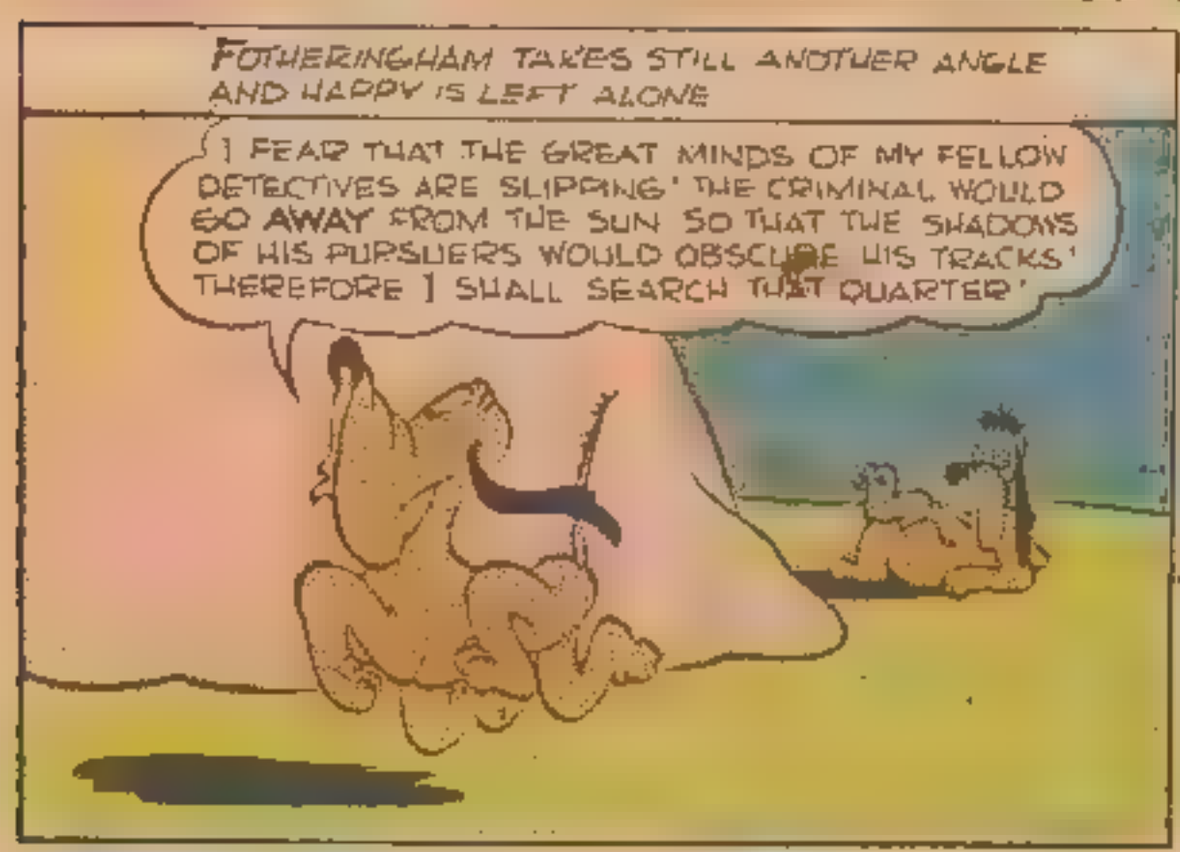


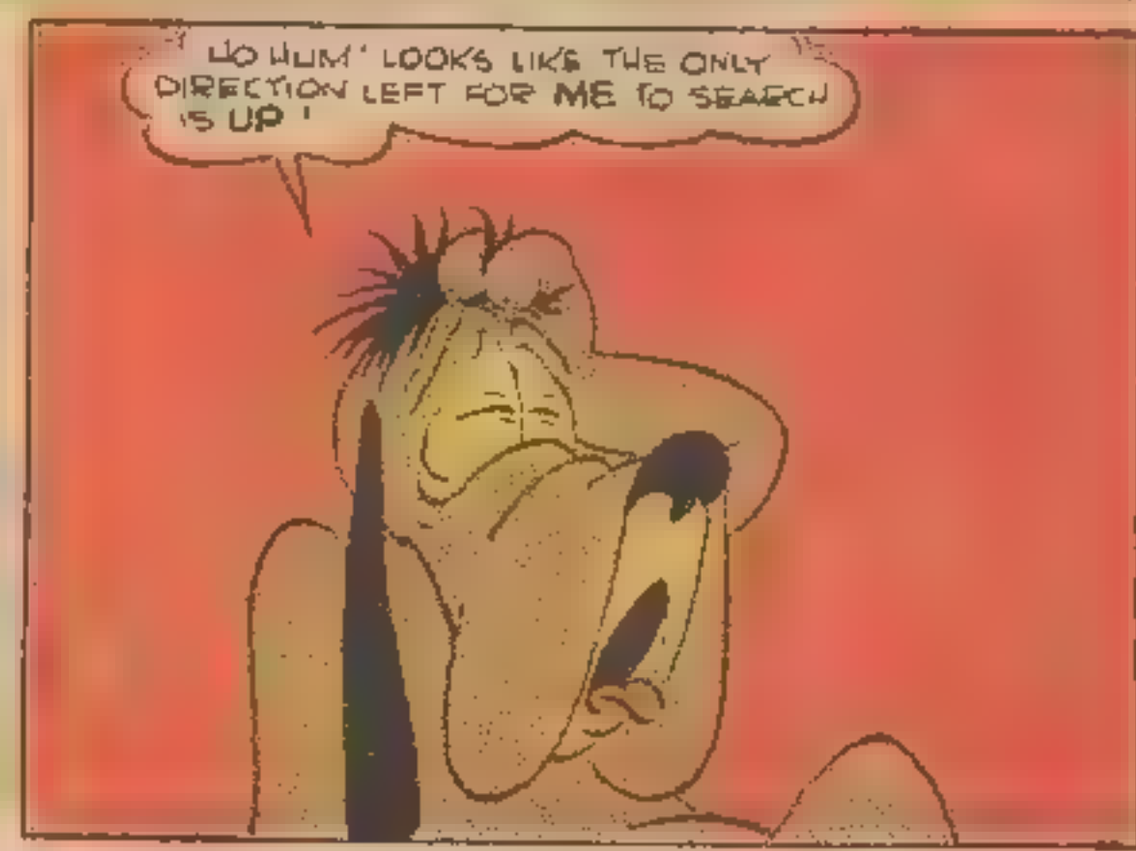

THE MIGHTY ALCA-SING HOUNDS NEVER FAIL TO GET THEIR MAN! PRISONER NUMBER 38 909664 TWO WILL BE BACK IN HIS CELL ERE THE SUN DIPS BEHIND THE WESTERN HILLS!

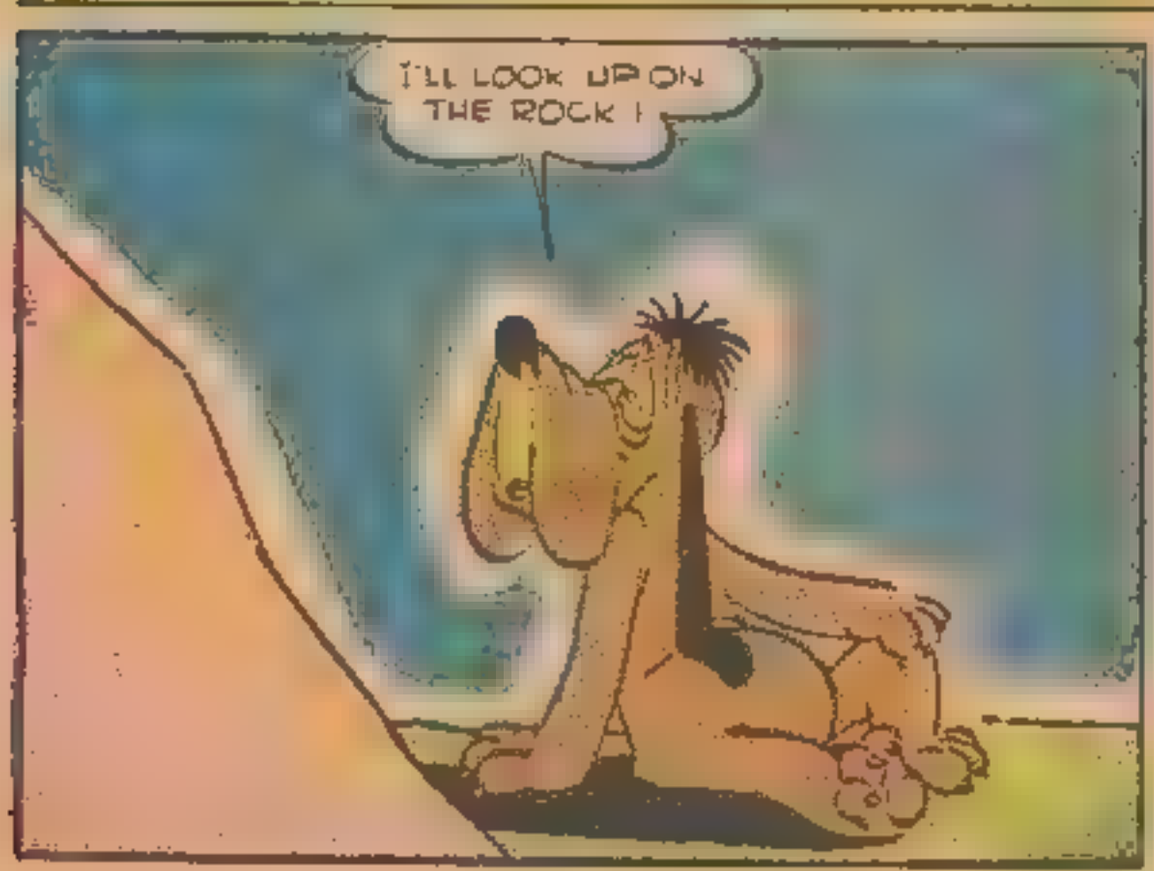

THE DREADED HOUND DETECTIVES GATHER AT THE ROCK
WE WILL SEPARATE HERE GENTLEMEN - EACH TO SEARCH A DIFFERENT AREA! SINCE IT IS OBVIOUS THAT THE CRIMINAL WOULD GO AWAY FROM THE PRISON I SHALL SEARCH IN THAT DIRECTION!

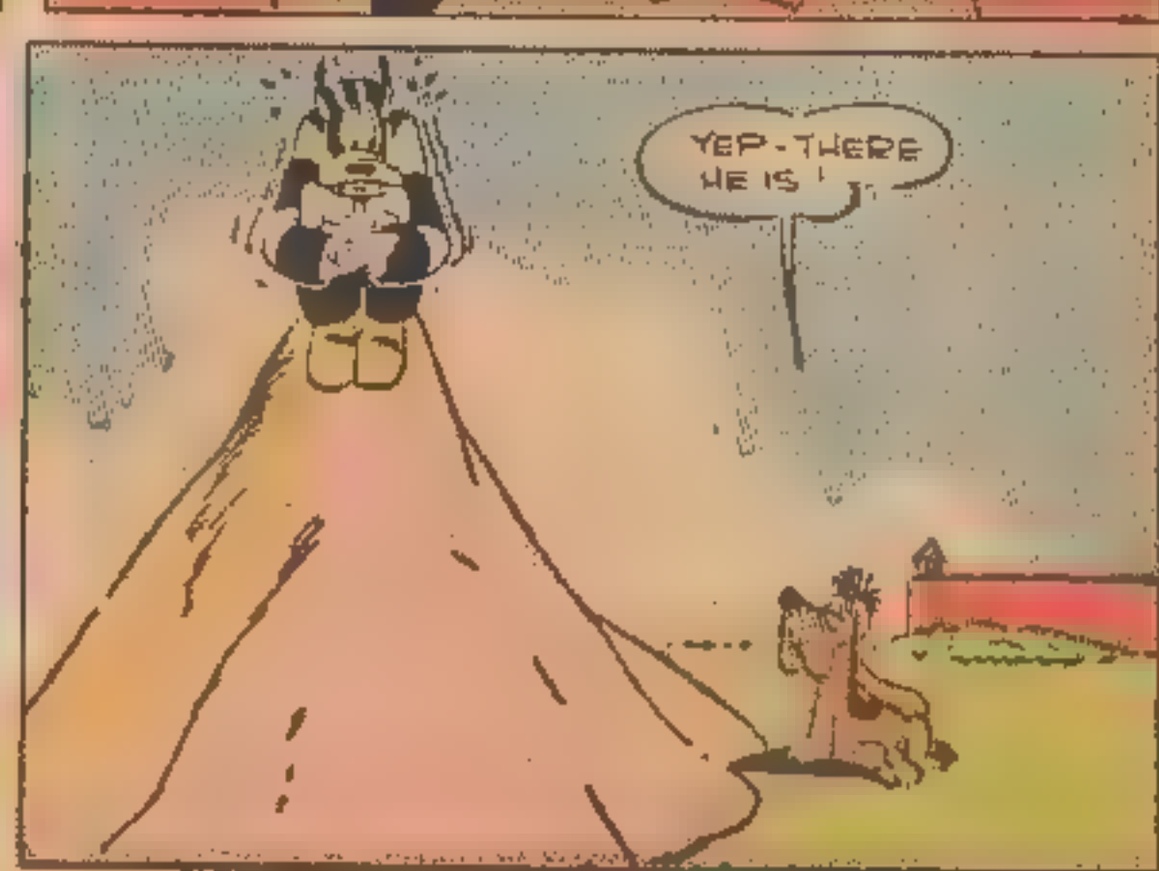

CHOLMONDELEY THINKS DIFFERENTLY!
WRONG! HE WOULD SEEK TO CONFUSE US BY HIDING NEAR THE PRISON! THEREFORE I SHALL SEARCH THAT QUARTER!

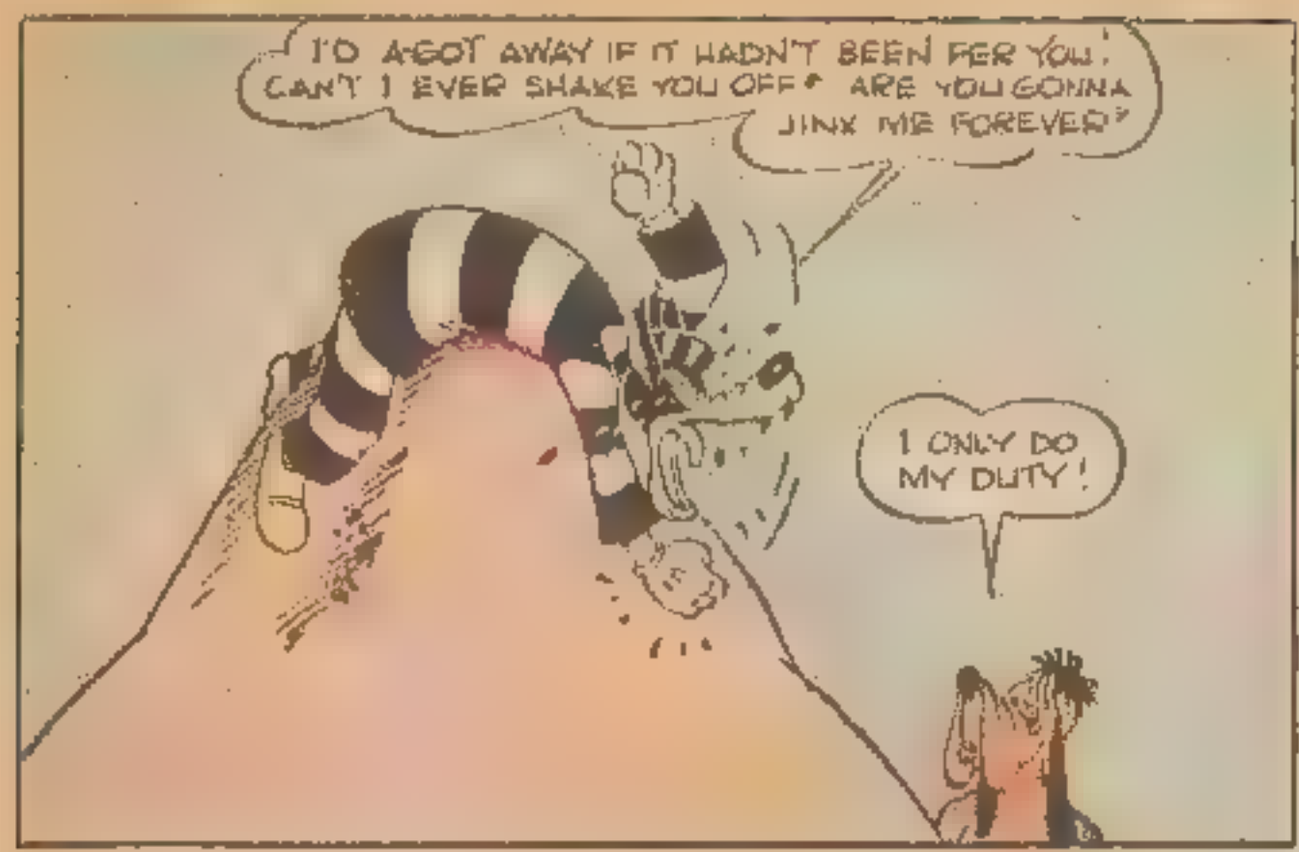

MONTMORENCY HAS OTHER IDEAS!
PISH AND TUSH! THE FUGITIVE WOULD GO WEST SO THAT THE SUN WOULD BLIND THE EYES OF HIS PURSUERS! THEREFORE I SHALL SEARCH THAT QUARTER!


FOTHERINGHAM TAKES STILL ANOTHER ANGLE AND HAPPY IS LEFT ALONE
I FEAR THAT THE GREAT MINDS OF MY FELLOW DETECTIVES ARE SLIPPING! THE CRIMINAL WOULD GO AWAY FROM THE SUN SO THAT THE SHADOWS OF HIS PURSUERS WOULD OBSCURE HIS TRACKS! THEREFORE I SHALL SEARCH THAT QUARTER!


HO HUM! LOOKS LIKE THE ONLY DIRECTION LEFT FOR ME TO SEARCH IS UP!

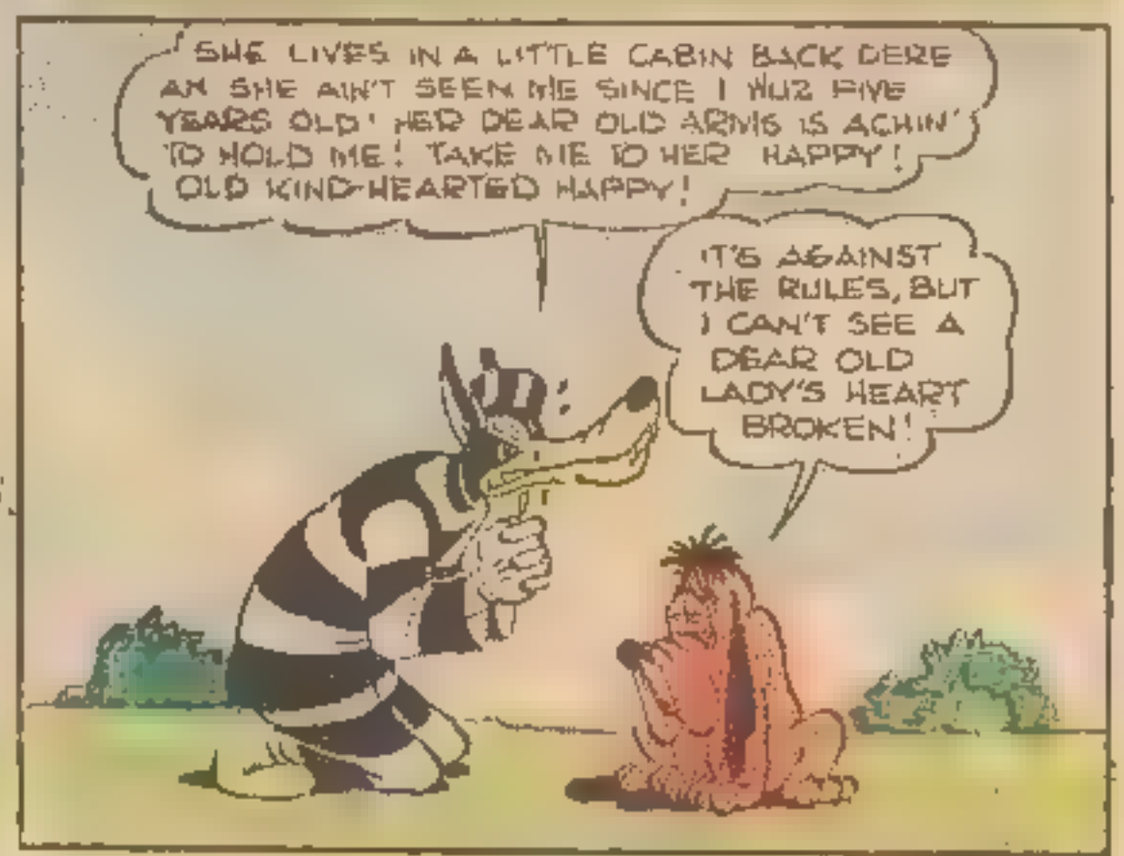

I'LL LOOK UP ON THE ROCK!

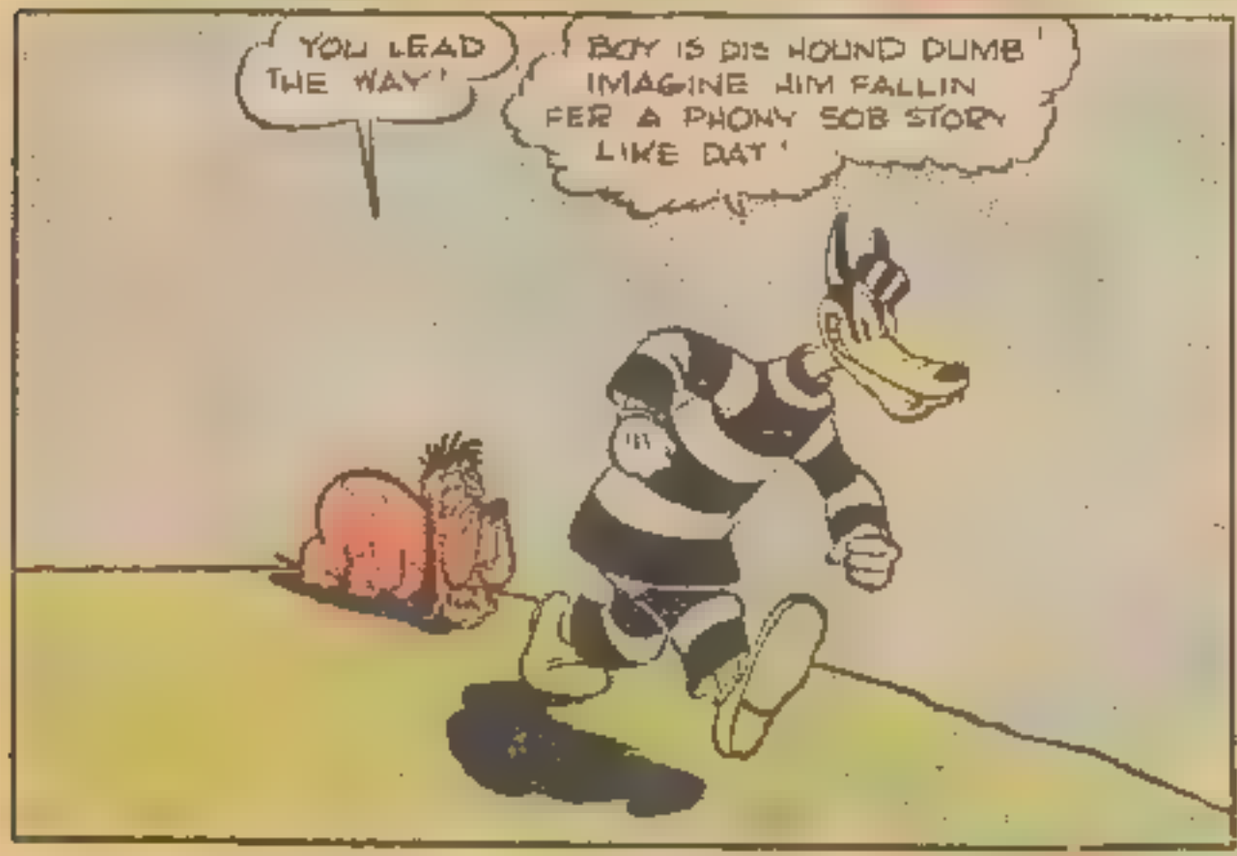

YEP - THERE HE IS!

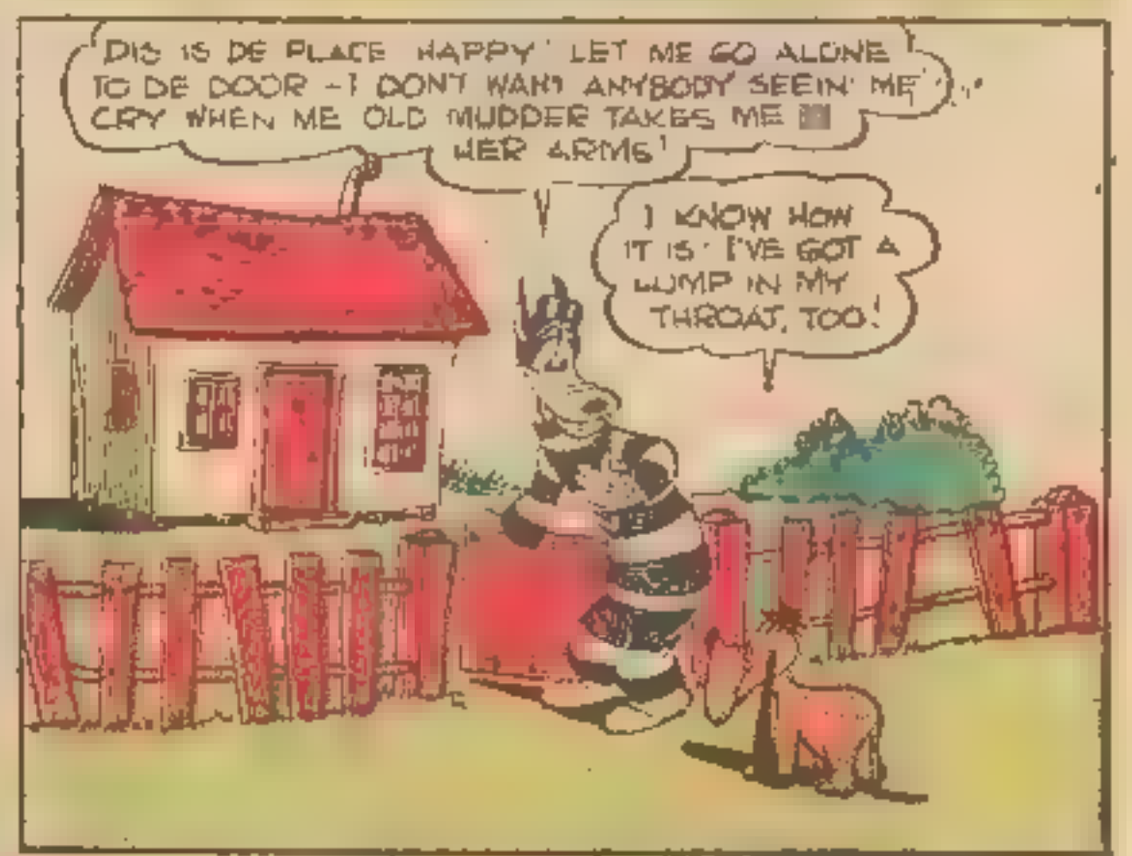

I'D A-GOT AWAY IF IT HADN'T BEEN FER YOU! CAN'T I EVER SHAKE YOU OFF? ARE YOU GONNA JINX ME FOREVER?
I ONLY DO MY DUTY!

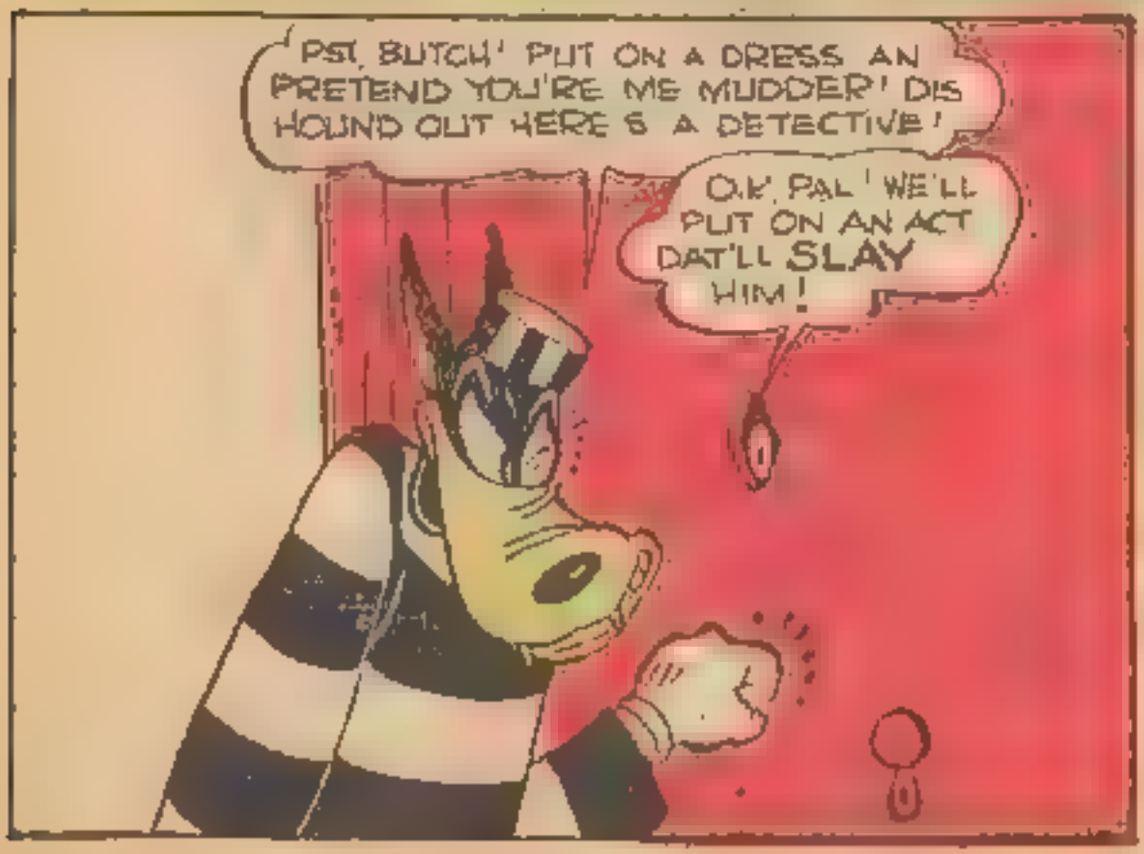
DOESONE DE LUCK! I HAD ME ESCAPE PLANNED TO DE LAST DETAIL! DE GETAWAY CAR WAITIN FER ME AT DE HIDEOUT CABIN! BUTCH DERE WIT DISGUISES N'EVERYTING! I GOTTA GET TO DAT CABIN! I JUST GOTTA!

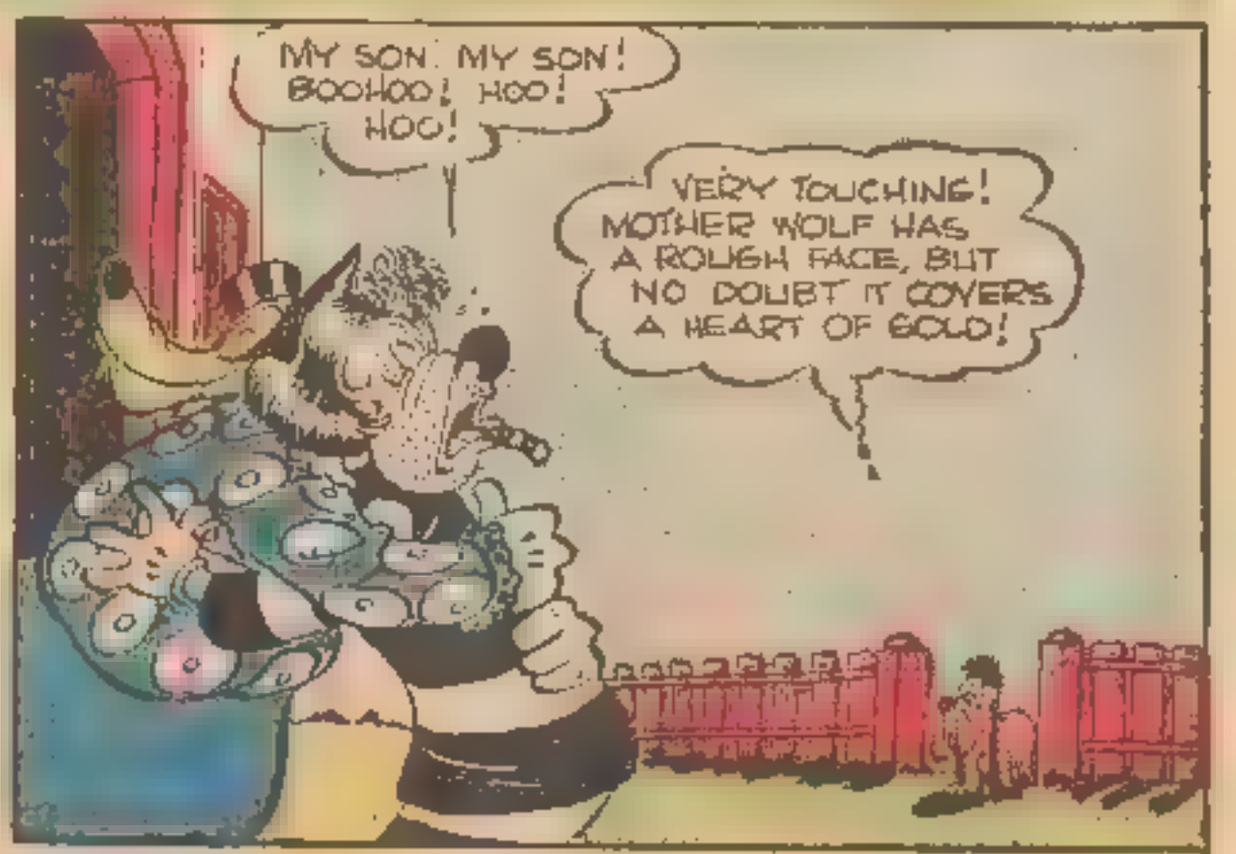
LISTEN HAPPY YOU WOULDN'T MAKE ME GO BACK TO PRISON WITOUT SEEIN' ME DEAR OLD MUDDER WOULDJA? IT'D BREAK HER HEART!
HUNK-UH! YES! I MEAN-NO!


SHE LIVES IN A LITTLE CABIN BACK DERE AN SHE AIN'T SEEN ME SINCE I WUZ FIVE YEARS OLD! HER DEAR OLD ARMS IS ACHIN' TO HOLD ME! TAKE ME TO HER HAPPY! OLD KIND-HEARTED HAPPY!
IT'S AGAINST THE RULES, BUT I CAN'T SEE A DEAR OLD LADY'S HEART BROKEN!


YOU LEAD THE WAY!
BOY IS DIS HOUND DUMB! IMAGINE HIM FALLIN FER A PHONY SOB STORY LIKE DAT!

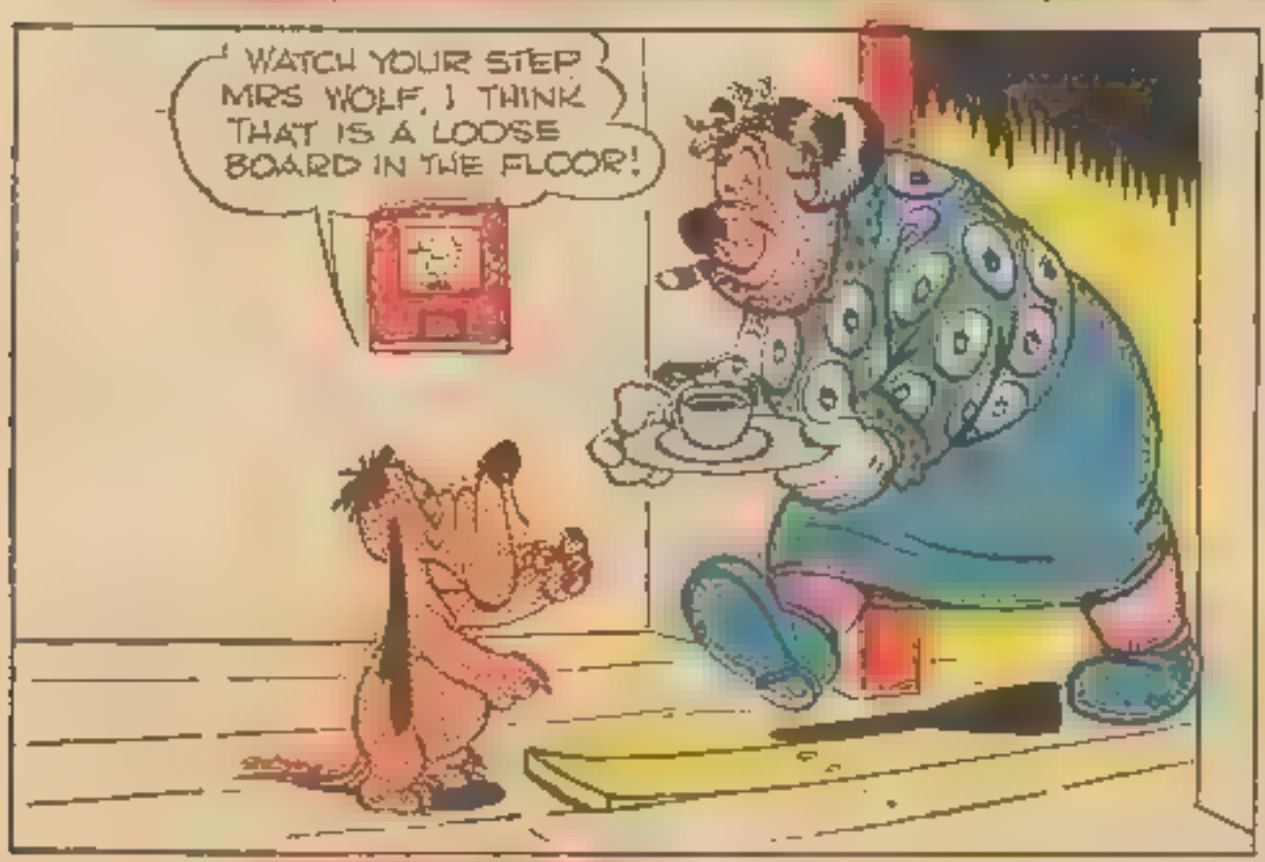

DIS IS DE PLACE HAPPY! LET ME GO ALONE TO DE DOOR - I DON'T WANT ANYBODY SEEIN' ME CRY WHEN ME OLD MUDDER TAKES ME IN HER ARMS!
I KNOW HOW IT IS! I'VE GOT A LUMP IN MY THROAT, TOO!


PST, BUTCH! PUT ON A DRESS AN PRETEND YOU'RE ME MUDDER! DIS HOUND OUT HERE S A DETECTIVE!
O.K. PAL! WE'LL PUT ON AN ACT DAT'LL SLAY HIM!

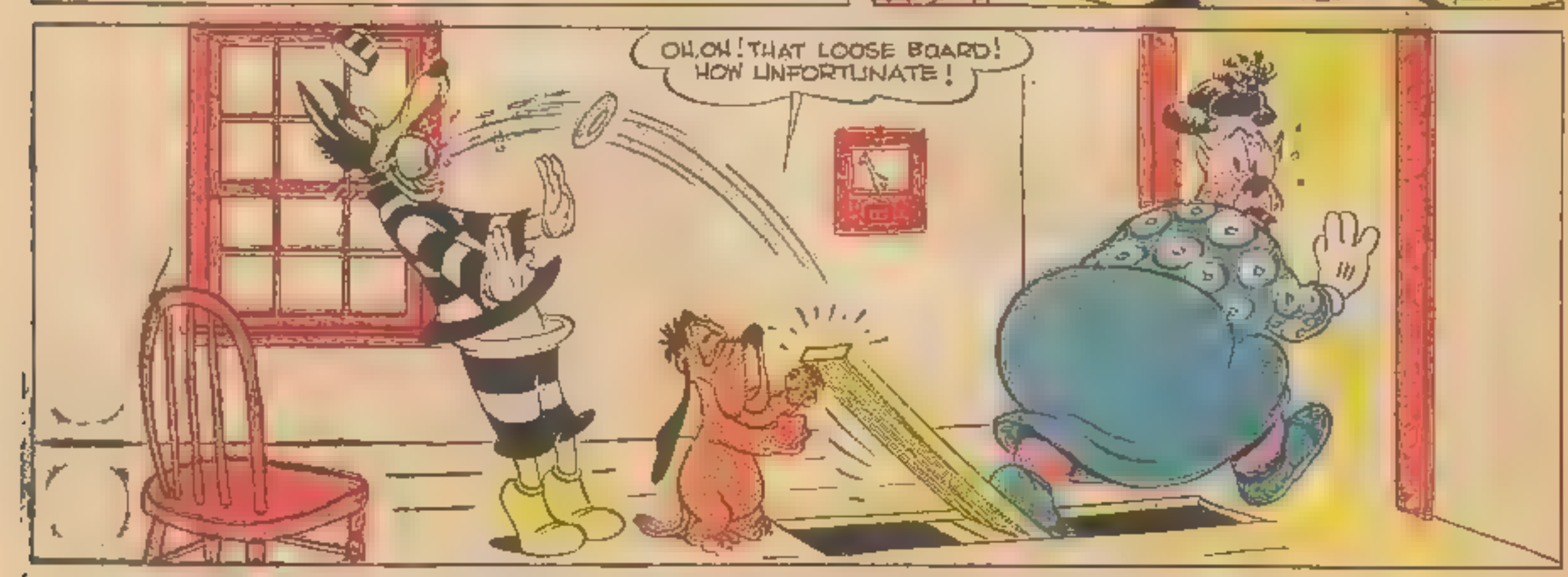

MY SON. MY SON! BOOHOO! HOO! HOO!
VERY TOUCHING! MOTHER WOLF HAS A ROUGH FACE, BUT NO DOUBT IT COVERS A HEART OF GOLD!

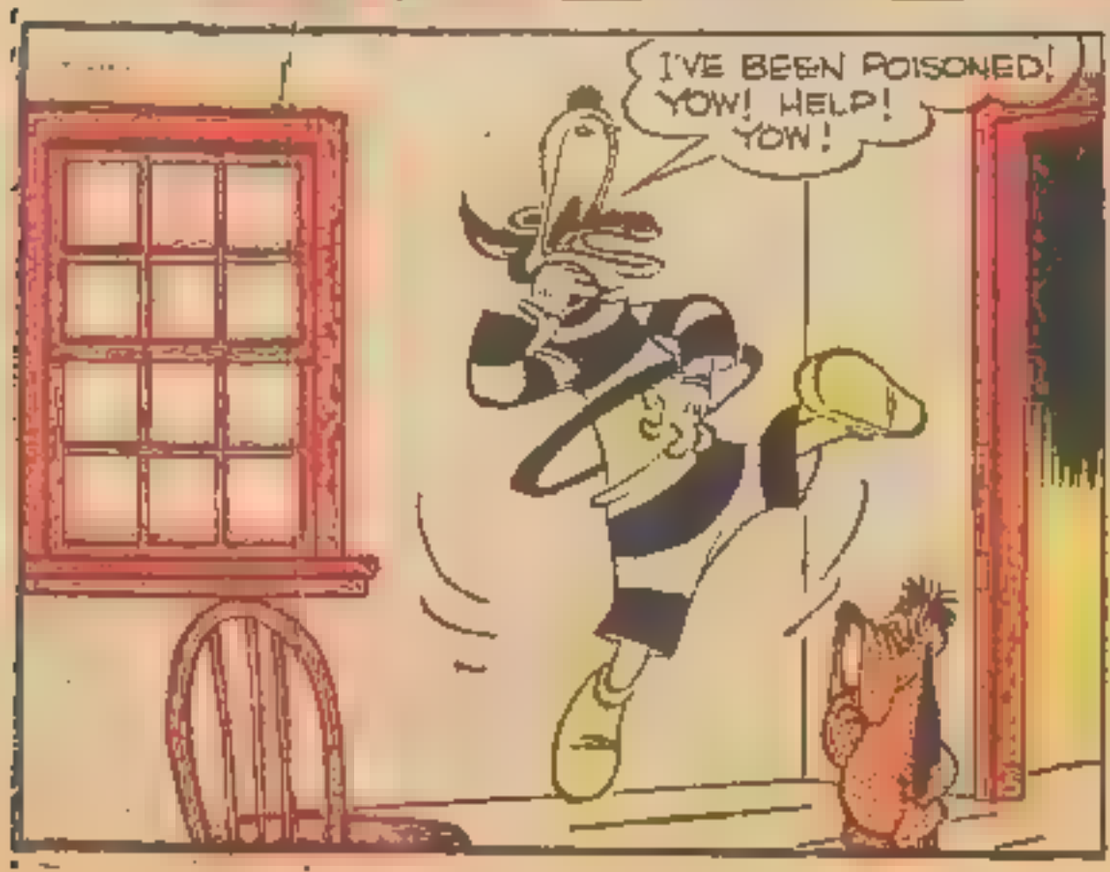
COME IN, HAPPY—MUDDER SAYS SHE'LL MAKE YOU A CUP OF TEA!
WHAT A THOUGHTFUL SOUL!

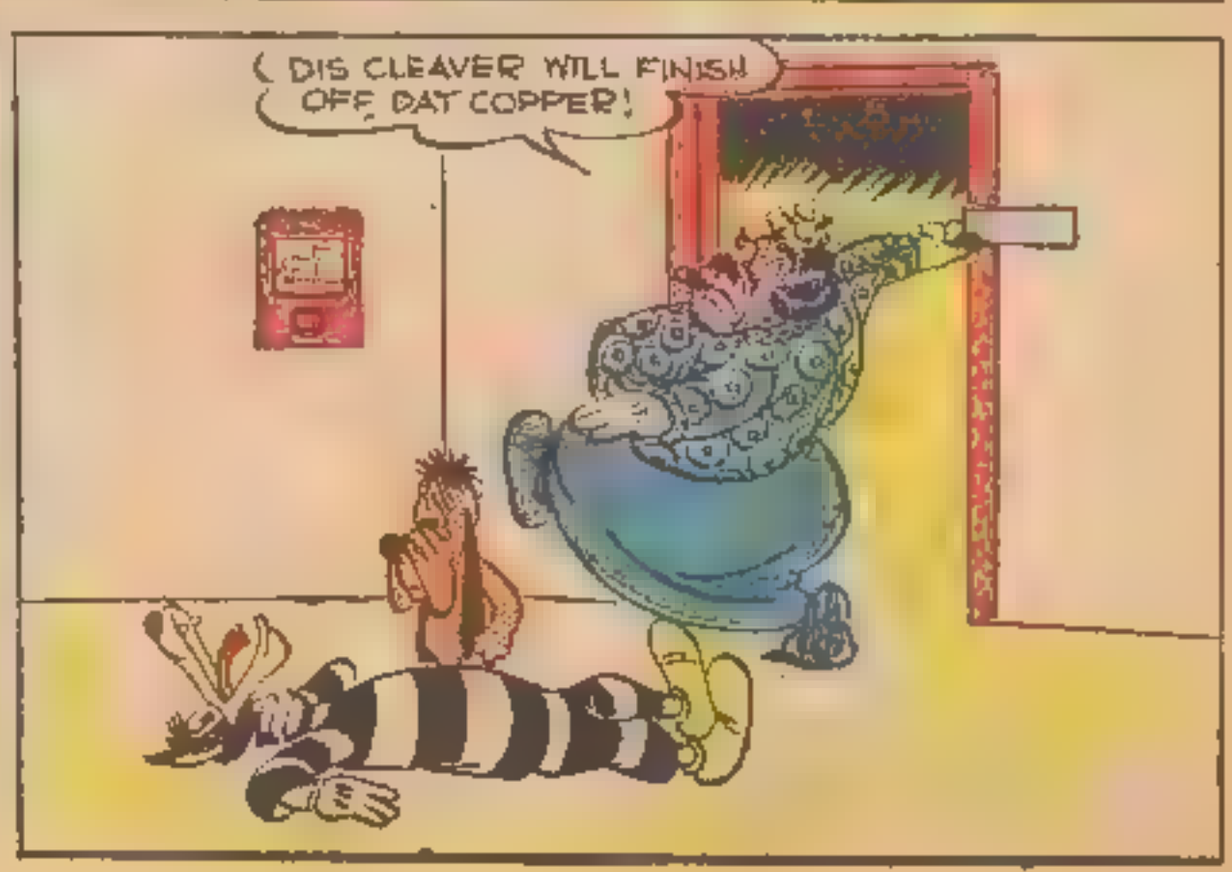
OH, MISTER HOUND, WILL YOU HAVE ONE LUMP OR TWO?
TWO, MRS WOLF! BLESS YOUR KIND OLD HEART!
RAT POISON


WATCH YOUR STEP MRS WOLF, I THINK THAT IS A LOOSE BOARD IN THE FLOOR!

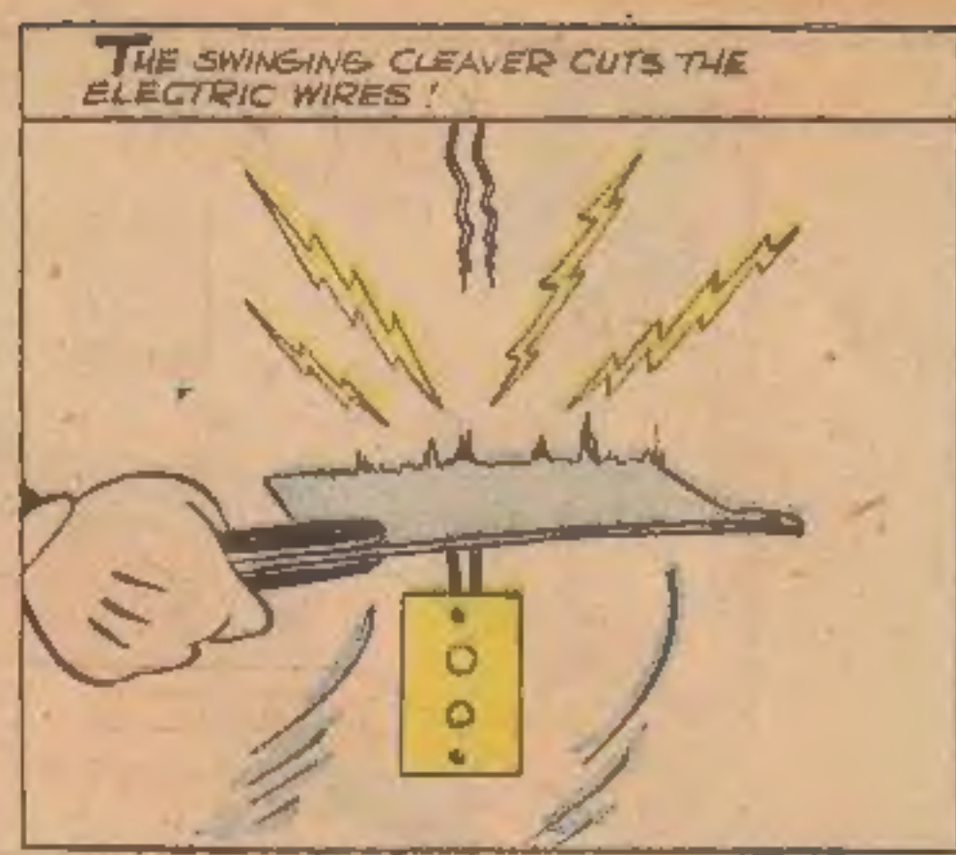
HE'S GONNA DRINK DE POISONED TEA! OH, WOTTA DOPE!

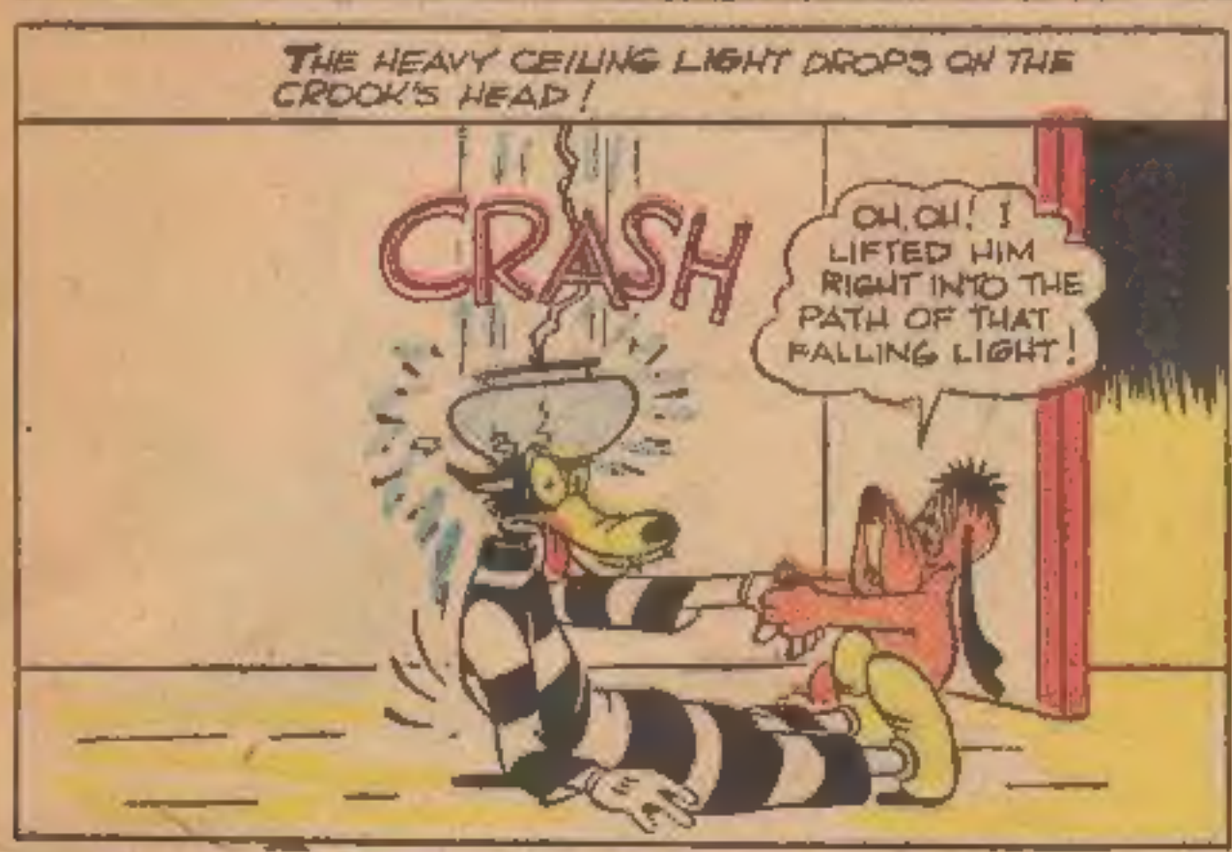

OH, OH! THAT LOOSE BOARD! HOW UNFORTUNATE!


I'VE BEEN POISONED! YOW! HELP! YOW!


DIS CLEAVER WILL FINISH OFF DAT COPPER!

DOGGONE HIM! HE STOOPED!
I'LL HELP YOU SIT UP! YOU'LL FEEL BETTER!
SWISH

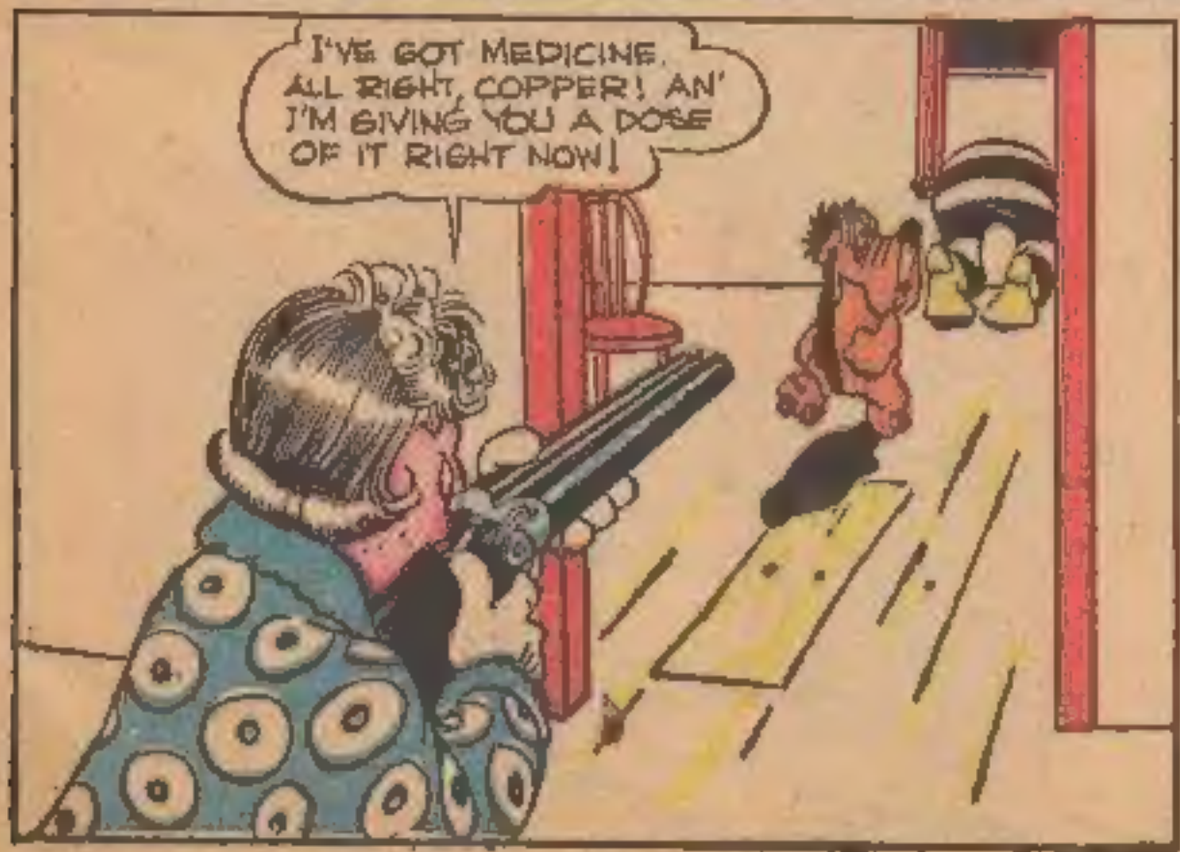

THE SWINGING CLEAVER CUTS THE ELECTRIC WIRES!

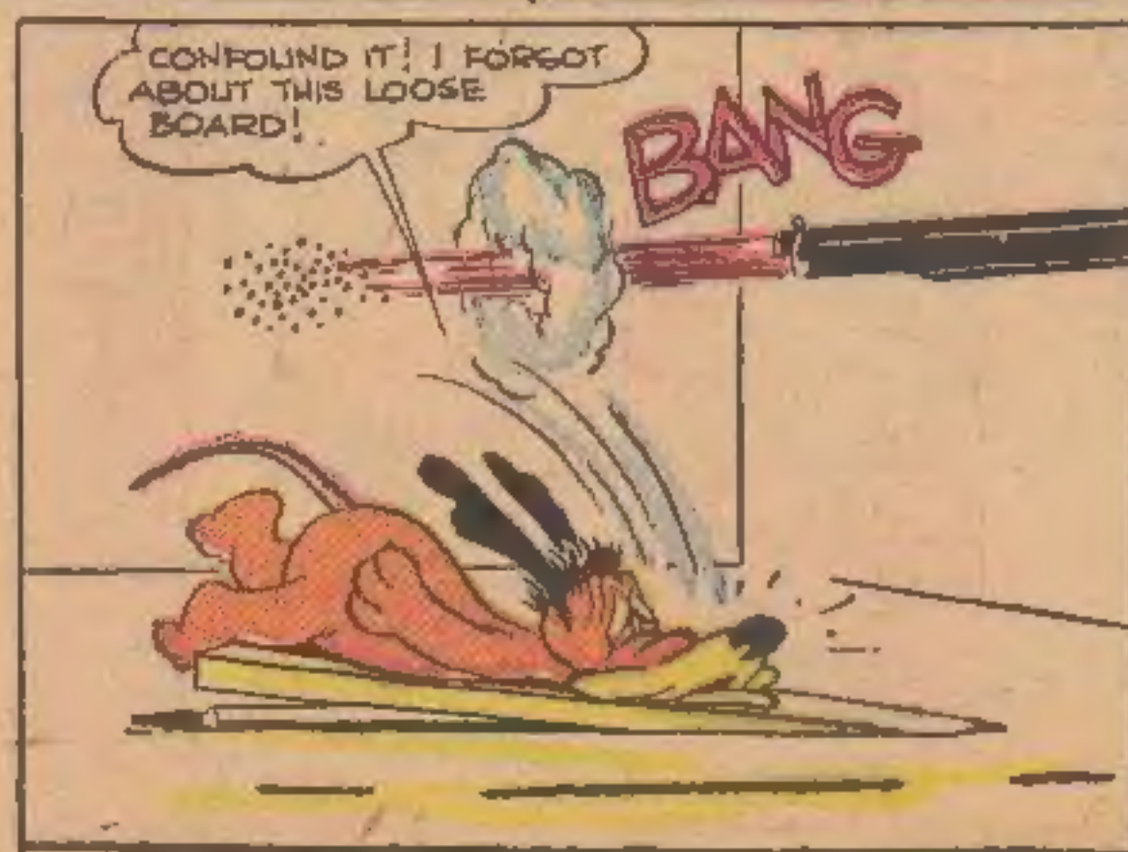

THE HEAVY CEILING LIGHT DROPS ON THE CROOK'S HEAD!
CRASH
OH, OH! I LIFTED HIM RIGHT INTO THE PATH OF THAT FALLING LIGHT!

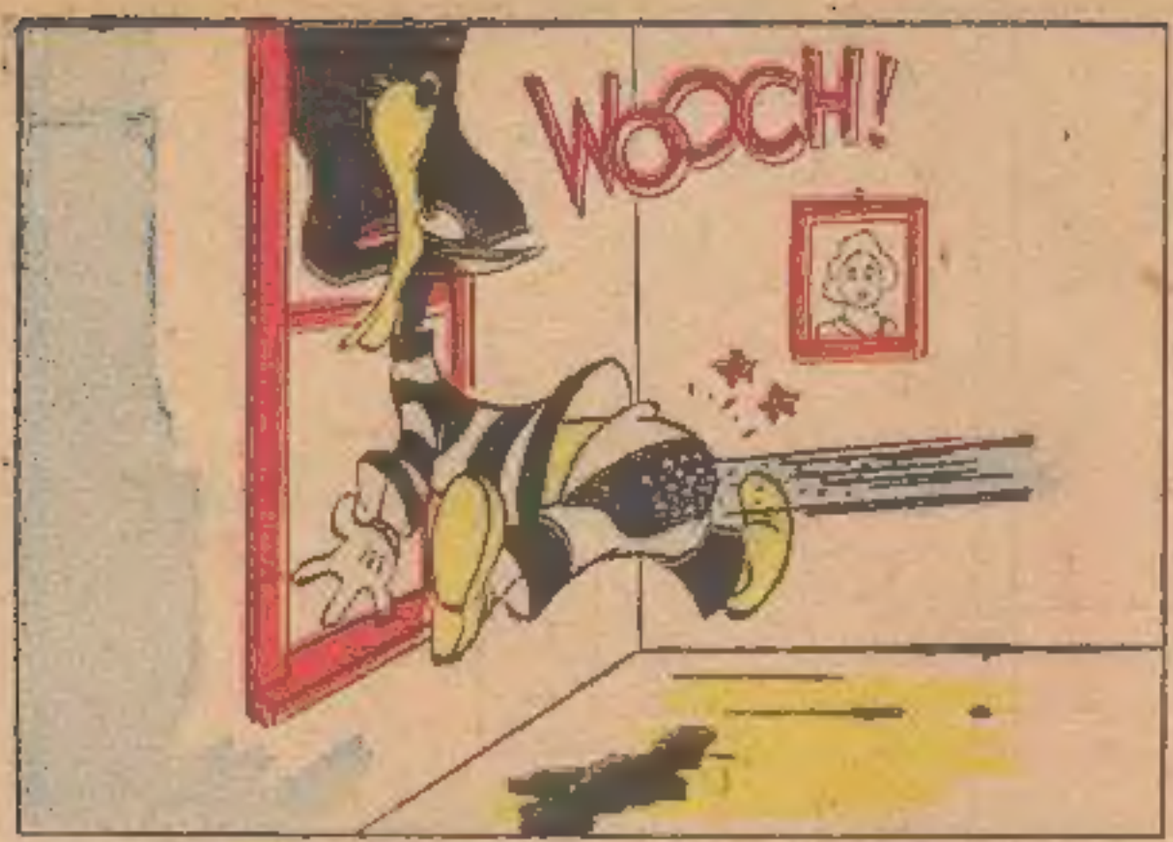
HE'S RECOVERING! THANK GOODNESS! I WOULDN'T WANT HIS DEAR OLD MOTHER TO BE DISTRESSED!

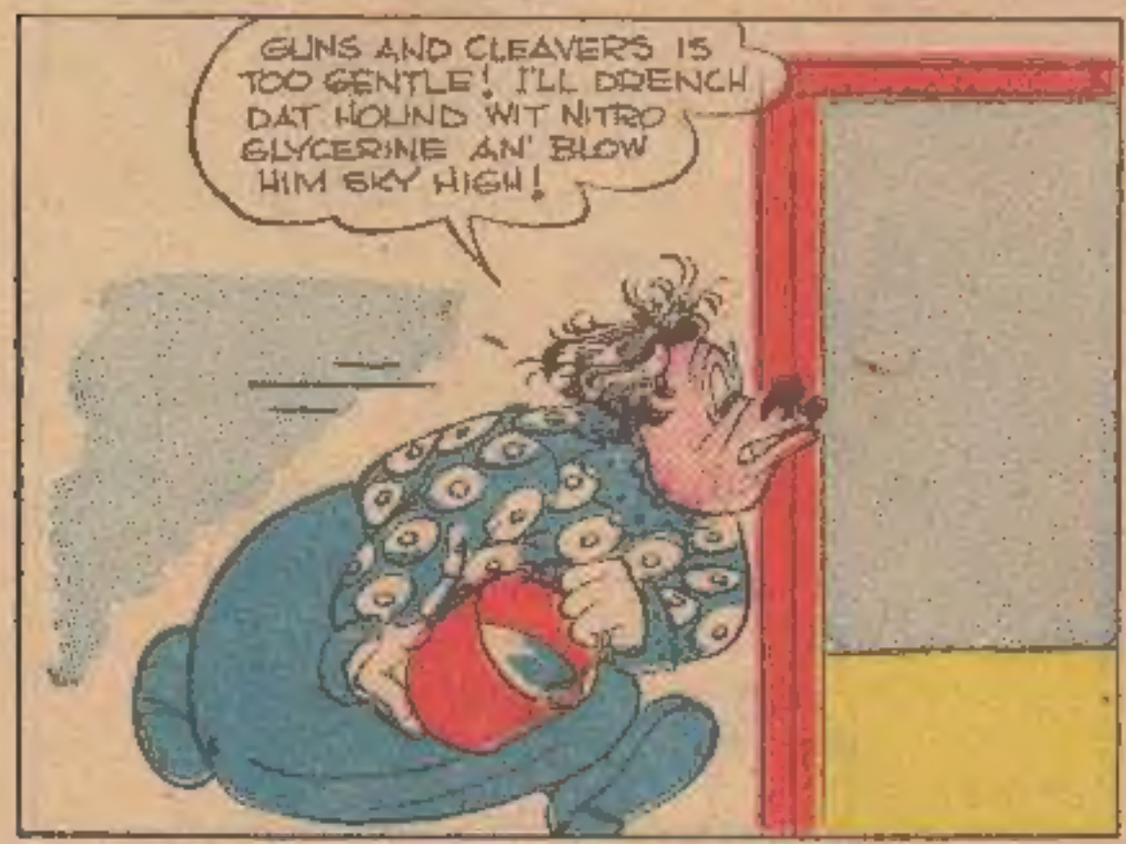
I GOTTA COUGH UP DEM POISON PILLS!

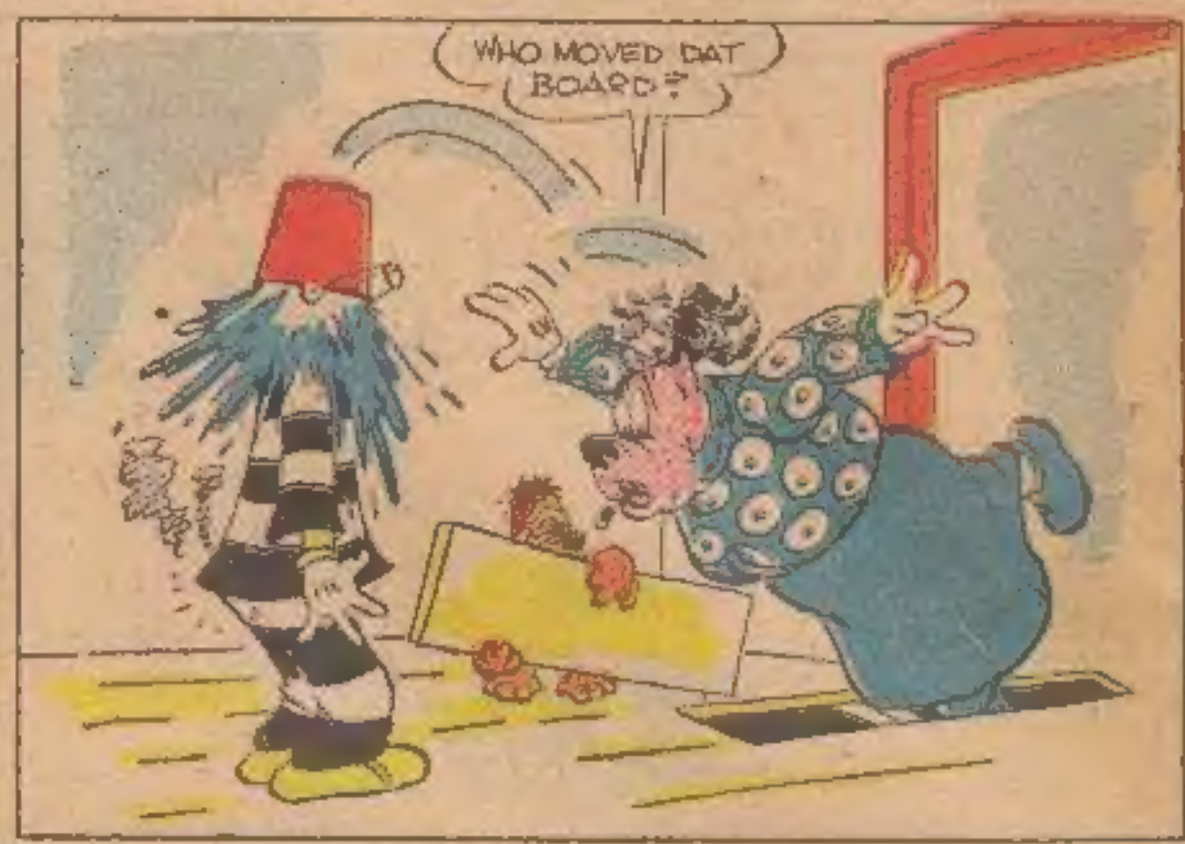
I'LL SEE IF YOUR DEAR OLD MOTHER HAS SOME MEDICINE!
COFF COFF

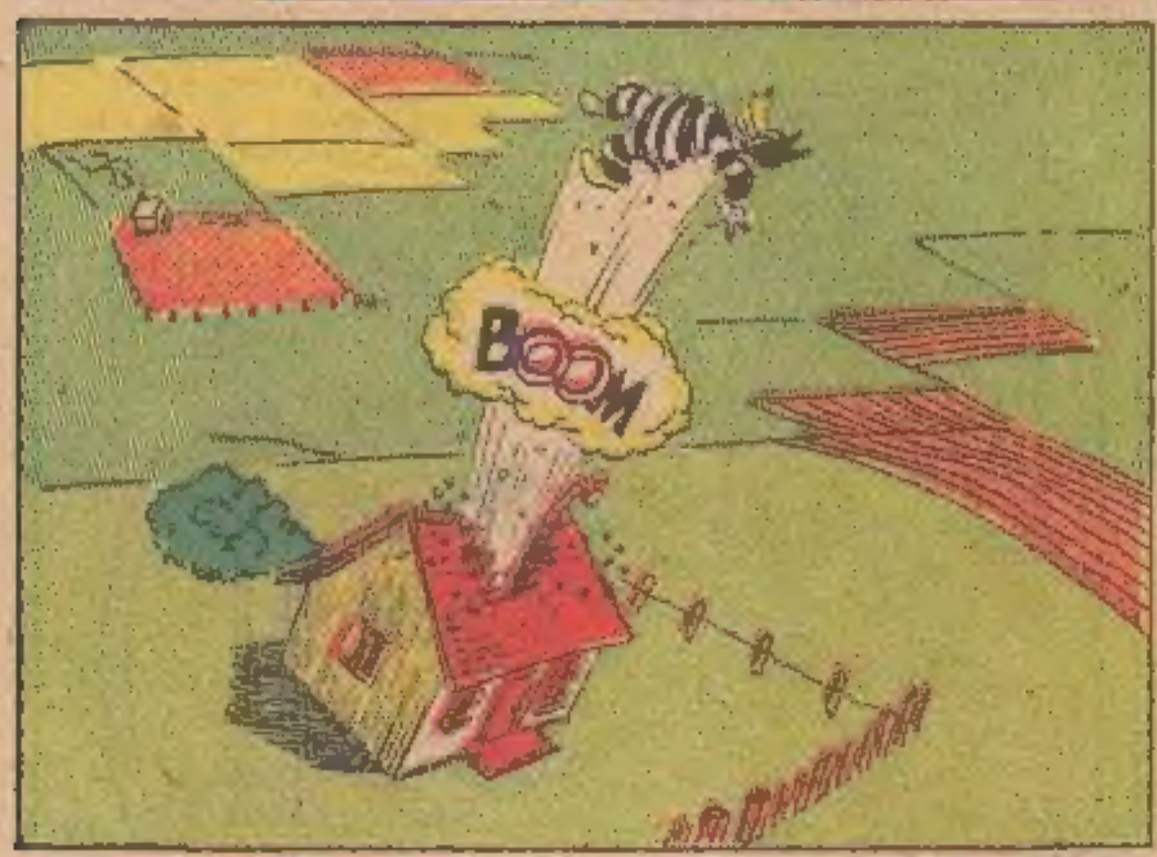

I'VE GOT MEDICINE, ALL RIGHT, COPPER! AN' I'M GIVING YOU A DOSE OF IT RIGHT NOW!


CONFOUND IT! I FORGOT ABOUT THIS LOOSE BOARD!
BANG



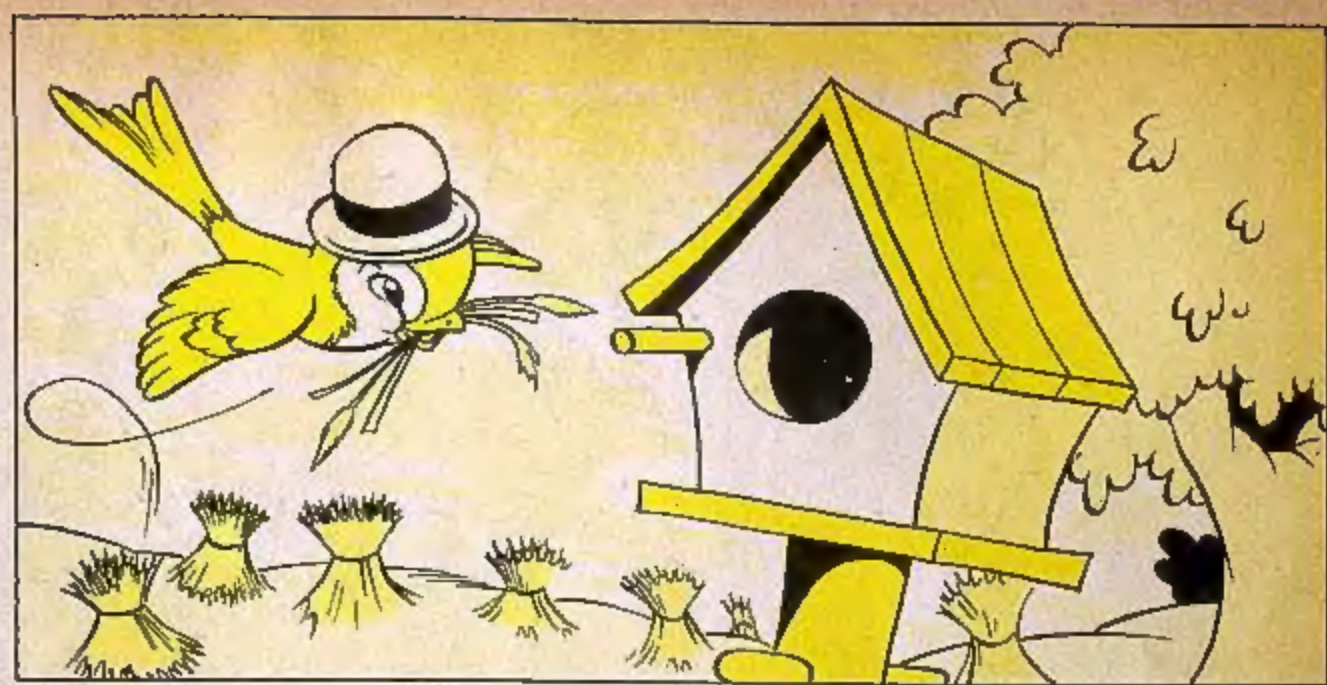


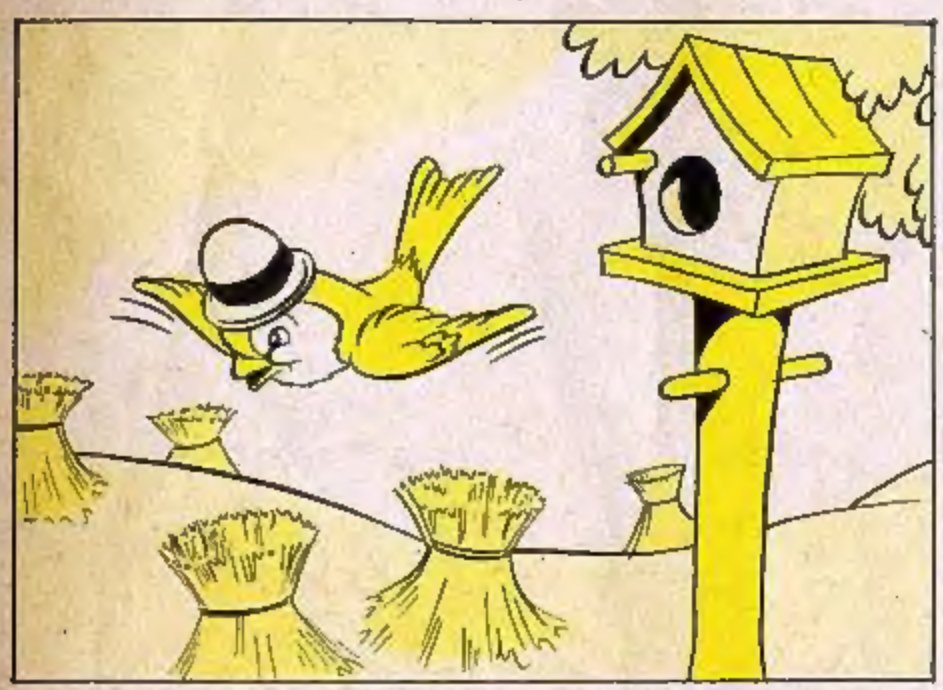


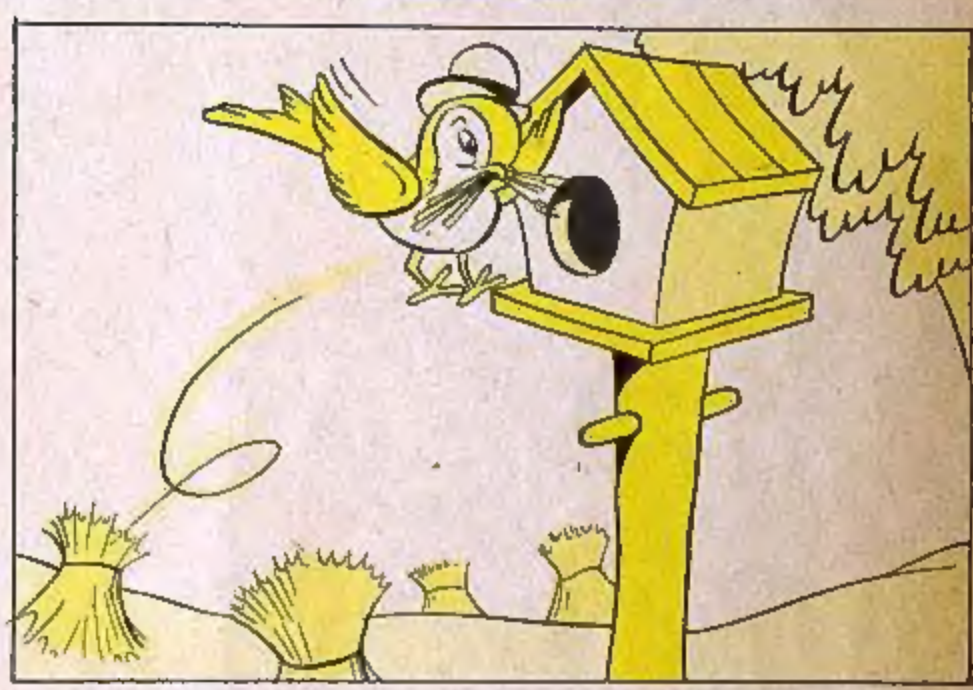


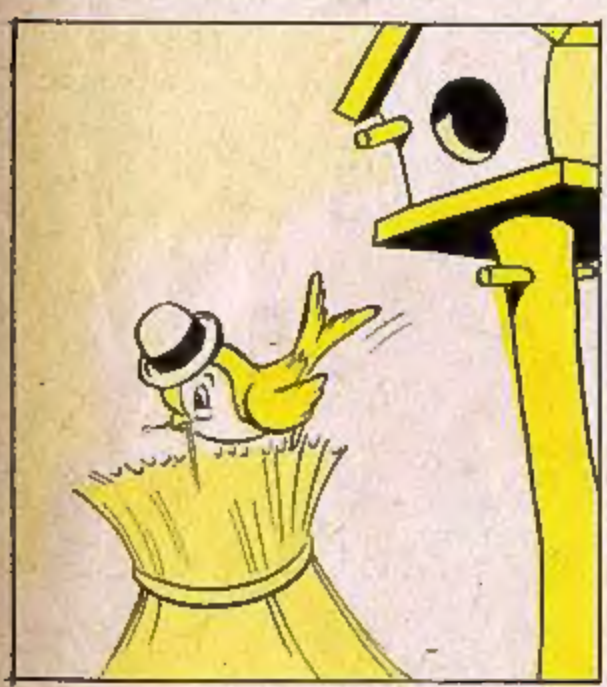
M-G-M CARTOONS distributed by Loew's Incorporated

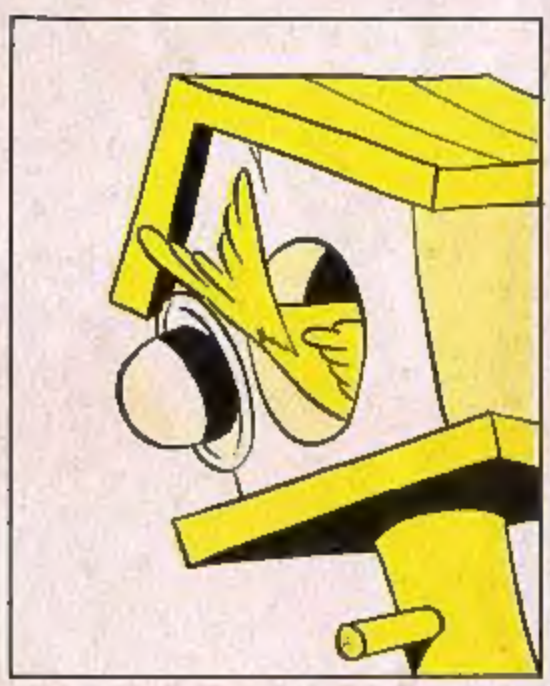
M-G-M PRESENTS
BERTIE

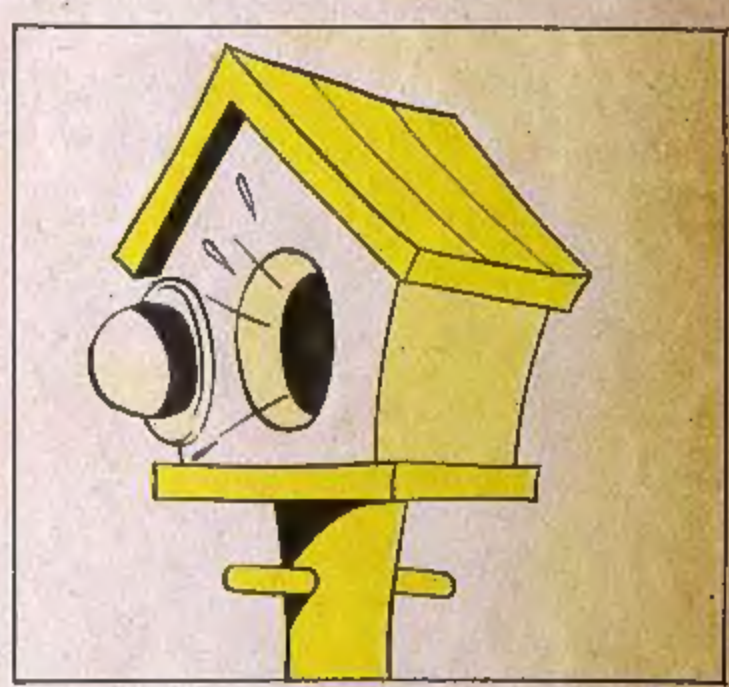
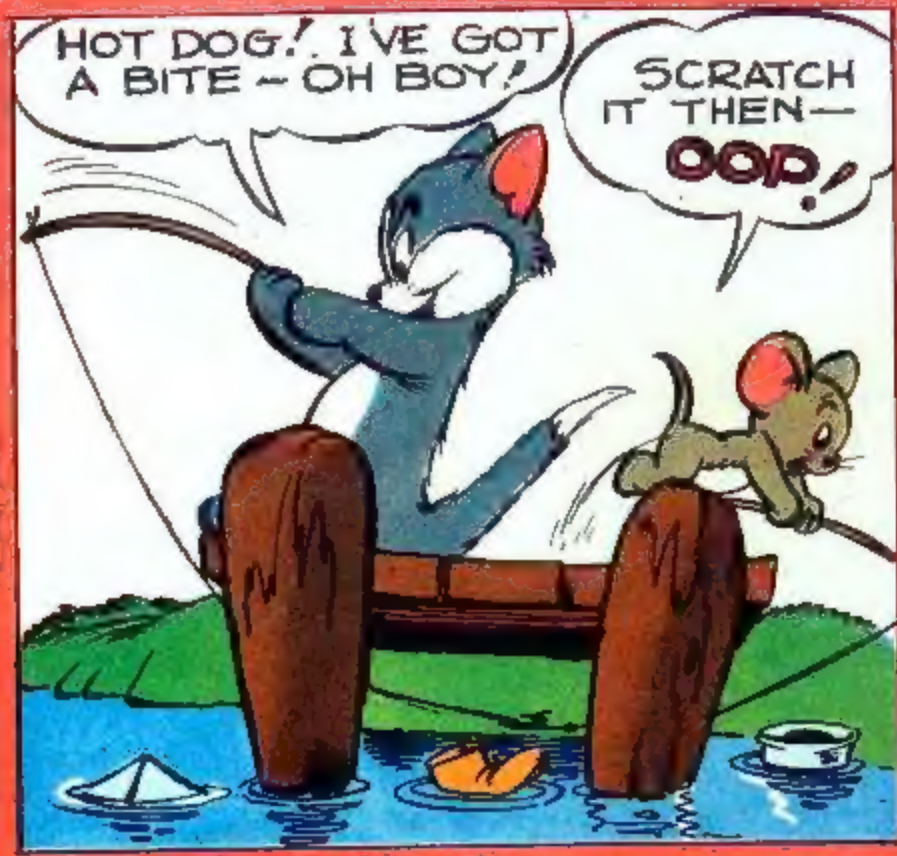












A CAT FISH TALE.